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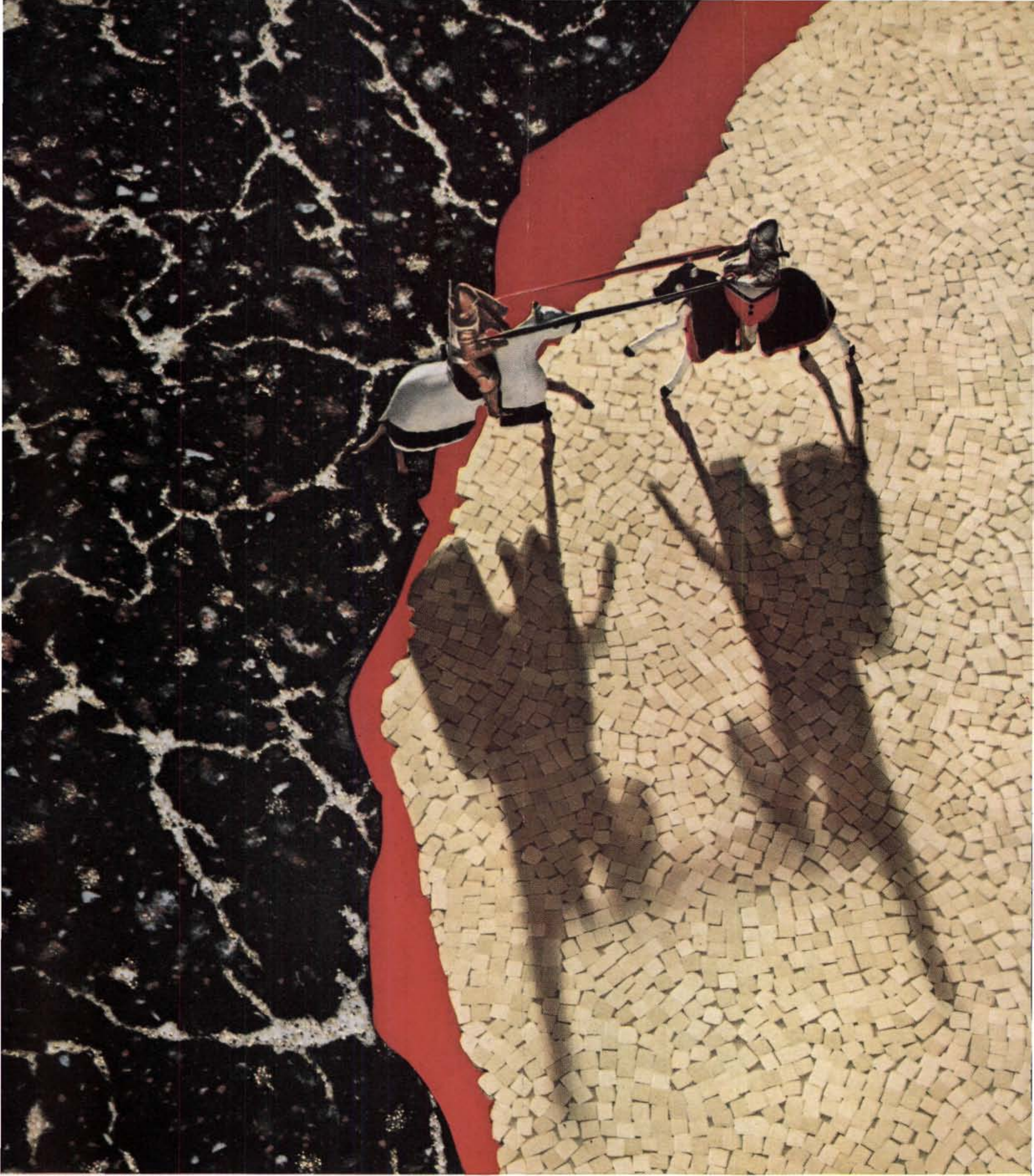

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THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Some grand performances, in addition to apt direction by Sir John Gielgud, might persuade you that this comedy by Hugh Wheeler has more merit than meets the eye and ear. It doesn't. The plot has to do with several obviously unstrung people who find in an impoverished textbook editor, living in a flat in the East Thirties, their Zen, or what have you. With Frank Overton, Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Call on Kuprin—Jeffrey Lynn, Eugenie Leontovich, and George Voskovec in a dramatization (by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) of Maurice Edelman's novel of the same name. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, Sarah Marshall, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A cancerous monsignor is sent by the Vatican to probe the *bona fides* of a recently defunct character in southern Italy who may or may not have been a saint. It is long on dialogue but short on philosophic substance, and not much of a play any way you look at it. It was adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, and features Leo Genn and Sam Levene, the latter of whom does a fine job as a skeptical Jewish doctor. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 4.)

Mandingo—Mad doings on a nineteenth-century Alabama plantation that is run as a stud farm for breeding slaves. The play was written by Jack Kirkland and directed by Louis Macmillan, and has Franchot Tone as its leading performer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Frances Cuka, Hermione Baddeley, Frederick Combs, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those present. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the best man: Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Karen Lee and Suzanne Pleshette now play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Donnybrook!—Eddie Foy and several other sprightly types cutting some cute capers in a play about an Irish-American who goes back to Erin to find peace and quiet and winds up in a terrible turmoil with an Irish girl and her overweening brother. The play is based on a story by Maurice Walsh, which was made into a movie a decade ago. It was adapted this time by Robert E. McEnroe and has music and lyrics by Johnny Burke. Jack Cole is responsible for the direction and choreography. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—"Lysistrata" gets another going over in this adaptation by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, and while the play is elementary, Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and the others in the cast demonstrate that there is life in the old girl yet. The lyrics are by E. Y. Harburg, the score is by Jacques Offenbach, and the direction by Mr. Ritchard. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly,

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except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIORELLO!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Pal Joey," with Carol Bruce and Bob Fosse, is the last in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—An eleven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 1-4: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 8-11: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday, June 1, at 8:40; Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40; and Thursday, June 8, at 8.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

Evenings with Chekhov—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and George Bartenieff. (Continuing at a theatre unnamed as of this writing. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—And where it will stop, nobody knows. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there is a séance with Katyna Ranieri, a Hollywood production number who can sometimes turn a ballad into the reading of the will. By way of contrast, the Pierian spring of dance music that wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's blithe Latin scholars flows most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ The sky over the Rendez-Vous, a study in status quo, is practically Knickerbocker gray now that Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, is captain of the ship. The small bands of Charles Holden and Nicholas D'Amico play on, play on for dancing. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jimmy Palmer's dance band mutters rhythmically in its sleep for whatever dancers venture onto the floor of the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for liv-

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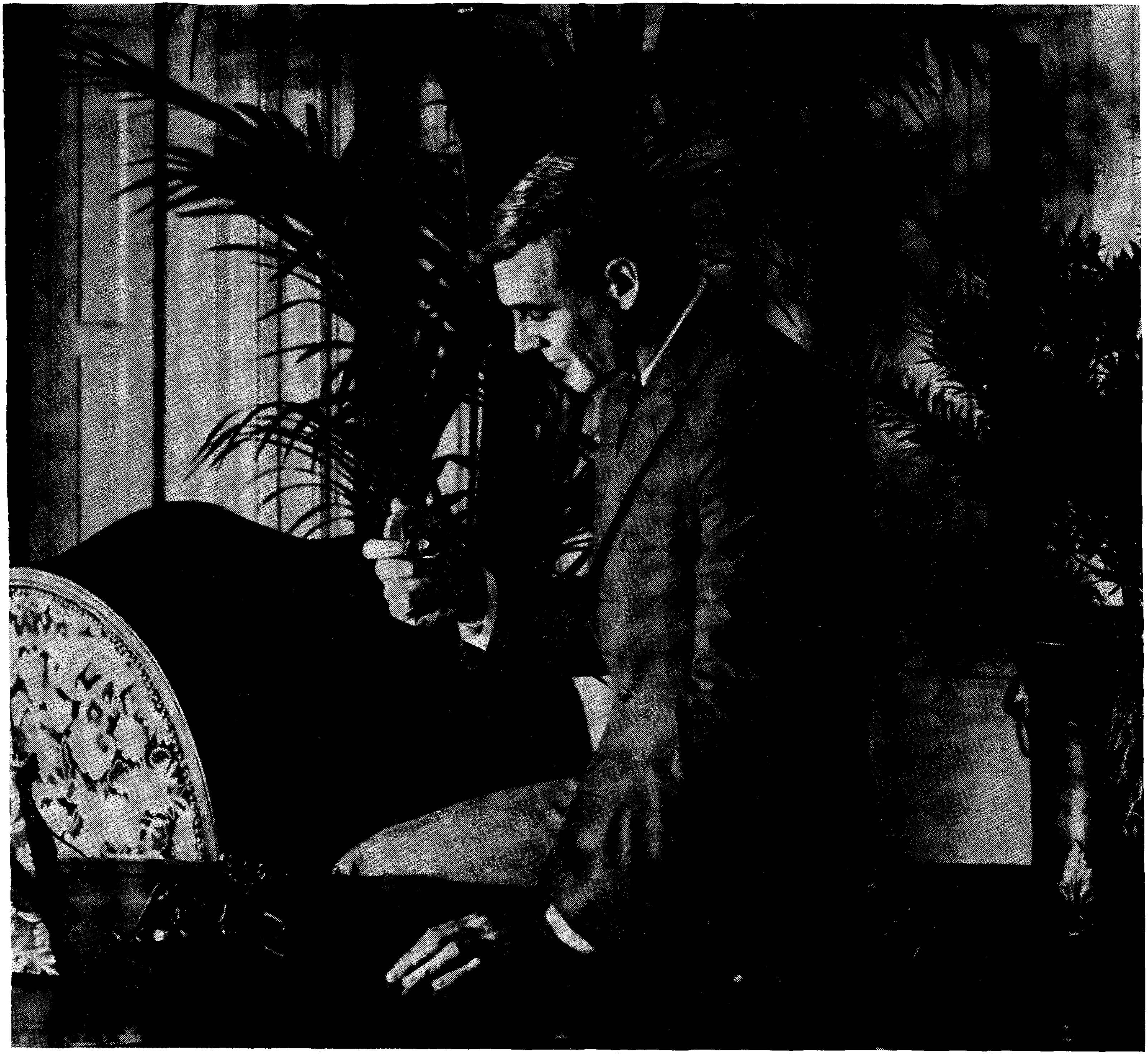

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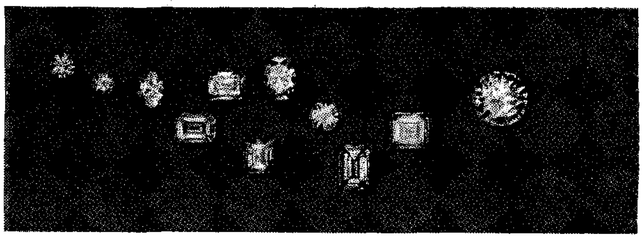

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ing it up, Dorothy Shay, a lady fond of singing about all the Li'l Abner characters who have made the Ozarks an extremely depressed area, appears at dinner and supper; the rest of the evening is the property of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's threesome, which take care of the dancers in the audience. The Maisonette ends its season on Wednesday, June 7; next evening, the advent of summer will be officially recognized by the opening of the Roof, upon which the Shaws and the Kays will take turns. Both establishments are closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by a Latin trio headed by Marco Rizo. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

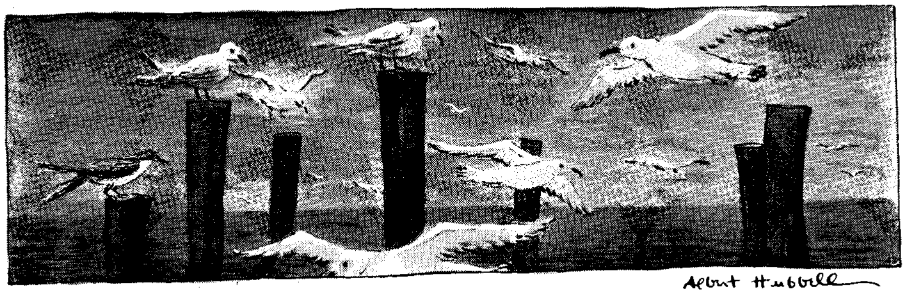
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sweet girl graduates and their young men of choice may as well be advised that the principal functionary of the Empire Room is now Woody Herman, in charge of what must be his thirty-third herd of bandsmen, at present cannonading for the benefit of not only listeners but dancers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its way with thinking music from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, dance tunes thereafter to one except on Sundays (dancing eight to one).

Note—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast. The name is Rainbow Room, the address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio that starts at four-thirty and plays through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. A piano sets the pace from eight to ten-thirty, after which hour, in the establishment's tiny Plush Room, Jane Harvey sings rather vividly the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—romantic single and hubble-bubble double piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): High noon along the Rialto. Despite the traffic's boom, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way from table to table, tailed by a pair of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera company (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Rant and rave, Spain's two most popular sports, are now being carried on by two colonial troupes, from the Argentine and the Dominican Republic, with the customary spate of foot-and-mouth work. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): One way of leading the Good Life. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Headquarters for a couple of guys named Dun and Bradstreet. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a clutch of orioles (new ones arrive every week or so) come onstage like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Indigenous stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper every night of the week. George Summers, a more American *type*, holds down the piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A touch of—well, the Barberry Coast, adapted from the Moorish architecture of the time but staffed by New Yorkers. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders along from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff



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or the music, which is piano, guitar, and soprano. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mittel-europa-native as the town offers. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish soprano. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-7800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is Renato Rossini's tense, terse, yet love-smitten Mediterranean guitar. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by an untamed wildcat named Gloria Le Roy, is careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm and in a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. Warming, too, are the foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us, as well as some other turns, such as Frank Libuse, whose activities both onstage and among the audience should disturb one's sensitivity but rouse only one's risibility, and Mamie Van Doren, a siren singing siren songs. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Paul Anka, who has made amazing strides in the field of child psychology, is demonstrating in voice and action how he came to be such a pied piper. The pageantry is done by eight dryads of the ballet, a careless lot as apt as not to put their footwork into their beautiful mouths. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

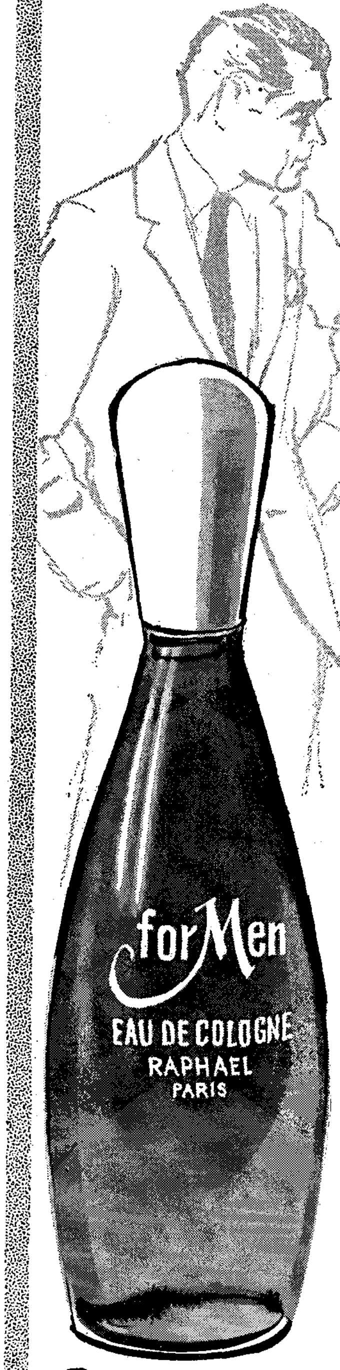
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Most of the merriment comes from the two Smothers Brothers, an expert rescue party determined to save folk music from its ritualistic practitioners. There are also Nina Simone, *soi-disante* femme fatale, picking owlishly at her piano and her lyrics in the midst of her trio, and Woody Allen, an author turned performer, and (in his desperate young way) a notably amusing one. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio (Joe Puma and Beverly Peer are in it) and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes.... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is likely to do extra sets early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Signs of the times, illuminated not by thousand-watt bulbs but in their own natural colors, are the basis of the annual Julius Monk revue, which is just about as merry as it could possibly be. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise—a sort of undergraduate study hall in which Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to the most artful double piano in town. Onstage, in between, is an honor-bright freshman group of voices called the Three Young Men, plus Sylvia Copeland, a small new West Indian fire bomb who employs the island French and Spanish songs as fuses. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, though she rolls her "r"s as crisply as she would a British umbrella, can nevertheless supplant dignity with dithyrambs when her songs, which embody the best light verse written in this country, call for it, or them. The perspicacious Sam Hamilton looks after the piano. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A collection of highly vocal Latins who are also outfitted with dancing feet occupies the back room, which offers dancing for the guests, too. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty.... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phil Leeds, a sadder and a wiser and a funnier man every time he comes back home, is once more telling his troubles. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around. Loumel Morgan and Don Evans do the intermission piano. On Tuesday, June 6, Mr. Leeds will be succeeded by Jorie Remus, a lecturer who is convinced that girl idiots are born, not made, and who would like to do something about it. Closed Mondays.... **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): In a good-looking reminder of the days when Gatsby was king, Matt Dennis sings the praises of the stuff that makes the world go round, but takes the curse off sentimentality with a rollicking tenor, a rollicking piano, and a rollicking trio.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon, no longer just a spectator sportsman, is joining in with Edmond Hall's quintet, a happy crew that's unwilling to let bygone days be bygone. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gene McDaniels, another addition to the collection of best-seller-recording singers, is showing what he's like in person, not in wax. Ronnell Bright's threesome is chortling with glee in his wake; Timmie Rogers, who works by himself, is telling jokes that are sometimes too hard for him to crack. Mr. Rogers checks out on Sunday, June 4; on Tuesday, June 6, the quartet of Stan Getz will come aboard. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, June 3, is last call for Louis Armstrong, who sounds much better in the midst of a heated debate with his trumpet than he does when he's simply cajoling an audience. It's last call, too, for Julie Wilson and her cheery songs of dalliance. On Monday, June 5, Mort Sahl will open his next campaign for the Presidency of the United States. The Limeliters, a reliable old San Francisco glee club, will also be on hand. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among them Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin, serve to remind us that American music had a glorious past, too. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The wiliest sort of chamber music (there's an occasional implication that jazz lies sleeping just below the surface) issues from the Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Monday) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. On Tuesday, June 6,



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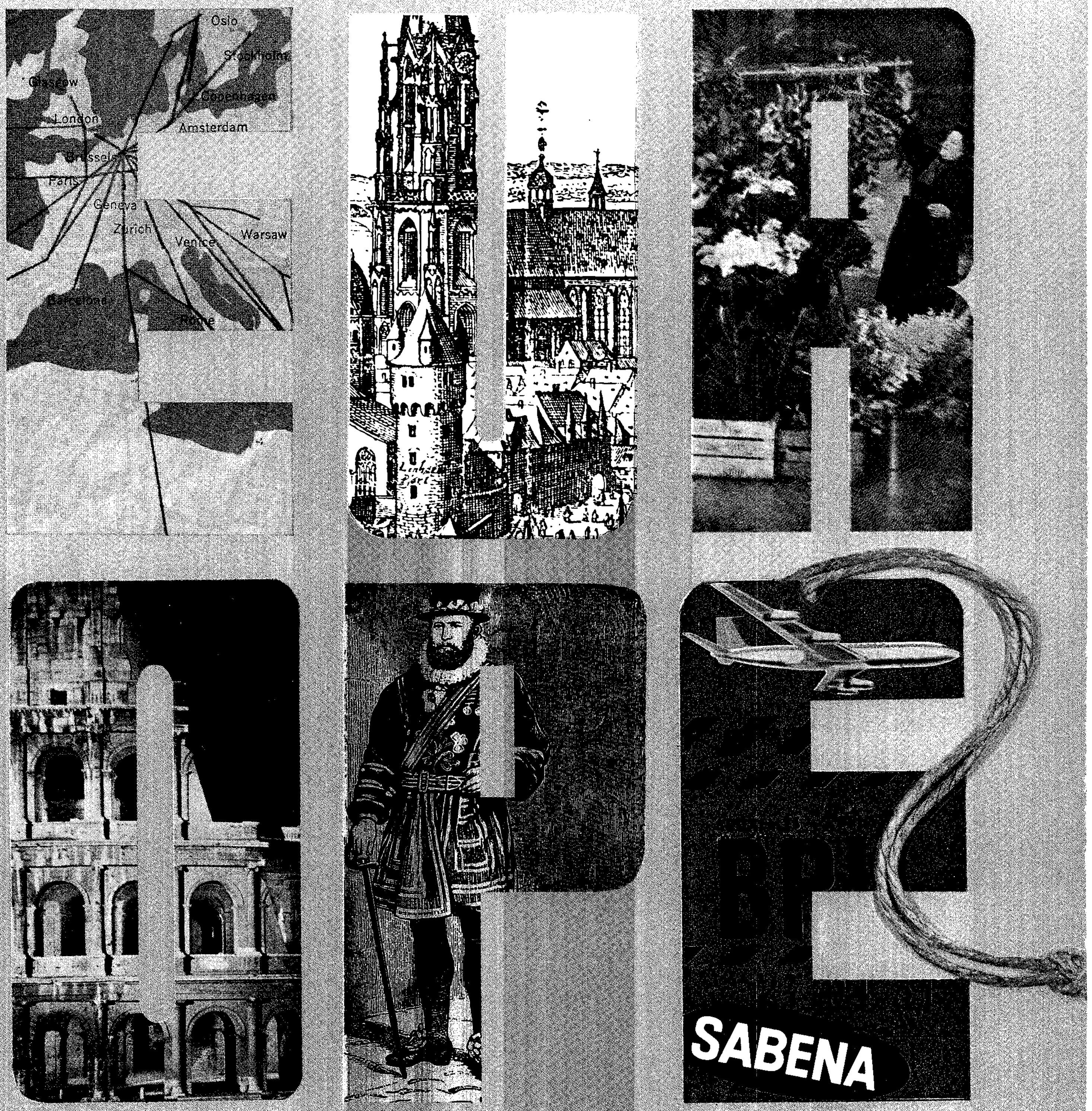
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Bourbon Street Six will replace the Yaged crew. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Kenny Dorham, for a long time the audible means of support for a number of celebrated bandleaders, now has a quintet of his own doing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The fivesome run by Buddy Rich, a *joie-de-vivre* boy whose one pleasure is to give his drums a good hiding, departs on Wednesday, June 7. A night later, Maynard Ferguson's nest of shrill cicadas begins to cry havoc. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Marian McPartland, whose animated scorings of the new music are never arranged in drastic measures, has returned to town with her trio, and so has Adam Wade, who to quite a number of other balladeers must sound like the sincerest form of flattery. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trumpet of Jonah Jones, which leads a quartet, creates as much thunder and lightning as the ground rules allow; the trio of Lee Evans is content to gather rosebuds while it may. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Music to read Kerouac by glides from the quartet of Yusef Lateef and the trio of Cecil Taylor. A junior-varsity team works out on Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Josh White and his trenchant guitar are still going hand in hand down the glory road, but one can occasionally get the idea that he doesn't passionately care whether Joshua wins the battle of Jericho or not. Randy Weston's chipper foursome is also around. Closed Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. The Montgomery Brothers, an earnest but exuberant bunch of the boys, leave Sunday, June 4; on Tuesday, June 6, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn begin their three-hundredth reunion on this progressive campus, along with three sidemen. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): Its best-known resident is Odetta, who is thoroughly at ease on a range of folk music that runs from faith-moving-mountains to jig time. Eight-thirty is the starting hour. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a Spanish-born American artist; through Saturday, June 10. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Saturday, June 10. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD CHAET—Representational paintings and drawings; through Friday, June 2. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—A retrospective, 1933 to the present, of abstract paintings and constructions, geometric in style; through Saturday, June 3. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—An exhibition of European cityscapes with figures that is running simultaneously with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum; through June 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

LUCIANO GUARNIERI—Portraits and other works by a contemporary Florentine artist. For the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy. Through Saturday, June 3. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

SATISH GUJRAL—Dark, dramatic oils by one of the leading painters of New Delhi; through Saturday, June 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—His first exhibition of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

abstract paintings here in ten years; through June 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HOKUSAI—Water colors and original prints; through Saturday, June 10. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

OSCAR JESPERS—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings, by a Belgian artist; through June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Large oils, boldly symbolic in style; through Saturday, June 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Abstract sculptures; through June 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

NUALA (ELSA DE BRUN)—Pastels, mostly of New England; through Saturday, June 10. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through June 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Tenuously graceful abstract oils; through Saturday, June 3. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

VO DINH—Semi-abstract landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by a Vietnamese artist who works in Paris. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, June 3. (Vercel, 23 E. 63rd St.)

LUCIA WILCOX—Broadly brushed Abstract Expressionist oils, mainly in grays and whites; through Saturday, June 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract water colors; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Venice is the theme of a series of new lithographs and gouaches; through June 16. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

EARLY MASTERS OF MODERN ART—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURES—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Pieces by Oliver Andrews, Richard Hunt, William King, and Jack Squier; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain and Edward Higgins, reliefs by Lee Bontecou and Salvatore Scarpitta; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... GERSON, 41 E. 57th St.: Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ARTZT, 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Edwin Koch, and others; through Tuesday, June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.)... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 19 E. 71st St.: Six print makers—Irving Amen, Lowell Naeve, Guy Maccoy, Barbara Neustadt, Seong Moy, and John von Wicht; through Friday, June 2.... DE NAGY, 149 E. 72nd St.: Oils by artists who have exhibited in the gallery during the past season, including Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Jane Wilson; through June 17.... DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The spring exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and other gallery artists; through Friday, June 9. (Closed Saturdays.)... GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, Hovsep Pushman, and Robert Brackman are three of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through Sept. 1. (Closed Saturdays.)... JACKSON and ANDERSON, both at 32 E. 69th St.: "Environments-Situations-Spaces," an exhibit devoted to new art movements by six younger artists, including Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenberg; through June 23. (Closed Saturdays.)... JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and seven other painters; through Saturday, June 3.... JUSTER, 154 E. 79th St.: Nine painters and three sculptors, among them Riva Helfond, Dorothy Hoyt, and Priscilla Pattison; through July 1.... KENNEDY, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through June 30.... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through June 16. (Closed Saturdays.)... NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: "The Creative Process," an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, together with preliminary sketches and studies, by Josef Albers, Jack Tworkov, Jacques Lipchitz, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: The gallery group, including Rosemarie Beck, Tobias Schneebaum, and Morris Brose, in a painting-and-sculpture exhibit; through June 15.... PHOENIX, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St.: Two drawings by each of the gallery members, among them Francis Jennings, Robert Wiegand, and Stanley Fein; starting Friday, June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... RICE, 1451 Lexington Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of paintings, gouaches, and collages by artists of East 94th and 95th Streets—Genichiro Inokuma, Mark Rothko, and Helen Frankenthaler, for instance; through Saturday, June 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 7.)... SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other paintings in a variety of mediums by Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, Milton Avery, and others; through June 16.... WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Ida Kohlmeyer, Kurt Seligmann, Andre Racz, and other painters; through June 15. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: Works on paper by George Luks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George O. (Pop) Hart, and other earlier twentieth-century artists; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

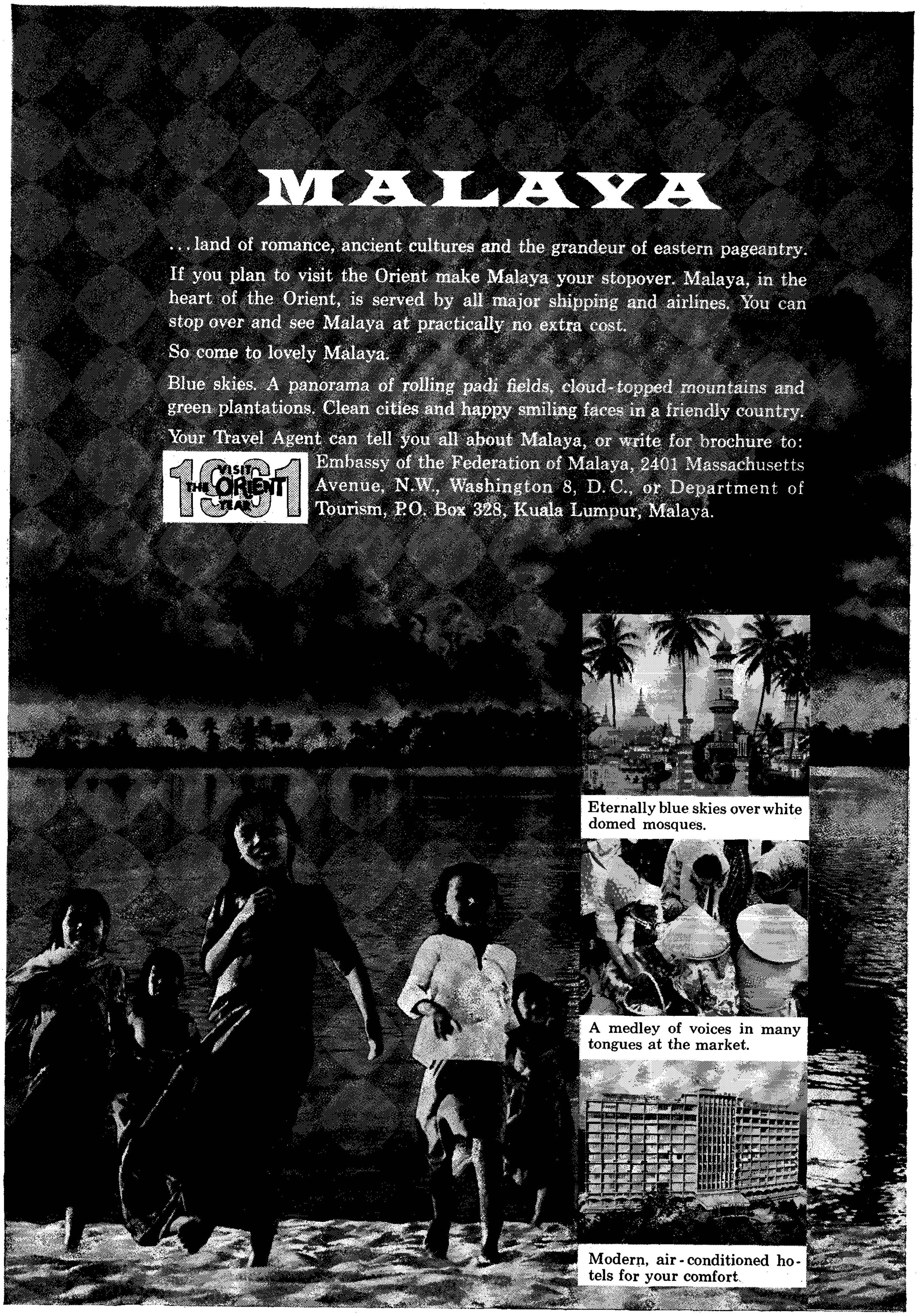
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KNAPIK, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) ... KOOTZ, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: James Brooks, Georges Mathieu, and other painters, plus the sculptors Ibram Lassaw and Phillip Pavia; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Such painters as Max Beckmann and Leonardo Cremonini, together with two sculptors—Luciano Minguzzi and Bernard Rosenthal; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibition is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers.... ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection. ... ¶ "Futurism," a survey commemorating



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the fiftieth anniversary of the movement, with paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12.... ¶ More than a hundred drawings and etchings by Umberto Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and winners of awards and honors in literature and music. Manuscript scores, original manuscripts, and first editions by, among others, Roger Sessions, Leonard Bernstein, Langston Hughes, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Braque, Klee, Schwitters, and Degas; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"American Painting, 1865-1905," including items by Homer, Whistler, and Sargent; through June 18.... ¶ Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. A good complement to the Greene showing is his exhibition at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins, Monday, June 5, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Tuesday, June 6, at 8; and Wednesday, June 7, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, June 8, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Friday, June 9, at 8; and Saturday, June 10, at 2.

Boxing—Archie Moore vs. Giulio Rinaldi, light heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, June 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 10.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I., and Seawane Club, Hewlett, L.I. Tuesday, June 6.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 3.) ... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 4.)... ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 9-11.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury, L.I. Saturday, June 10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, June 1, through Friday, June 30. The Belmont, Saturday, June 3, and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 10. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 9, through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, June 4, at 2:30: Bangu (Brazil) vs. New York Americans and Everton (England) vs. Karlsruhe (Germany).... ¶ Wednesday, June 7, at 7:30: New York Americans vs. Karlsruhe (Germany) and Everton (England) vs. Dynamo (Rumania).

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 8, through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, June 3, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **HORIZONS:** "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call SU 7-6797.)... **LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, June 1, at 2 and 4:30; Friday, June 2, at 4:30 and 8; Saturday, June 3, at 2:30 and 4:30; Sunday, June 4, at 1, 3, and 5; Wednesday and Thursday, June 7-8, at 11 and 4:30; Friday, June 9, at 4:30 and 8; and Saturday, June 10, at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30.)

Children's Zoo—Where the youngsters will find lambs, rabbits, and kittens to pet, a Noah's Ark to investigate, and much, much more. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past; through June 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly

Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—The annual flower bazaar, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 6, from 9 to 6; Wednesday if it rains.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, June 2, at 1:30: English, French, and Italian furniture and decorative objects; Chinese and Japanese silk-scroll paintings; Japanese screens; and Oriental, Alpujarra, and hooked rugs. The property of William Atkin and others.... ¶ Thursday, June 8, at 1:45: French garden and terrace sculptures, furniture, and decorative objects, assembled by Mme. Renée Guibal. Exhibition starts Friday, June 2.

Commencement Dates—Vassar, Monday, June 5; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 6; and Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, Wednesday, June 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: June 11-12, June 30-July 2, and July 4-9.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 17.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 17.)... ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 5-8.)

Golf—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. June 15-18.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 29-July 1.)... ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. July 6-8.)... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 13-16.)

Horse Shows—Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. June 11.)... ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 15-18.)... ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport. June 22-25.)... ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. June 30-July 1.)

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 13-16.... AQUEDUCT: July 1-29.

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: June 14, 18, 25, and 28, and July 2, 9, and 12.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: June 23-24.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 30-July 1.... THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 15-16.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. June 17-25.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 24-July 2.)... ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 26-July 8.)... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. July 3-9.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. June 23-24.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 4-8.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 17.

Music—Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 20-Aug. 5.... ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 21-Aug. 18.... ¶ Castle Hill Concerts, Ipswich, Mass., June 30-Aug. 19.... ¶ Sunday chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., July 2-Sept. 3.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 5-Aug. 20.

Dance Programs—Moiseyev Dance Company, at Madison Square Garden, July 6-8.

Other Dates—Commencements: Dartmouth and Smith, June 11; Yale, June 12; Princeton, June 13; and Harvard, June 15.... ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 14.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Tuesday.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—A celebration in slapstick of a magic substance called Flubber, which enables those who use it to break the laws of gravity. Fred MacMurray is amusing as the man who concocts the stuff, and he is ably supported by Keenan Wynn and Nancy Olson. Robert Stevenson is the director. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through June 2.)

L'Avventura—If you feel that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Breathless—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it deals with a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through June 4.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric, sensitive eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

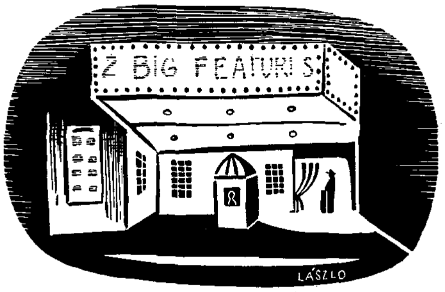
Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what had been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; starting June 7.)

Mein Kampf—Hitler's reign of terror, as it was recorded by his own and other newsreel cameramen. Probably the most notable sequence in the picture is one on the destruction of Poland and life inside the Warsaw ghetto. Claude Stephenson's narration is clear and instructive. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 3.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the enemies. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 7.)

On the Double—Danny Kaye is freer and funnier than he has been in a long time as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general in deadly peril. The cast includes Wilfrid Hyde White and Margaret Rutherford, both of whom add a good deal to the gaiety. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)



Picnic on the Grass—Nothing very lucid can, or need, be said about this delightful, utterly confused romp through some of the prettiest meadows of Provence. A stiff-necked professor is pursued by a passionate peasant girl and does not escape. Jean Renoir, who wrote, produced, and directed this French film, preaches a gospel of love and idleness, and very convincing he is. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 7, tentative.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from stage to screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a dour grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 7.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Violent Summer—An Italian movie about a sad love affair that takes place during the sad days (for the Italians) of the Fascists' defeat. The setting, a beach resort on the Adriatic, and the bevy of refreshing young actors and actresses in supporting roles will cheer you up considerably. Eleonora Rossi Drago and Jean Louis Trintignant are believable and moving as the lovers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Attack! (1956)—Eddie Albert as a cowardly captain and Jack Palance as an upright lieutenant in the Second World War. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 6.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 5.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 6.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 2-5.)

Fanny (1948)—The second part of Marcel Pagnol's trilogy about some rowdy residents of Marseille. A French film, with Raimu. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 3.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Great Man (1956)—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 4-6.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper taking on some malefactors. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 4-6.)

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness (1958)—Ingrid Bergman as an English parlormaid who took off for China three decades ago and became a missionary. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; June 5-6.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 2-5.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 7, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; starting June 7.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 6.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 6.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 6.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last two programs in a series of documentary films called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60"—Through June 3: "Skyscraper" (1958) and "Hoffa and the Teamsters" (1959). . . . ¶ June 4-7: "Primary," "Sit-In," and "Pow Wow" (all 1960). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
ON THE DOUBLE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 3: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **FANNY** (in French), revival.
June 4-6: **HIGH NOON**, revival; and "French-Cancan" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.
From June 7: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 4: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.
June 5-6: **THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS**, revival; and "In Love and War," revival, Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter.
From June 7: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 6 (tentative): "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "The Captain's Table," revival, John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.
From June 7 (tentative): **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 3: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.
June 4-6: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray; and "A Matter of Morals," Maj-Britt Nilsson.
From June 7: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through June 4: **BREATHLESS** (in French).
From June 5: "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 3 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From June 4 (tentative): **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 4: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.
June 5-6: **THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS**, revival; and "In Love and War," revival, Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter.
From June 7: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 6: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray; and "A Matter of Morals," Maj-Britt Nilsson.
From June 7: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 1: "Svenigora" and "Life in Bloom" (both silent Russian films).
From June 2: "Bed and Sofa" (in Russian); and "A Night at the Peking Opera."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 3: **MEIN KAMPF**; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
June 4-6: **THE GREAT MAN**, revival; and "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
From June 7: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 6 (tentative): "Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From June 7 (tentative): "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 6: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray; and "A Matter of Morals," Maj-Britt Nilsson.
From June 7: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 3: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.
June 4-6: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan; and "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.
From June 7: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 4: "Fidelio" (in German), Claude Nollier, Richard Holm.
From June 5: "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
June 1: "Faust" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo, Nelli Corradi.
June 2-3: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
June 4-5: "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Nelli Corradi, Tito Gobbi.
June 6-7: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Gina Lollobrigida.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
VIOLENT SUMMER (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
"White Nights" (in Italian), Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through June 4: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
From June 5: "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 6: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From June 7: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 5: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "It's Love I'm After," Bette Davis, Leslie Howard.
June 6: **ATTACK!**, revival; and "While the City Sleeps," revival, Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino.
June 7: "Bitter Victory," revival, Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens; and "Jet Pilot," revival, John Wayne, Janet Leigh.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 6: **12 ANGRY MEN**, revival; and "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
From June 7: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Cinderfella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

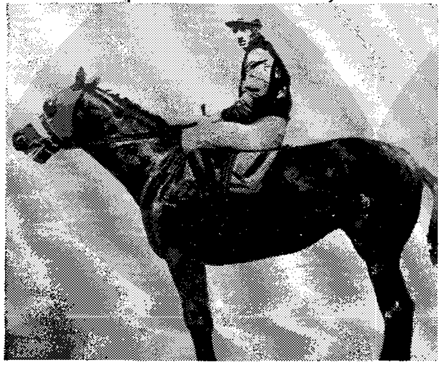
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 1: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
June 2-5: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.
From June 6: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.

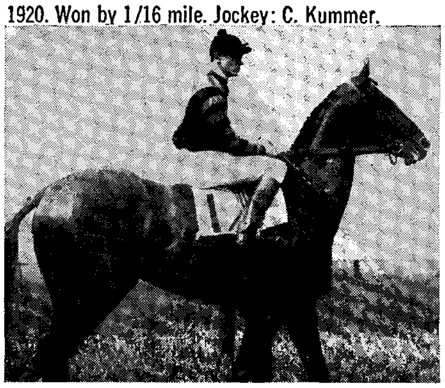
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 2: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**
From June 3: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.

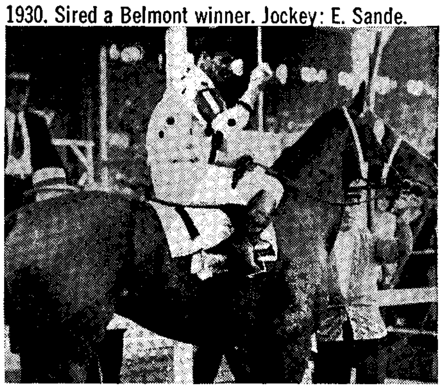
Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 6: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.
From June 7: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.

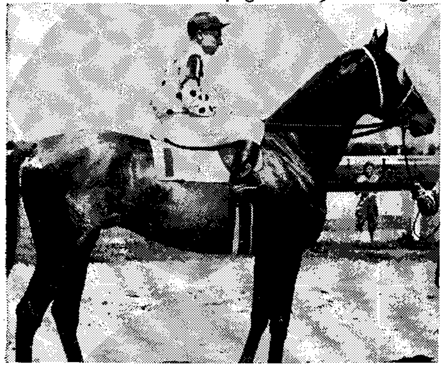
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 6: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From June 7: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

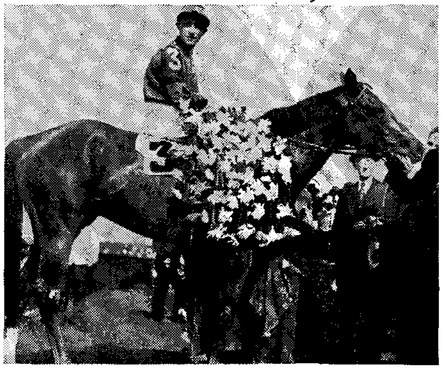
Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 4: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.
June 5-6: "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur; and "Marie-Octobre" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux.
From June 7: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.

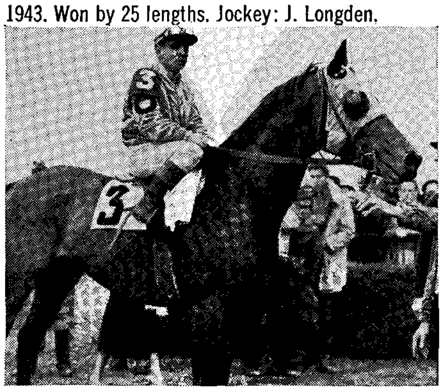

1919. First Triple Crown winner. Jockey: E. Sande.

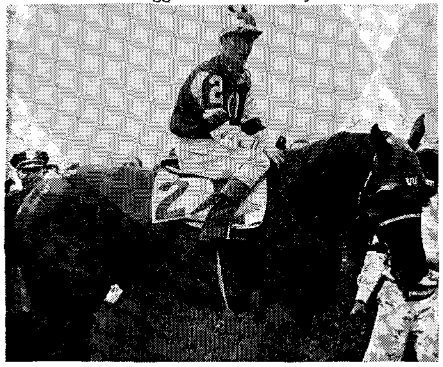

1920. Won by 1/16 mile. Jockey: C. Kummer.


1930. Sired a Belmont winner. Jockey: E. Sande.

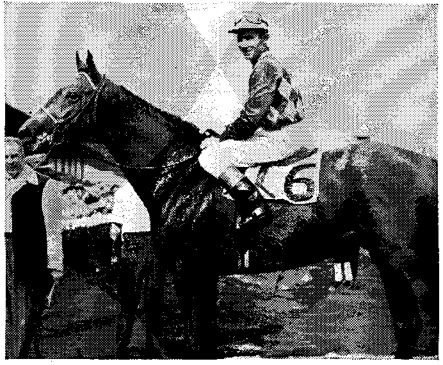

1935. His father is on this page. Jockey: W. Wright.

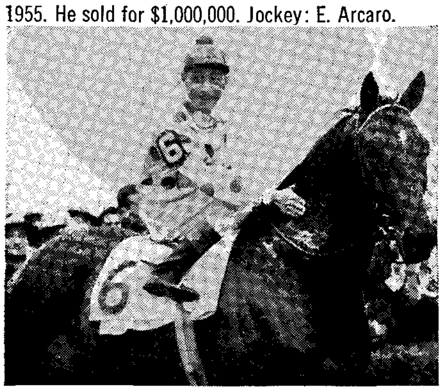

1941. Come-from-behind horse. Jockey: E. Arcaro.

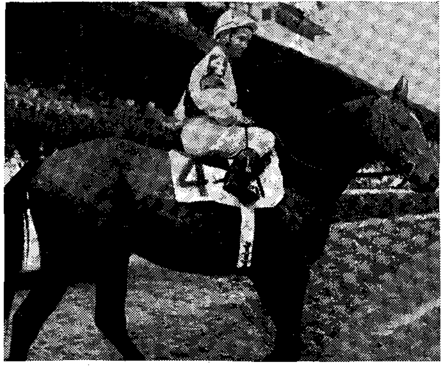

1943. Won by 25 lengths. Jockey: J. Longden.

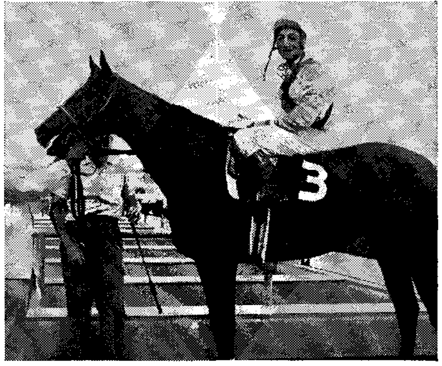

1946. From the biggest ranch. Jockey: W. Mehrtens.

1948. Last Triple Crown winner. Jockey: E. Arcaro.


1953. Lost only one race. Jockey: E. Guerin.


1955. He sold for $1,000,000. Jockey: E. Arcaro.


1957. Holds the record. Jockey: W. Shoemaker.


1959. Best recent handicap horse. Jockey: E. Arcaro.

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(You can pick the winner of the next one June 3.)

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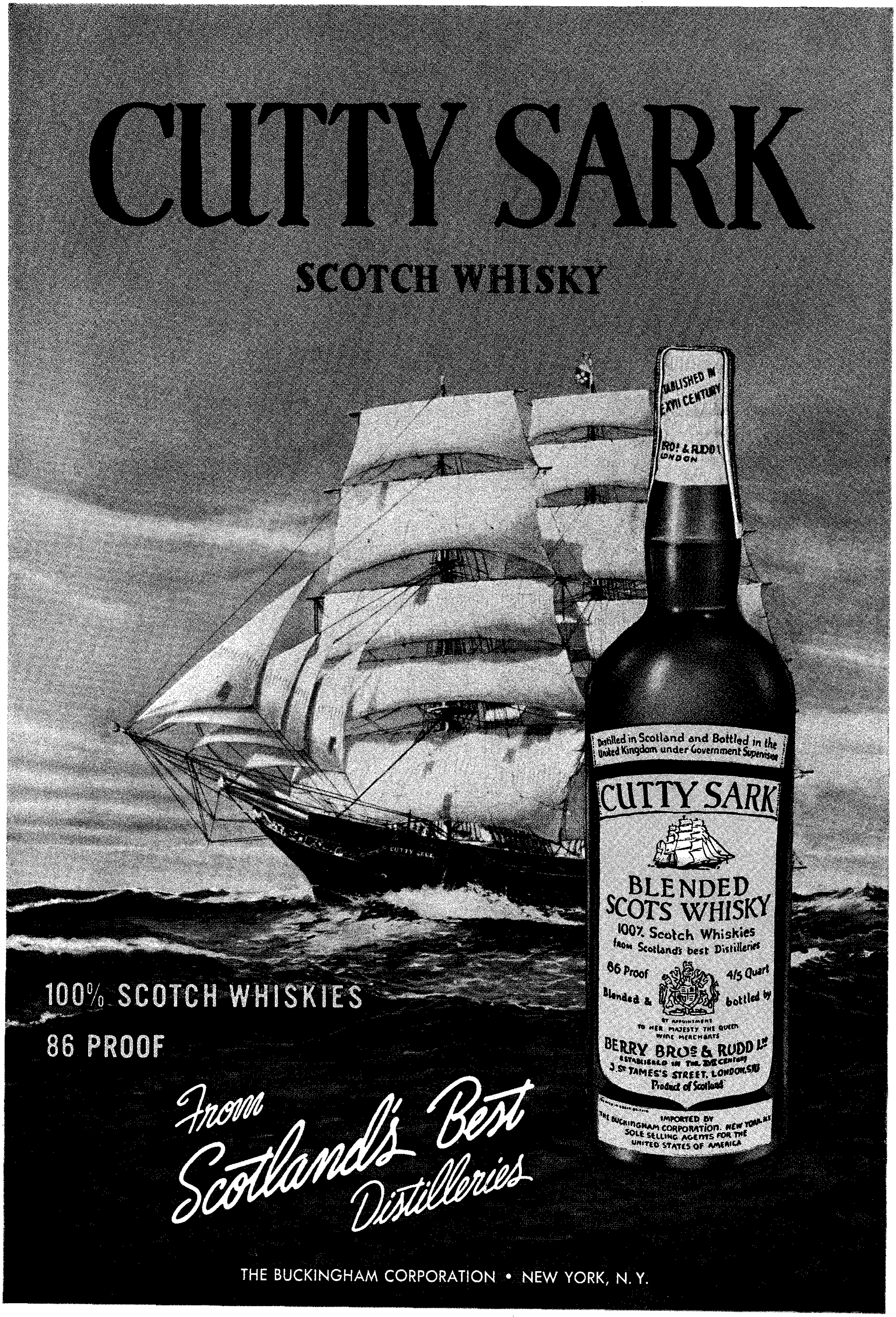

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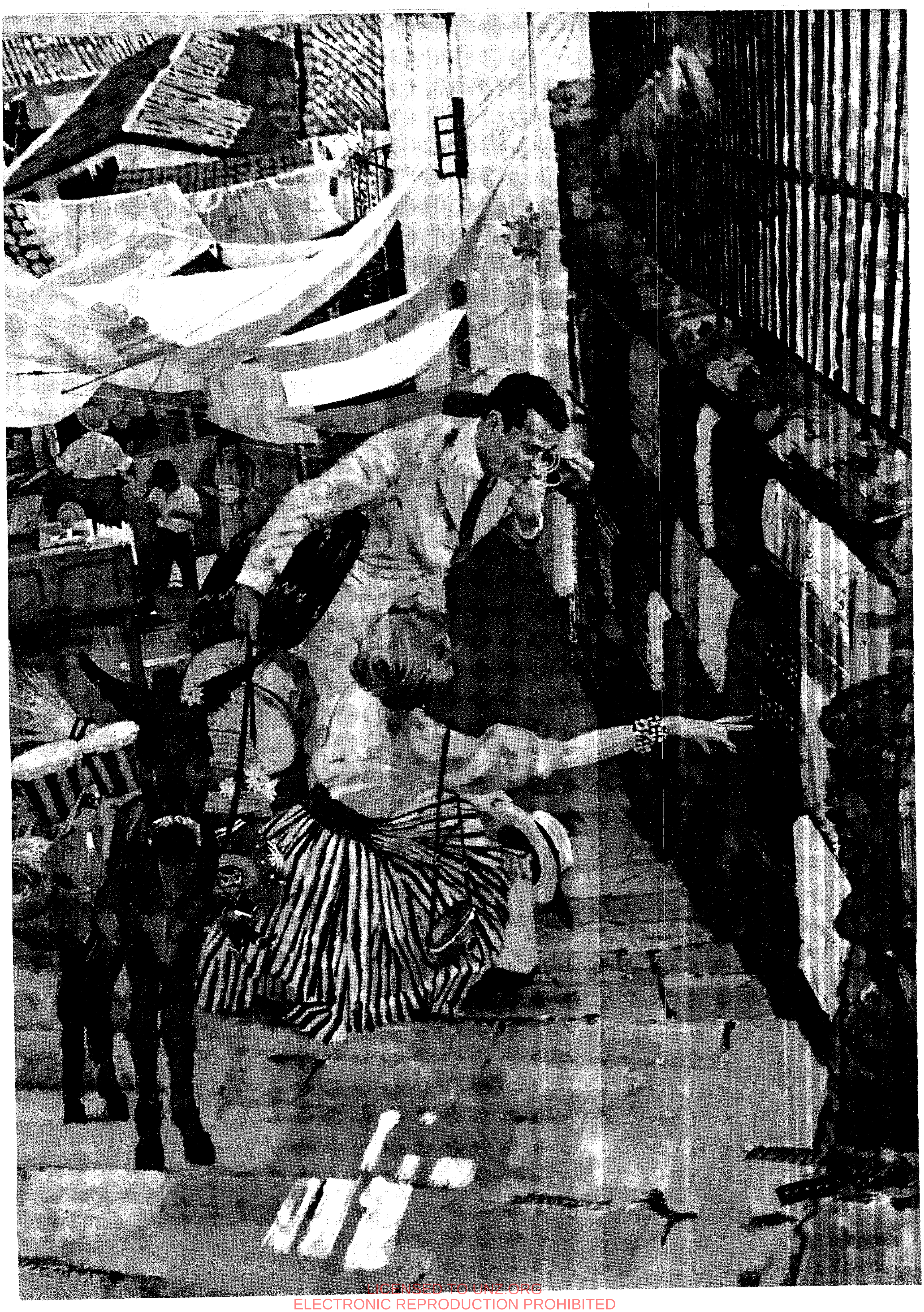

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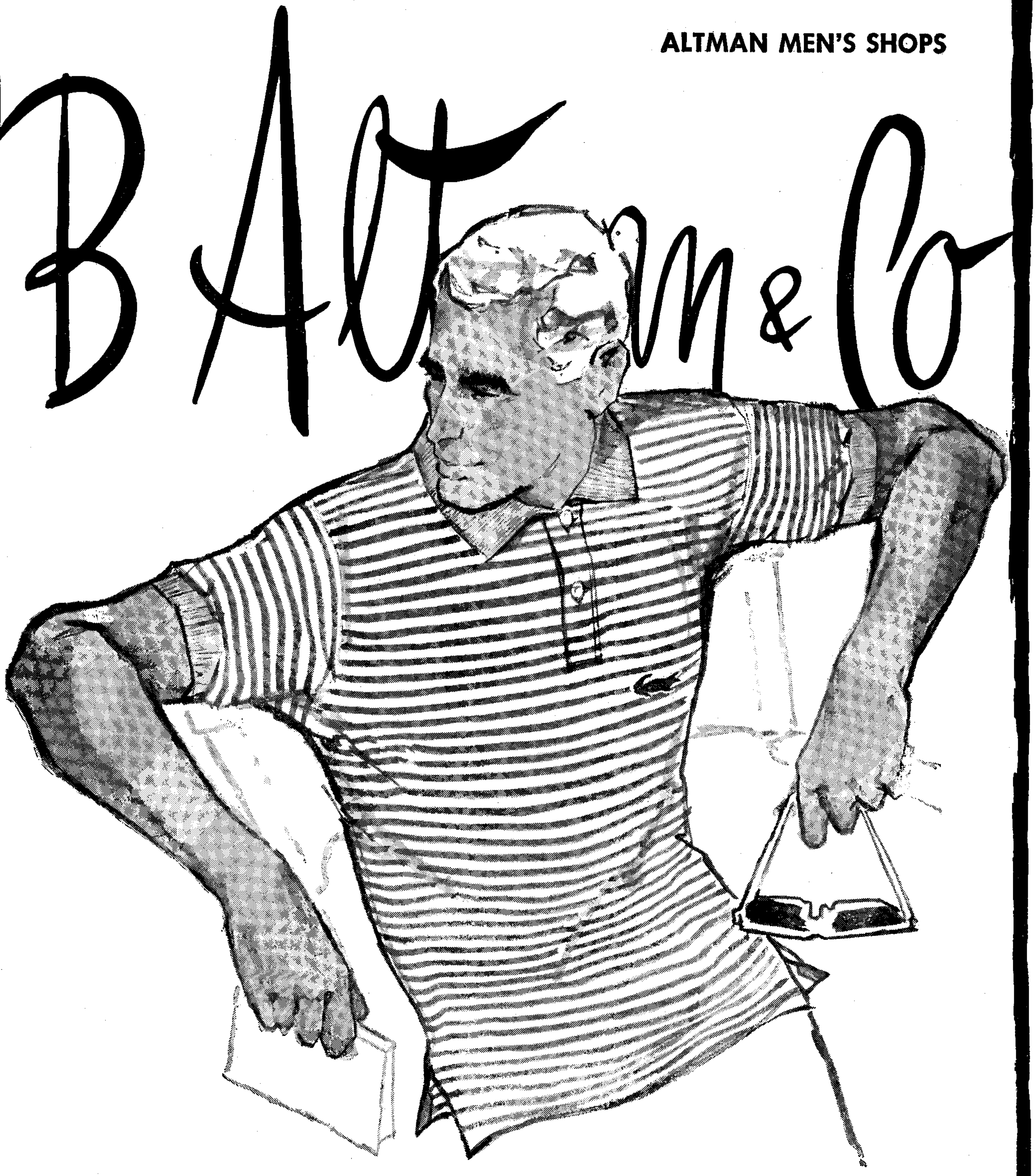

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been a little puzzled by the editorialists who, in speaking of the recent outbreaks of mob violence in the South, have urged moderation on "the extremists of both sides." Such phrases have a fine and statesmanlike ring, but they don't make much sense. One does not, after all, speak of the North Pole and the equator as being "poles apart." It strikes us as equally absurd to try to make an antithesis of the howling crowds of armed hoodlums and those Negroes who, defended by nothing but their gallantry, are quietly pressing for an active acknowledgment of the rights that already are guaranteed them on parchment. It is not as though the Freedom Riders were struggling for the freedom to burn buses themselves, or to shoot white ministers. Conceivably, it is in the national interest to persuade Negro leaders to set a slower pace, but the argument is one that does not permit of taking a high moral tone. One can hardly, with justice, inform a Negro that he has a duty as a citizen to refrain from sharing in the rights of citizenship. We can imagine asking it, under special circumstances, but only as the immense favor that it would be, rather than as the obligation that it decidedly is not.

Animal Center

AT the cornerstone-laying ceremony the other afternoon for the new nine-story building of the Animal Medical Center, formerly the New York Women's League for Animals, at Sixty-second Street and the East River Drive, we listened, along with some two hundred rather dressy animal lovers, to Cornelia Otis Skinner, a Center director, as she hailed its new home, a $3,772,000 structure (on a $400,000 plot) whose hospital and laboratories will open next fall, superseding the League's old quarters, on Lafayette Street. "In this critical century, in this time of conflict and confusion, there is far too much evidence of man's inhumanity to man," she said, in part. "Many of us believe that man's humanity to animals may modify, if not mitigate, that condition."

It was a blustery day, and the two hundred of us were sitting, on rented seats, in the Center's roofed but windswept parking lot; many of the ladies present were holding on to their flowered hats. Miss Skinner—whose husband, Alden S. Blodget, a lover of Labrador retrievers, was twirling his mustache appreciatively in the front row—introduced, in alphabetical order, a number of platformed notables, among them Dr. Mark W. Allam, Dean of the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president of the Rockefeller Institute; Mr. H. Otis Chapman, of Chapman, Evans & Delehanty, the Center's architects; Mr. Lewis S. Greenleaf, president of the Center; Mr. B. Brewster Jennings, president of Memorial Hospital and retired chairman of the Socony Mobil Oil Company; Mr. George Murnane, the executor of the Caspary estate; Dr. Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society; and Mr. John F. Ward, the lawyer for the Caspary estate.

"This property used to belong to the Chevrolet people," a lady next to us said. "We tried to get the adjacent Socony station as well, but the company wouldn't sell, despite Mr. Jennings' efforts. It said this was its showplace. Did you know that animals live longer today, just as people do? They have a lot of geriatric problems, too."

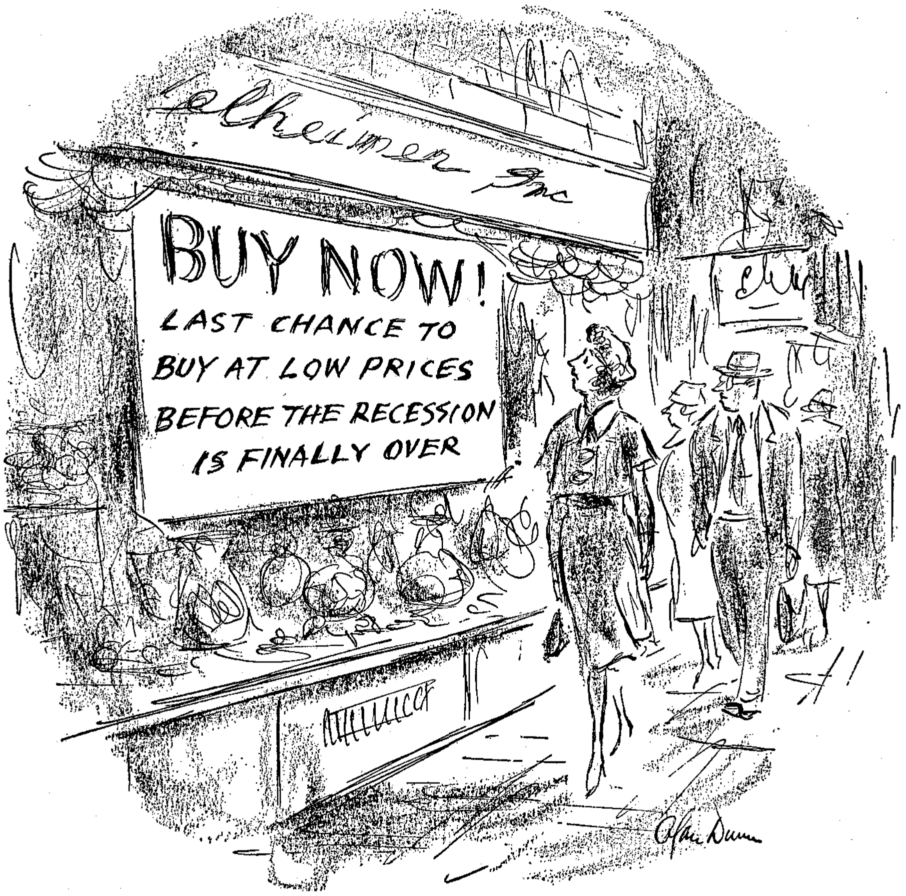
Let us now pause to identify the Caspary estate. This is the estate of Alfred H. Caspary, a stockbroker and the widower of a League for Animals director, who died in 1955, leaving fifteen million dollars (including a three-million-dollar stamp collection) to be distributed to worthy causes at the discretion of Mr. Murnane. Three million went to the League, in memory of Mrs. Caspary, which thereupon added to its Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals the Margaret M. Caspary Institute for Veterinary Research, and Mr. Murnane has since allocated over two million more to it, making its newest building possible.

"A giant step forward in a great work, which was begun fifty-one years ago," said Mr. Greenleaf, succeeding Miss Skinner on the rostrum. He, too, introduced Dr. Bronk, who welcomed the Center to "this community of great scientific institutions," including his own and Cornell Medical College, and went on to quote the Bible, Francis Bacon, and Mr. J. Donald Adams, of the *Times*. "We pledge to you our coöperation and loyal support," he concluded, and President Greenleaf, assisted by several workmen, proceeded to lay the cornerstone, whose interior, Miss Skinner assured us, held "not a small animal" but, *inter alia*, the Center's latest annual report and samples of present-day American currency, from one cent to one dollar. We figured that this came to a dollar ninety-one, and, on our way out, buttonholed Mrs. H. Thomas

Richardson, the Center's executive secretary and director of public relations, and besought her for a word on the generative League, which we recalled as having been created by the late Mrs. James Speyer.

"A word will not suffice," she said, and she has since sent us some relevant documents, upon which we draw. It appears that the League itself had a predecessor—the Woman's Auxiliary of the A.S.P.C.A., whose annual report for 1909 (under our nose) lists Mrs. Speyer as its president. Very well. We now come to an early piece of League literature (undated but, from internal evidence, circa 1911) entitled "An Appeal for the Breadwinners and Pets of the Poor," which also lists Mrs. Speyer as president, and states, in part:

> In the autumn of 1906 a few women who loved dumb beasts formed themselves into an auxiliary of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as they believed that there were branches of humane work especially suited to women. In 1910, with the entire approval of the parent Society, the Auxiliary was incorporated as an independent organization, under the name of the "New York Women's League for Animals."... The Society has already heavy duties ... many of them necessarily correctional, while the League, having no power to arrest, seeks to come into close friendly contact with the very poor, to teach their children kindness to animals, and to mitigate the suffering of their breadwinners or their pets.... Prizes [are] offered for the best compositions about animals, and medals given for deeds of courage and mercy.... The latest and one of the most important undertakings of the League is a Free Dispensary and Clinic for all animals whose owners are not able to pay for their treatment ... at 325 Lafayette Street.... It was opened on January 18th, 1910, and from then until Jan. 17, 1911, the following animals were treated there: Horses 432, dogs 4207, cats 1326, unclassified 63, among which may be included men, monkeys, goats, birds, rabbits and a ferret, making a total of 6028 animals treated.... The poor local expressman, whose living depends upon his one horse, may stop at the Dispensary for advice, without fear of being arrested; the little girl from the tenement may bring her pet bird, or ailing kitten, or her small brother his dearly loved mongrel puppy, and all these soon learn the way to the Dispensary's friendly door.
>
> The first animal treated was a cat. A little Brooklyn girl walked all the way from her home across the bridge ... with the kitty tucked under her arm. The cat had had its tail caught in the jamb of the door and was a very unhappy cat. The veterinaries at the clinic fixed the injured tail so that it was as good as new....
>
> During the hot weather fly-nets were given to drivers, and ... sprinkling places were maintained both at the Mulberry Street and Lafayette Street doors, at which 80 horses per hour were frequently watered daily. As an evidence of the willingness of drivers to respond to advice and instruction, it is interesting to note that in one day, at these watering places, 42 whips were voluntarily given up by their owners....
>
> The rapidly increasing number of motor cars makes many people hope that the horse will soon disappear entirely from our streets, but practical persons, who know most about it, think that the price of any kind of motor will put them beyond the reach of the very poor for an indefinite number of years to come.



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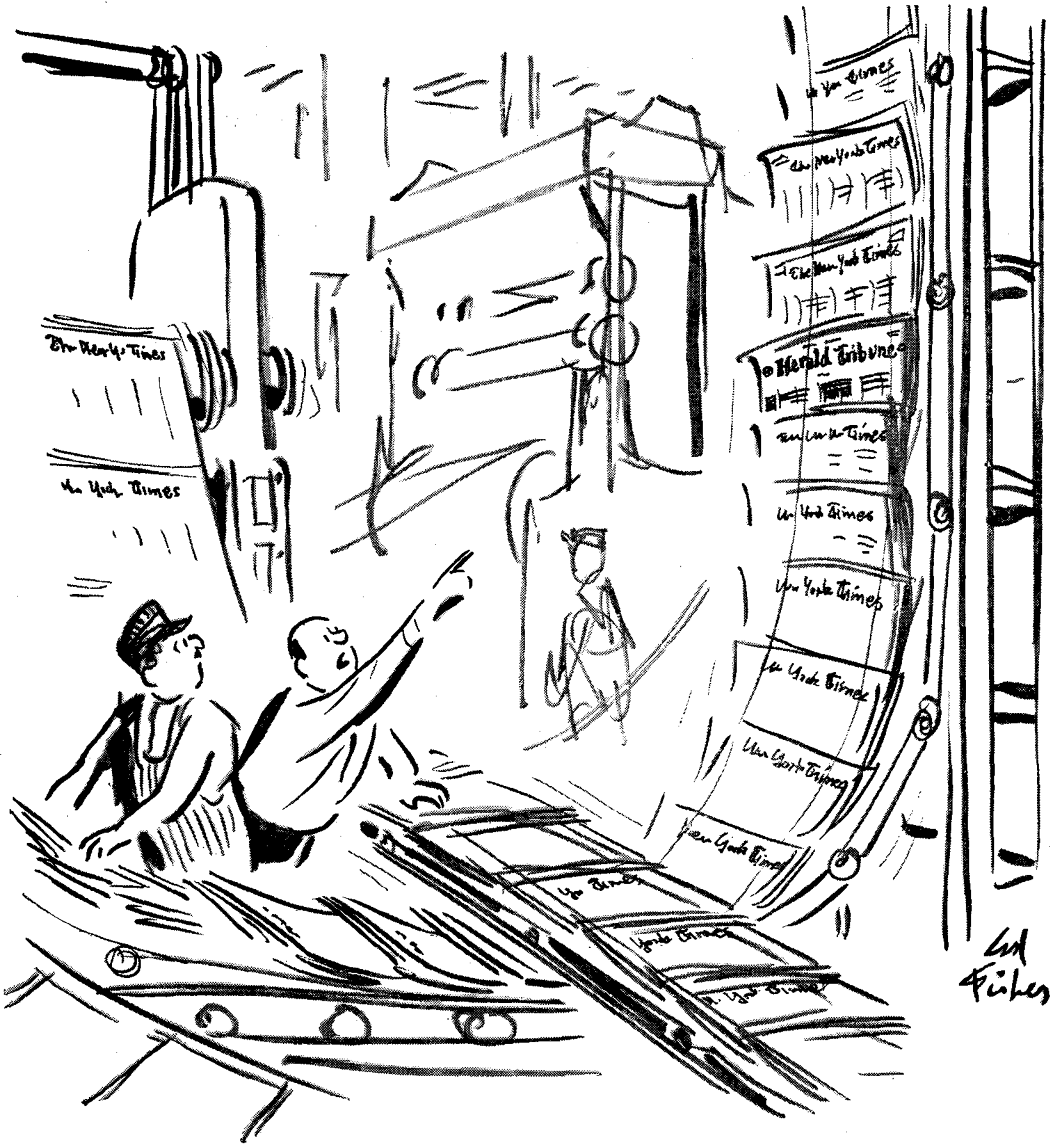
Incidental Dancing in the Rain Intelligence: The Western Precipitation Division of the Joy Manufacturing Company is located at 100 Church Street, Manhattan.

Candy

LONG ago, when salesmanship was local and unscientific, consumership was an adventurous activity, involving a more or less frivolous exercise of power. One of the last pockets of frivolity was wiped out some months ago with the foundation of the Candy, Chocolate, and Confectionery Institute, a union of forces designed to educate the public in "the many positive appeals of confectionery products," for the defection of candymen to the industrial promotional ranks can only crush what remains of the consumer's spirit of *carpe diem*. According to John A. Mavrakos, president of the C.C.C.I., the candymen had been brooding about their status for some time. "Our industry long has felt the need for a program to communicate the taste appeal, nutritive values, and wholesomeness of our products," he recently told us. And according to a set lecture prepared by the institute, "Industry leaders wondered [several years ago] if the taste appeal was the sole factor. They felt a thorough knowledge of the public's most basic feelings about candy might provide direction as to the ways promotional campaigns should be set up." We learned from Miss Elinor Ehrman, vice-president of Theodore R. Sills & Co., which is the firm in charge of public relations for the C.C.C.I., that the institute plans to invest a quarter of a million dollars a year in promotional campaigns.

The psychological data amassed by the institute's researchers indicate that the public's most basic feelings about candy include associating it with thoughts of home and parents—a happy association, that is. "They either think of some happy occasion, of a happy time with their parents, of an incident at school, or a reward of some kind." As for physiological benefits, research has come up with testimony by *MD* (a medical journal) as to candy's quick "energy-yield;" its usefulness in preventing seasickness, inhibiting alcoholism, and preparing for surgery (it increases blood sugar without adding bulk or fat); and its resistance to mold. (Miss Ehrman confessed that there had been some difficulty about locating congenial dentists.) Furthermore, the National Safety Council has recommended eating candy to prevent drowsiness ("Keep Some in the Glove Compartment"); diet experts are reported to have suggested eating anything from a sourball (thirteen calories) to a chocolate (forty-seven calories) to palliate the craving for richer desserts; and military experts consulted by the candy industry have pointed to a reduced accident rate among candy-eating fliers in the Second World War. Would the Boer War have ended as it did if Queen Victoria had neglected to send her troops five hundred thousand pounds of candy for Christmas in 1899?



"Look! There it goes again!"

As a matter of fact, the early history of candy is decidedly military. It seems that sugar was introduced to the West in 325 B.C. by one of Alexander the Great's soldiers, who was impressed by the taste of a plant he found on the banks of the Indus. The Aztecs, presumably before they were quite subdued by Cortés, introduced him to a cold, bitter drink called *cacahuatl*, and he sent a sample to King Charles I of Spain, who civilized it somewhat by adding sugar. (Columbus had supposedly tried to interest Spain in the cacao bean several years earlier, without success.) Spain immediately began setting up cocoa plantations in the colonies, and managed to maintain a monopoly on the method of preparing the drink for a hundred years or so before the secret leaked out (allegedly through some Spanish monks), first in France and then in England. By 1750, chocolate was being drunk in most of the civilized world. The first chocolate factory in this country was established in New England in 1765. Twenty years later, Thomas Jefferson wrote to John Adams that "the superiority of chocolate, both for health and nourishment, will soon give it the same preference over tea and coffee in America which it has in Spain." But in 1876 a Swiss discovered a way to make solid milk chocolate, and since then people have eaten more chocolate than they have drunk. As for licorice, which had long been considered effective against old age, ugliness, and coughs by the Chinese (Brahma endorsed it), the Egyptians (Tutankhamen was buried with a supply), the Phoenicians, the Cretans, and the Greeks, it was also popular with Alexander's soldiers (they would hold pieces of licorice root in their mouths to relieve thirst on long marches), and, later, with the legions of Rome.

Between the days when candy was primarily a medical or military commodity and the foundation of the C.C.C.I., the creation and consumption of candy were at the mercy of human whims and foibles. Peanut brittle evolved from a projected batch of taffy when someone mistakenly added baking soda instead of cream of tartar, and fudge was the result of caramels gone astray. Fudge is still an elusive product, and is known in the business as "a stretch of trouble." The era of modern candy began at Prince Albert's Great Exhibition of 1851, at which chocolate creams, caramels, and hard candy (then called boiled sweets) were introduced to the world. Last year, the dollar volume of the American candy industry was over a billion dollars (about $1,185,000,000), and more than three billion pounds of candy was eaten in this country. Each one of us, in the guise of the average man, ate about seventeen pounds (ten pounds less than the average Englishman). According to the Department of Commerce, forty-three per cent of the total was candy bars; thirty per cent was higher-priced packaged items, including boxed chocolates; fifteen per cent was bulk candy; and twelve per cent was nickel-and-dime packaged goods. Among the raw materials that went into last year's candy were 418,000,000 pounds of chocolate (largely supplied by Ghana and Nigeria); 1,264,000,000 pounds of sugar; 622,000,000 pounds of corn syrup; lesser amounts of more than seventy other agricultural products, including molasses, nuts, fruit, fruit syrup, spices, and items for which we are indebted to the American Indians (maple sugar, wintergreen, peppermint, spearmint, ginger, and sassafras); and 1,065,000,000 pounds of dairy products.

A combination of these astronomical statistics, the seasonal nature of candy sales (highest at Christmas, lowest in summer), and the potential customer's penchant for suddenly deciding to go on a diet was what persuaded the candymen to introduce order into the business. On the basis of its research results, the C.C.C.I. has initiated a number of publicity campaigns. In one, it is advocating scheduled candy-eating on the job: "Secretaries, production workers, and the boss work better and are generally in a better mood because of the 'candy break.' The mid-afternoon snack usually does away with that four o'clock slump. . . . Some of the larger factories and offices have instituted a new approach to the candy break and have one of their employees going through the plant 'à la cigarette girl,' so that all employees might enjoy this delicious 'pep-up' food." The industry's brightest hope at the moment, though, is the popularity of candy sales as a means of raising funds for charity. This has become such an important factor in the candy business that there is now at least one firm that manufactures and sells candy solely for fund raising. Among those who have found it profitable for charity to appeal to the American candy weakness are the Hobart, Indiana, Band Mothers; a group of California Camp Fire Girls; the Rocky Mount, North Carolina, Junior Garden Club; the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Will Rogers High School International Understanding Club; and the Oneida, New York, Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol.

We think we ought to warn the C.C.C.I. that if its public relations are successful, the next time its researchers set out to discover popular associations with candy they'll find that none of us are thinking any longer of those happy childhood days, since we'll all have learned to associate candy with the hard work it has given us the energy to do and the inordinate sums it has lured us into contributing to local charities.

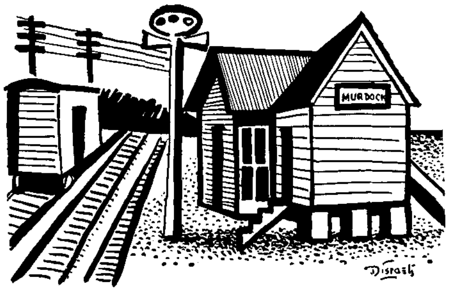
Atmosphere

A Middle-Aged graduate of Cornell had occasion to visit Ithaca recently, and immediately succumbed to nostalgia for his dear dead college days. Beyond leafy trees the clock in the old library tower shone warmly, mellow chimes from the library belfry murmured in the late-spring air, and hundreds of sweet memories crowded our Cornellian's mind. But as the murmurs from the chiming belfry grew more audible, they put an end to his nostalgia, for the tune that was being so softly tinkled was "Mack the Knife."

Lord Attlee

LIKE our own country, England has three living former heads of government, and, as it happens, two of them have paid this city a call in recent weeks. Our first visiting ex-Prime Minister of the season, Sir Winston Churchill, once reportedly described our second visiting ex-Prime Minister of the season as "a modest little man with a great deal to be modest about." We are inclined to rule him mistaken on both counts after the half hour we spent last week with Clement Attlee—or, as he has been properly addressed since 1955, the Right Honourable Earl Attlee. Lord Attlee impressed us as a man who is downright complacent, and very likely with reason, about his life and work—past, present, and future. He *is* a bit small; what he brought to mind was a rather sardonic sparrow, if you care to imagine a sparrow with a sharp nose, sparse white hair, a brush mustache, and piercing gray eyes who is smoking a large pipe and is decked out in a nineteenth-century mortician's black-on-black suit, complete with vest. Lord Attlee, whom we talked with in the apartment of some friends of his on Gramercy Park, was over here at the joint invitation of the United World Federalists, whose annual dinner he was to address in Chicago, and Mr. Grenville Clark, co-author (with Louis B. Sohn) of the book "World Peace Through World Law."

"Nice change for me, this trip," Lord Attlee told us. "Miss the excitement of the Commons. Pretty dull in the Lords. Full up to here with old birds. Herbert Samuel is almost ninety-one. Pethick-Lawrence is turning ninety. Before I went to the Lords, I was leader of the Opposition for four years—the same job I'd had from '35 to '40. Longest anyone was ever at it, I imagine. Then Deputy Prime Minister during the war and, of course, Prime Minister from '45 to '51. Kind of thing that makes you restless, stuck off in what you might call an old people's home."



We thought of Somerset Maugham's thesis in "Cakes and Ale"—that in England longevity is equated with genius, especially in the political and literary fields, so that the older a British politician or author lives to be, the more reverently he's regarded. Could Lord Attlee, who is seventy-eight, endorse the theory from his own experience? When we put the question to him, he threw us an amused glance and shook his head. "Made a speech in 1956 telling them to steer clear of fighting in the Middle East—only get everybody riled up," he said. "Next thing I knew—Suez. Nobody listens to the old birds in the Lords."

Taking a long, contented pull at his pipe, he went on, "Of course, if a man wants to keep looking behind him, I have more to look back on than some. Think of all the historic changes while I was Prime Minister. The National Health Service, for one. The nationalization of coal and steel. But I believe I'm proudest of India and Pakistan, and Ceylon, for that matter—their getting to be independent nations, and how well it all went. Winston said he didn't become Prime Minister to preside over the liquidation of the Empire. Winston's a stubborn man. I've known that all my life. He and my older sisters had the same governess. I was middle-class, you know—not as picturesque a background for a Labour politician as some might have hoped. I can remember the governess saying when I was a child, 'That Winston is a bullheaded boy.' I was able to think of it not as liquidating the Empire but as bringing new nations into the Commonwealth. Just as well Winston wasn't in charge in 1947. He wouldn't have been happy about it."

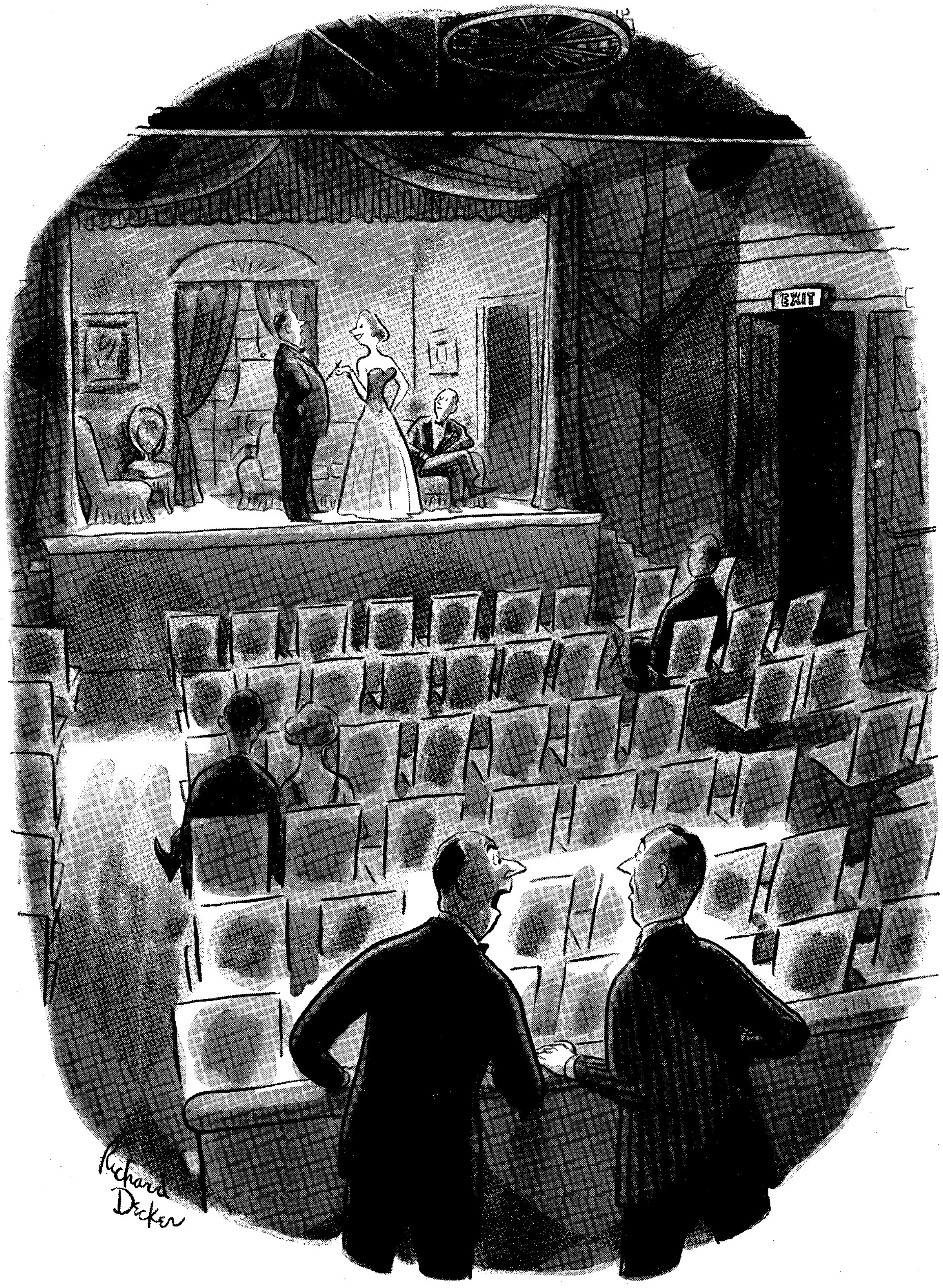
Lord Attlee puffed away for a few moments, and then said, "Well, that's done with. Meanwhile, I keep busier than you'd think. Do a bit of rough gardening. My wife and I got to feel so at home at Chequers we bought a cottage about six miles away, in the Chiltern Hills. The historians are always flapping about there asking questions. To help them along, I've written a couple of books. The last one, 'A Prime Minister Remembers,' came out in England a few weeks ago. Selling nicely, I understand. Still belong to the Fabian Society, but don't go to meetings. Fabianism is for the young. World Federalism is for the young *and* the old. We'll all get to it, you know. Already there are more than a hundred and fifty World Federalist members in the Lords and Commons. I've travelled a fair amount these last years. Made four lecture tours in this country. Never write anything down ahead of time—not after a lifetime on the hustings. Americans often ask me why you seem to have so much trouble with crime and corruption among labor leaders, while we don't. One night, they put it to me at a Methodist college in Illinois. I was glad to be able to answer truthfully that it could be because most of our labor fellows were brought up as Methodists. Actually, it's because, as usual, we're at least a generation ahead of you Americans. I said as much to Henry Stimson once, and he gave me an argument, but years later, during the war, he came to me and said, 'By God, Attlee, you're right.' You'll get to something like our National Health Service in time. You won't call it socialized medicine but the American Way of Life—something like that. But you'll get to it. That's another question Americans are always asking: 'How do you like your socialized medicine?' I've no trouble with that one. 'How do you like your socialized plumbing?' I ask them. 'Or are you still using the old bucket?' "

It was time for him to head for the airport.

What was next on the agenda after he'd made his Chicago speech?

"Oh, next I shall die, I expect," Attlee said. "Seventy-eight, you know. Getting on."

He gave us a broad smile and a vigorous handshake, and was off for LaGuardia.



"Good Lord, no! I thought you *were handling the publicity and advertising."*

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At Ease

A COUPLE we know in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, recently equipped their garage with radio-operated doors that they can open automatically by pressing a control button in either of their two cars. Not wanting their ten-year-old daughter to be deprived of easy access to the garage, in which she stows her bicycle, they have provided her with a radio-control unit of her own. It fits into the saddlebag of the bike and enables her to open the garage doors without dismounting.

THE SWEET CHICK GONE

[ANOTHER PLUM FROM THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC PIE CONTAINING "BORN FREE," "RING OF BRIGHT WATER," ETC.]

THE first faint flush of dawn silvered the bedroom windows of my Sherry-Netherland suite this morning as I awoke, stretched voluptuously, and, slipping into a peignoir, perched on the vanity. While not given to excessive conceit—we White Leghorns, if less flamboyant than your Orpingtons and Wyandottes, take pride in our classic tailored lines—I was pleased by the reflection the mirror gave back to me. My opulent comb and wattles, the snowy plumage on my bosom, and the aristocratic elegance of each yellow leg adorned by its manicured claws all bespoke generations of breeding. In this great metropolis that slumbered around me, was there, I asked myself, one pullet half so celebrated and successful, a single fowl who could contest my supremacy? I had beauty, wealth, the adoration of the multitude—and yet, on either side of my arching beak, I saw tiny telltale grooves of discontent, and I knew that, despite its outward glitter, mine was a hollow triumph. I had reached a pinnacle undreamed of in poultrydom, but at what fearful cost.

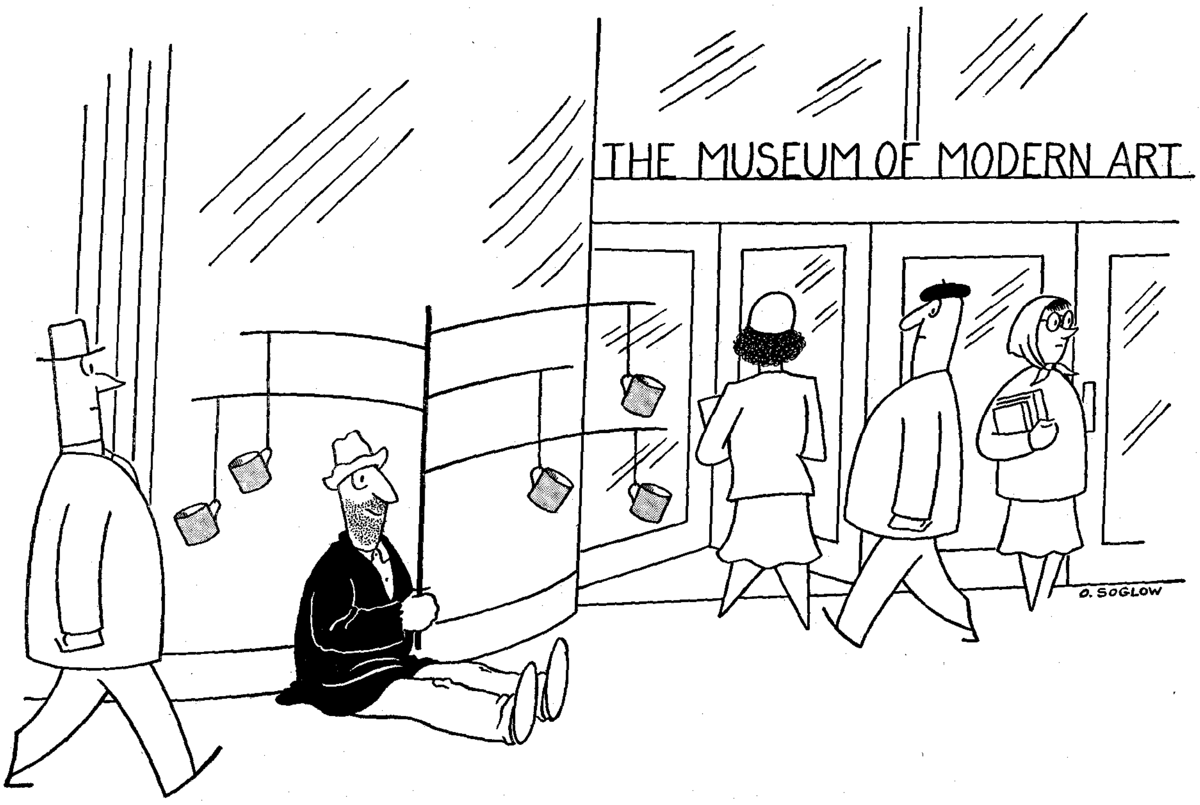
With an impatient cluck, I shrugged off my introspective mood and hopped into the living room. The reek of cigars, the overflowing ashtrays, and the highball glasses mutely attested to the parasites—the agents and lawyers, tax experts and business managers—who battened off me. Here they revelled away their evenings, sipping my liqueur Scotch and (I ofttimes suspected) jeering at my artlessness. "She's only a silly little White Leghorn," I could hear them commenting cynically to each other. "Better get yours while the getting's good." Well, I reflected, at least I didn't suffer from the illusion that money purchased loyalty and affection; S. G. Prebleman had seen to *that*. At the thought of my first and greatest benefactor, a wave of such intense anguish enveloped me, such acute yearning to nestle in his arms, that I was forced to cling to a drape until equilibrium returned. Then, fluttering to the window sill, I stared down over the greenery of Central Park and surrendered to a train of bittersweet memories.

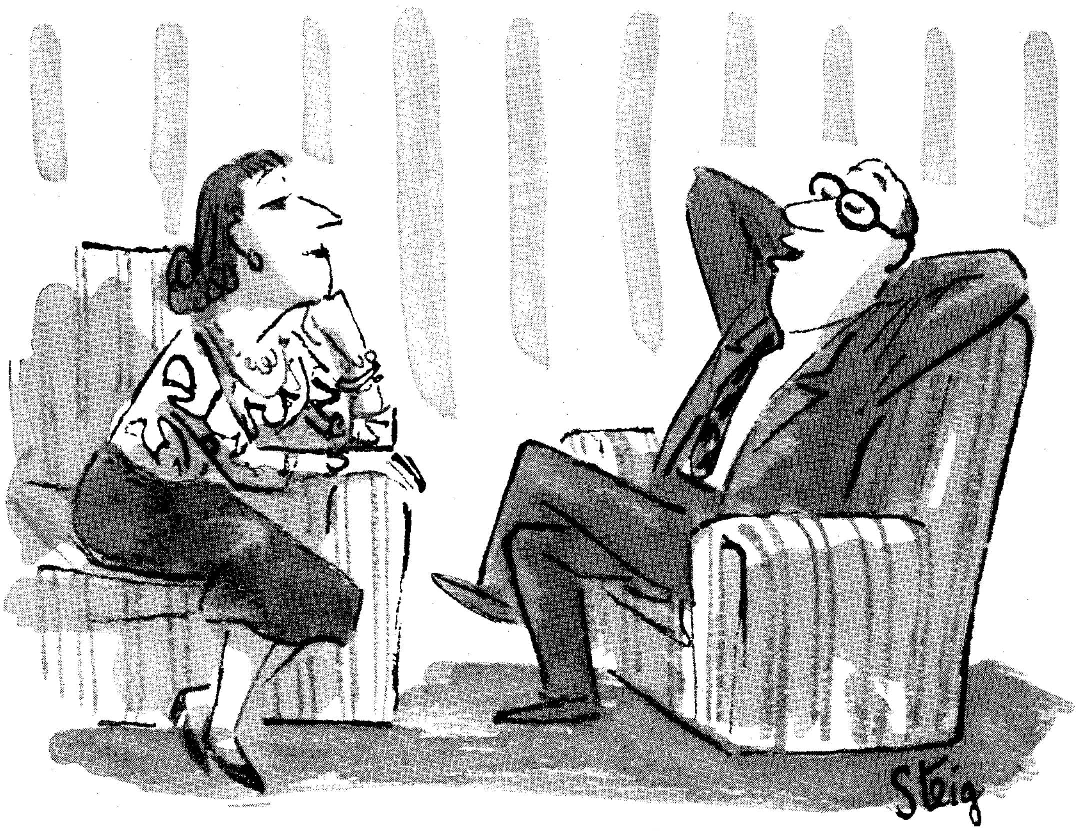
A yellow ball of fluff cheeping in a New Jersey incubator—why had Fate capriciously singled me out for greatness from that swarming brood? I remembered how anonymous I had felt on my emergence from egghood, deafened by the clamor of my hatchmates, buffeted in the melee around the feeding troughs. Scarcely were my pinfeathers dry when I was swept into a carton with a score of others, whirled through the maelstrom of the postal system, and deposited outside a hardware store in Perkasie, Pennsylvania. Those were halcyon days for us fledglings; basking in the adulation of passersby, simpered at and fawned over, we strutted about like harem favorites, imagining ourselves the hub of the universe. As time wore on, though, I grew increasingly restive at the inane cackle of my companions. Most of them were brainless females, interested only in the narrow, circumscribed world of the barnyard. Their one ambition was to mate with some supercilious rooster, bear his progeny, and lapse into stultified cold storage. A strong dash of nonconformism, inherited from who can say what remote gamecock ancestor, prompted me to cavil with them, and when—to my surprise as much as theirs—I found I could put my rebelliousness into words, I earned their universal enmity. A glib chick indeed—by what right had I acquired the power of speech? The pain of social ostracism was more than I could endure, and, dimly sensing that verbalization was taboo, I then and there took a vow of silence. If a fluent tongue condemned me to be a pariah, never again, I swore, would I open my mouth.

It was at this crucial point that the catalyst appeared, the person who was to change my life—S. G. Prebleman. As he later confessed to me, he had no more prescience than I of the fateful meeting that impended; he and his wife had driven into Perkasie that forenoon for a new hammock and some onion sets, and the impulse to buy a few baby chicks was wholly spontaneous. The sound of his voice, before I even saw him, struck a deep, responsive chord in my being. "Fourteen cents apiece?" I overheard it exclaim incredulously. "Honey, they're a steal! We could stick a bunch of these in the barn, feed 'em table scraps—it'd cut our grocery bills in half!"

"Good grief, haven't we trouble enough already?" a weary contralto voice protested. "Next thing I know, you'll be raising chinchillas."

"Which it's a daffy idea, I suppose," the male voice rejoined. "Well, Bright Eyes,


THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
O. SOGLOW



“On the other hand, you could be French, you could be Greek, you could be Slavic . . .”

just for your information, there happens to be big money in chinchillas. I read an article the other day in the *American Boy*—”

“Senility, here we come,” she interjected. “The *American Boy* collapsed ages ago. But don’t mind me—you go on reading it if it gives you pleasure. Listen, I’ll meet you at the parking lot.”

As her footsteps receded, a florid face bisected by a piebald mustache loomed into view overhead. The eyes behind the tiny steel-rimmed lenses devoured us greedily for a moment; then our whole world went topsy-turvy again. Huddled in a basket on the floor of a station wagon, a dozen of us jounced into another and far more precarious phase of adolescence. Prebleman, whose bucolic knowledge derived in the main from “Walden,” knew nothing whatever about rearing domestic fowls. He constructed a sleazy coop out of several fly screens, and, in lieu of the traditional diet of mash and cracked corn, fed us potato chips, olives and soggy cashews, stale hors d’oeuvres, soufflés that had failed to rise, and similar leftovers. Odd as it may seem, I thrived on this regimen—the only one who did, I must admit, for my eleven comrades croaked almost at once—and developed into a fine, meaty bird. As sole survivor of the flock, I naturally attained a special niche in Prebleman’s affections. Whenever he trundled a barrowful of empty bottles to the dump (a daily ritual, it seemed), he would stop by to gloat over my progress. I had no inkling of the future until, one spring day, he leaned over my run and blurted it out.

“Hi ya, gorgeous,” he cooed, smacking his lips. “Mm-hmm, I can just see you in a platter of gravy next week, with those juicy dumplings swimming around you. Hot ziggety!”

Horrified at the doom in store, snatching at the only means I had to avert it, I groped for and recovered my faculty of speech. “You—you vampire!” I spat at him. “So this is why you coddled me—fattened me—”

“What did you say?” he quavered, turning deathly pale.

“Not half of what I’m going to!” I said distractedly. “Wait till I spill my story to *Confidential* and the tabloids. Wife beater! Lothario! Wineskin! I’ll blow you higher than a kite!”

He stuffed his fingers into his ears and backed away. “Help! Help!” he screamed. “It spoke—I heard it! A talking chicken!” He stumbled off down the slope, and seconds later the household was rent by agitated babble. From what little I could glean, his recital was dismissed as just another attack of the fantods, but when he reappeared toward dusk with a peace offering of kasha steeped in milk, I instantly sensed a profound change. His manner was conciliatory, almost servile.

“Look, Miss, we’re not cannibals,” he began awkwardly. “That stuff about eating you was only bantam—I mean . . .”

One cannot but display magnanimity toward genuine contrition; I besought him to ignore the whole incident, and we soon established a healthy rapport. After satisfying himself with a few questions as to my verbal ability, he put forward a most arresting proposal—in essence, that we collaborate on the story of my life. Flattering though the offer sounded, I felt obliged to point out that I had never written anything. “Ach, you won’t have to,” he assured me. “I’ll put it into prose. All you do is talk into a tape recorder, off the top of your head—er, excuse me, at random.”

“But isn’t a chicken’s career rather stodgy?” I demurred. “I’m afraid people wouldn’t find it very exciting.”

“Kiddo, I’ll make you a prediction,” said Prebleman, producing a contract and a fountain pen. “Three days after this book of ours appears, it’ll lead the best-seller list. You’ll have guest shots on Paar, Sullivan, Como—you pick ’em. The magazine rights alone’ll net us three hundred Gs. Add to that the movie sale, the dramatization, and, of course, the diary you keep meanwhile, which George Abbott turns into a musical so the whole shooting match starts all over again. No more whitewashed roosts for you, girlie. You’ll be sleeping between percale sheets!”

What with visions of myself sporting diamonds the size of hen’s eggs, and his honeyed assurance that our agreement surpassed Zsa Zsa Gabor’s with Gerold Frank, I was too dazzled to mull it carefully, and while I thought Prebleman’s ninety-per-cent cut excessive, I signed. The project, we found, demanded readjustment of both our schedules. To avoid rousing his wife’s suspicions, my collaborator proposed we work at night. I countered that, unlike him, I was generically unfitted for slumbering in the daytime. At last, we compromised by forgath-

THE UNDEAD

Even as children they were late sleepers,
Preferring their dreams, even when quick with monsters,
To the world with all its breakable toys,
Its compacts with the dying.

From the stretched arms of withered trees
They turned, fearing contagion of the mortal,
And even under the plums of summer
Drifted like winter moons.

Secret, unfriendly, pale, possessed
Of the one wish, the thirst for mere survival,
They came, as all extremists do
In time, to a sort of grandeur.

Now, to their Balkan battlements
Above the vulgar town of their first lives,
They rise at the moon's rising. Strange
That their utter self-concern

Should, in the end, have left them selfless:
Mirrors fail to perceive them as they float
Through the great hall and up the staircase;
Nor are the cobwebs broken.

Into the pallid night emerging,
Wrapped in their flapping capes, routinely maddened
By a wolf's cry, they stand for a moment
Stoking the mind's eye

With lewd thoughts of the pressed flowers
And bric-a-brac of rooms with something to lose—
Of love-dismembered dolls, and children
Buried in quilted sleep.

Then they are off in a negative frenzy,
Their black shapes cropped into sudden bats
That swarm, burst, and are gone. Thinking
Of a thrush cold in the leaves

Who has sung his few summers truly,
Or an old scholar resting his eyes at last,
We cannot be much impressed with vampires,
Colorful though they are;

Nevertheless, their pain is real
And requires our pity. Think how sad it must be
To thirst always for a scorned elixir,
The salt quotidian blood

Which, if mistrusted, has no savor;
To prey on life forever and not possess it,
As rock-hollows, tide after tide,
Glassily strand the sea.

—Richard Wilbur

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ering at 3 A.M., spurring ourselves on with black coffee and NoDoz. On occasion, our creative ardors did in fact awaken Mrs. Prebleman, but her spouse quick-wittedly clapped me under his dressing gown and feigned somnambulism.

To recount the tribulations we underwent once our task was finished would serve no useful purpose. Suffice it to say that my story everywhere met reactions ranging from skepticism to open hostility. Time and again, Prebleman offered in vain to transport me to Publishers' Row to prove the manuscript's legitimacy. Unfortunately, at the one audition he contrived—an address to the partners of Charnel House—I was stricken with laryngitis, and the meeting broke up amid catcalls. Finally, Arthur Pelf, a weasel who ordinarily published spurious sex counsel and curiosa on birching, consented to sponsor the book. The rest is literary history; overnight, "Vocal Yolkel" became a sensation, a veritable prairie fire. Five editions were exhausted in a fortnight, Sol Hurok pacted me to a speaking tour of fifty principal cities, and David Susskind announced a four-way telecast between the two of him, myself, and Julian Huxley on the topic "Which Came First?" The critical reception we evoked was quite as overwhelming. John Barkham and Virgilia Peterson coined enough superlatives to fill a book, which was immediately published by Bernard Geis Associates, converted into a musical by George Abbott, and closed in New Haven after one performance.

But my gratification was destined to be short-lived. Although astronomical revenue poured in from these and other sources as well, like records and mechanical toys, I saw none of it. Prebleman had tucked me away in a shabby theatrical hotel on New York's West Side, under the watchful eye of an ex-pugilist friend, the while he lolled in

luxury at the Waldorf collecting the lion's share of our income. At my merest allusion to money or an accounting, he either clammed up or shrilly accused me of ingratitude and venality. Heartsick that success had disrupted us, but powerless to act, I prayed for any release from my intolerable plight. It came from an unexpected quarter. One afternoon, while my custodian was absent in the barbershop, a floor waiter entered stealthily, carrying a pillowcase. "Sh-h-h!" he warned. "Listen, fools rush in where Wiseman fears to tread."

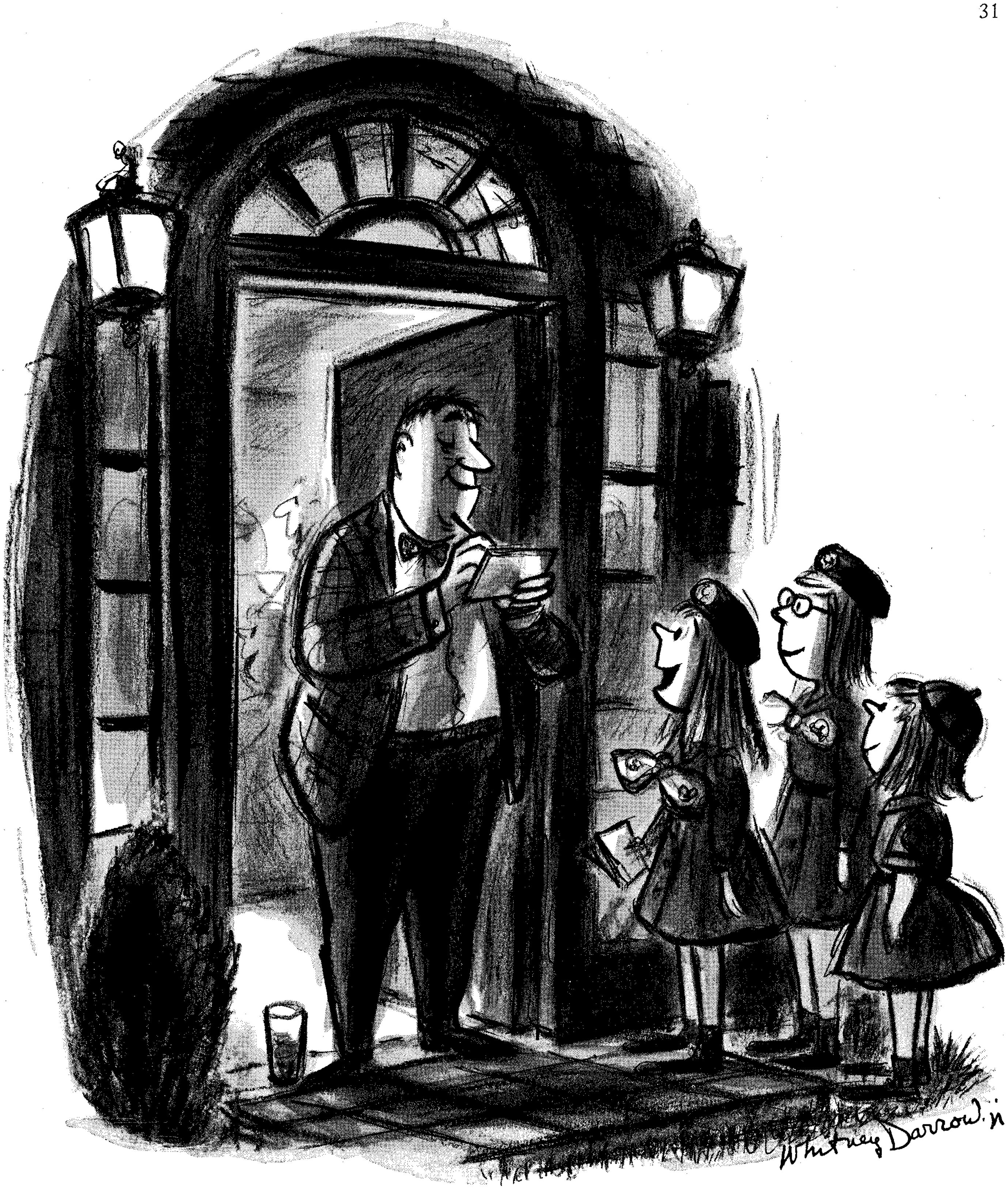
"Wha—what do you mean?" I asked.

"That I adopted this guise to spring you," he whispered. "I'm Phil Wiseman of the Amalgamated Talent office, and we can break your contract with that muzzler."

"That's what all you agents say," I said distrustfully. "Supposing Prebleman drags me to court."

"He wouldn't dare," Wiseman asserted. "We could blackmail him for transporting a chicken across a state line. Here—slip into this bag."

While the idea of such Machiavellian tactics was abhorrent, it was the only way out of my dilemma, and I reluctantly acceded. Wiseman sped me to a



"*Gee, thank you, sir. No one's ever pledged a million dollars before.*"

• •

prepared hideout in Fordham Road, a kosher butcher shop where I remained incognito in a flock of other Leghorns until the litigation subsided. As I had prophesied, Prebleman did his utmost to discredit me, but was ultimately persuaded to accept a cash settlement. We never saw each other again; many months afterward, I heard he was haunting various obscure Pennsylvania hatcheries, pathetically mumbling to the crates of chicks as they emerged and hoping to duplicate his coup.

And here was I, I reflected as I gazed at the pigeons wheeling over Bergdorf Goodman, at once the luckiest and loneliest creature on earth. I had everything—my own television program, a syndicated newspaper column, reserved seats at every preem, jewels, cars, furs—but it was so much tinsel. I would gladly yield it all to nuzzle the man's dressing gown again, to caress that prognathous jaw and see those pinpoint eyes twinkle in the lamplight. For I realized ineluctably that, despite his avarice, treachery, and general swinishness, S. G. Prebleman was the most lovable galoot I had ever known.

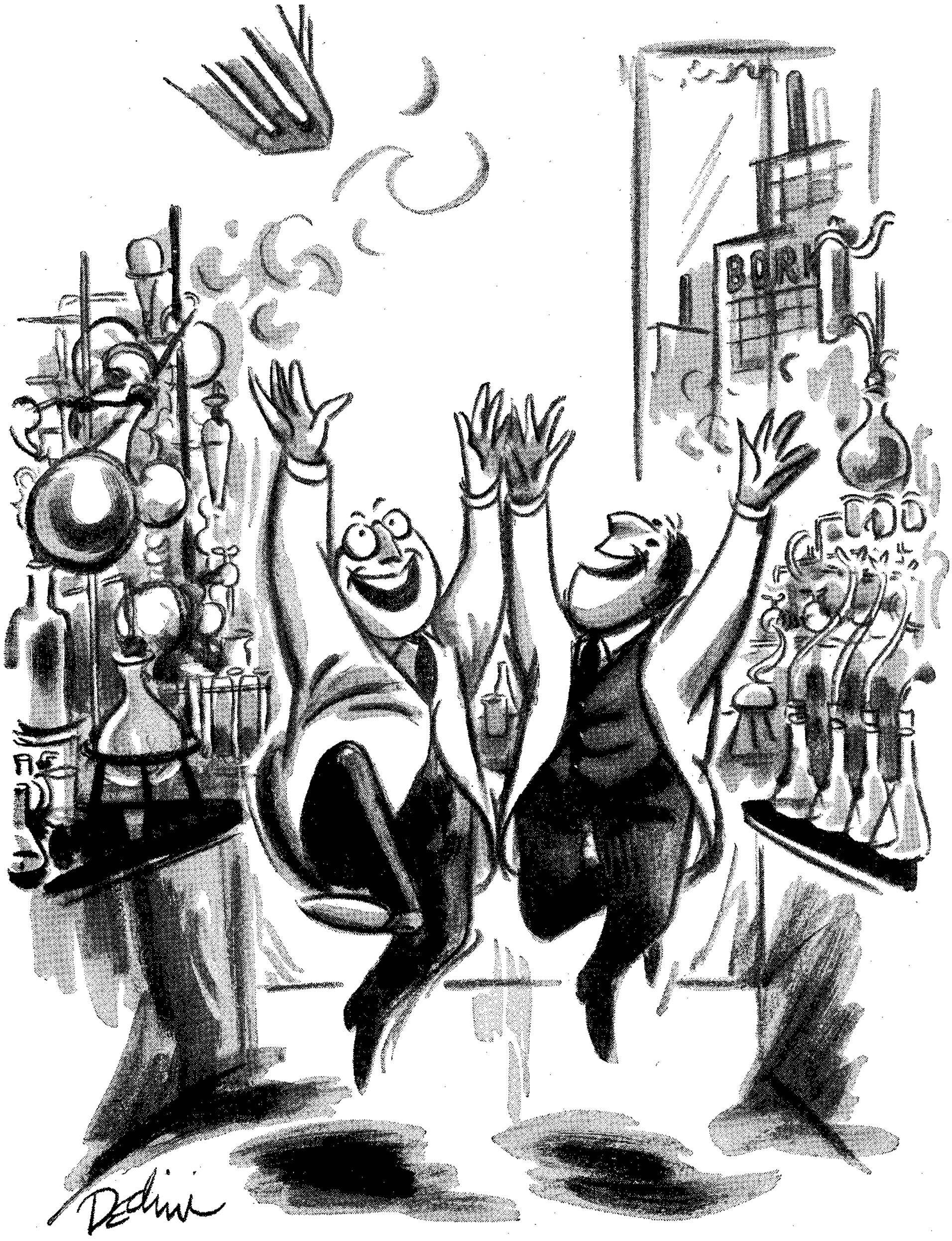
—S. J. PERELMAN

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

LIKE a rock in the sea, she was islanded by fields, the heavy grass washing about the house, and the cattle wading in it as in water. Even their gentle stirrings were a loss when they moved away at evening to the shelter of the woods. A rainy day might strike a wet flash from a hay barn on the far side of the river—not even a habitation! And yet she was less lonely for him here in Meath than elsewhere. Anxieties by day, and cares, and at night vague, nameless fears—these were the stones across the mouth of the tomb. But who understood that? They thought she hugged tight every memory she had of him. What did they know about memory? What was it but another name for dry love and barren longing? They even tried to unload upon her their own small purposeless memories. "I imagine I see him every time I look out there," they would say as they glanced nervously over the darkening fields when they were leaving. "I think I ought to see him coming through the trees." Oh, for God's sake! she'd think. I'd forgotten him for a minute!

It wasn't him *she* saw when she looked out at the fields this spring morning. It was the ugly tufts of tow and scutch that whitened the tops of the grass and gave it the look of a sea in storm, spattered with broken foam. That grass would have to be topped. And how much would that cost?

At least Ned, the old herd, knew the man to do it for her. "Bartley Crossen is your man, Ma'am. Your husband knew him well."



"We've done it! We've done it! We've discovered a detergent that takes the chore out of washing and makes all other detergents seem old-fashioned by comparison!"

She couldn't place him at first. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes—that's his hay barn we see, isn't it? Why, of course! I know him well—by sight, I mean." And so she did—splashing past on the road in a big muddy car, the wheels always caked with clay, and the wife in the front seat beside him.

"I'll get him to call around and have a word with you, Ma'am," said the herd.

"Before dark!" she cautioned.

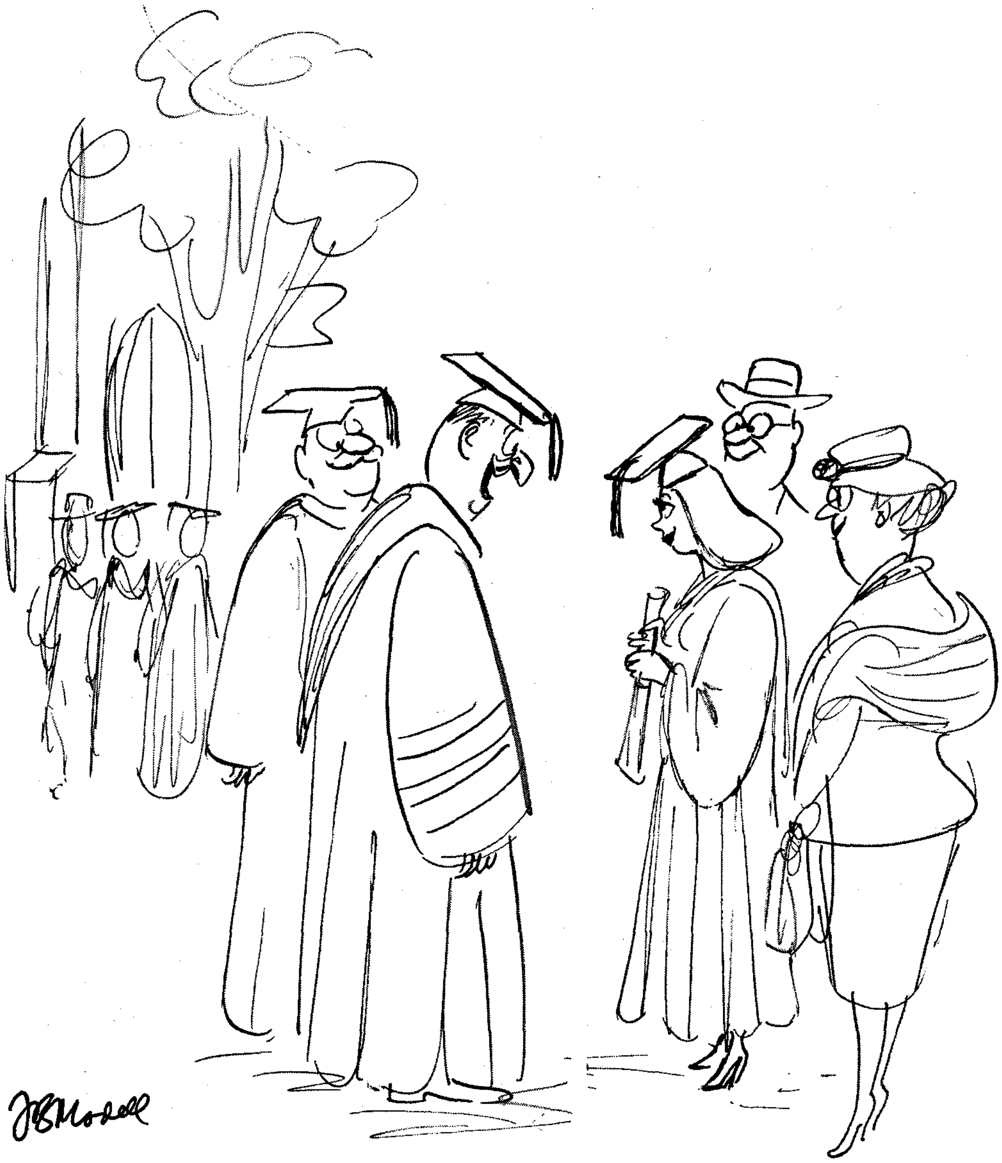
But there was no need to tell him. The old man knew how she always tried to be upstairs before it got dark, locking herself into her room, which opened off the room where the children slept, praying devoutly that she wouldn't have to come down again for anything—above all, not to answer the door. That was what in particular she dreaded. A knock at the door after dark!

"Ah, sure, who'd come near you, Ma'am, knowing you're a woman alone with small children that might be wakened and set crying? And, for that matter, where could you be safer than in the middle of the fields, with the innocent beasts asleep around you?"

If he himself had to come to the house late at night for any reason—to get hot water to stoup the foot of a beast, or to call the vet—he took care to shout out long before he got to the gable. "It's me, Ma'am!" he'd shout. "Coming! Coming!" she'd cry, gratefully, as quick on his words as their echo. Unlocking her door, she'd run down and throw open the hall door. No matter what the hour! No matter how black the night! "Go back to your bed now, you, Ma'am," he'd say from the darkness, where she could see the swinging yard lamp coming nearer and nearer like the light of a little boat drawing near to a jetty. "I'll put out the lights and let myself out." Relaxed by the thought that there was someone in the house, she would indeed scuttle back into bed, and, what was more, she'd be nearly asleep before she'd hear the door slam. It used to sound like the slam of a door a million miles away.

There was no need to worry. He'd see that Crossen came early.

IT was well before dark when Crossen did drive up to the door. The wife was with him, as usual, sitting up in the front seat the way people sat up in the well of little tub traps long ago, their knees pressed together, allowing no slump. The herd had come with them, but only he and Crossen got out.



"We're sure going to miss your little girl around here, Mr. Wilkins."

"Won't your wife come inside and wait, Mr. Crossen?" she asked.

"Oh, not at all, Ma'am. She likes sitting in the car. Now, where's this grass that's to be cut? Are there any stones lying about that would blunt the blade?" Going around the gable of the house, he looked out over the land.

"There's not a stone or a stump in it," Ned said. "You'd run your blade over the whole of it while you'd be whetting it twenty times in another place!"

"I can see that," said Bartley Crossen, but absently, she thought.

He had walked across the lawn to the rickety wooden gate that led into the pasture, and leaned on it. He didn't seem to be looking at the fields at all, though, but at the small string of stunted thorns that grew along the riverbank, their branches leaning so heavily out over the water that their roots were almost dragged clear of the clay.

Suddenly he turned around and gave a sigh. "Ah, sure, I didn't need to look! I know it well!" As she showed surprise, he gave a little laugh, like a young man. "I courted a girl down there when I was a lad," he said. "That's a queer length of time ago now, I can tell you!" He turned to the old man. "You might remember it." Then he looked back at her. "I don't suppose you were thought of at all in those days, Ma'am," he said, and there was something kindly in his look and in his words. "You'd like the mowing done soon, I suppose? How about first thing in the morning?"

Her face lit up. But there was the price to settle. "It won't be as dear as cutting meadow, will it?"

"Ah, I won't be too hard on you, Ma'am," he said. "I can promise you that!"

"That's very kind of you," she said, but a little doubtfully.

Behind Crossen's back, Ned nodded his head in approval. "Let it go at that, Ma'am," he whispered as they walked back toward the car. "He's a man you can trust."

And when Crossen and the wife had driven away, he reassured her again. "A decent man," he said. Then he gave a laugh—it, too, was a young kind of laugh for a man of his age; it was like a nudge. "Did you hear what he said, though—about the girl he courted down there? Do you know who that was? It was his first wife! You know he was twice married? Ah, well, it's so long ago I wouldn't wonder if you never heard it. Look at the way he spoke about her himself, as if she was some girl he'd all but forgotten! The thorn trees brought her to his mind! That's where they used to meet, being only youngsters, when they first took up with each other.

"Poor Bridie Logan—she was as wild as a hare. And she was mad with love, young as she was! They were company-keeping while they were still going to school. Only nobody took it seriously—him least of all, maybe—till the winter he went away to the agricultural college in Clonakilty. She started writing to him then. I used to see her running up to the postbox at the crossroads every other evening. And sure, the whole village knew where the letter was going. His people were fit to be tied when he came home in the summer and said he wasn't going back, but was going to marry Bridie. All the same, his father set them up in a cottage on his own land. It's the cottage that's used now for stall-feds—it's back of the new house. Oh, but you can't judge it now for what it was then! Giddy and all as she was—as lightheaded as a thistle—you should have seen the way she kept that cottage. She'd have had it scrubbed away if she didn't start having a baby. He wouldn't let her take the scrubbing brush into her hands after that!"

"But she wasn't delicate, was she?"

"Bridie? She was as strong as a kid goat, that one! But I told you she was mad about him, didn't I? Well, after she was married to him she was no better—worse, you'd say. She couldn't do enough for him! It was like as if she was driven on by some kind of a fever. You'd only to look in her eyes to see it. Do you know what! From that day to this, I don't believe I ever saw a woman so full of going as that one! Did you ever happen to see little birds flying about in the air like they were flying for the divilment of it and nothing else? And did you ever see the way they give a sort of a little lep in the air, like they were forcing themselves to go a bit higher still—higher than they ought? Well, it struck me that was the way Bridie was acting, as she rushed about that cottage doing this and doing that to make him prouder and prouder of her. As if he could be any prouder than he was already and the child getting noticeable!"

"She didn't die in childbed?"

"No. Not in a manner of speaking, anyway. She had the child, nice and easy, and in their own cottage, too, only costing him a few shillings for one of those women that went in for that kind of job long ago. And all went well. It was no time till she was let up on her feet again. I was there the first morning she had the place to herself! She was up and dressed when I got there, just as he was going out to milk.

" 'Oh, it's great to be able to go out again,' she said, taking a great breath of the morning air as she stood at the door looking after him. 'Wait! Why don't I come with you to milk?' she called out suddenly after him. Then she threw a glance back at the baby asleep in its crib by the window.

" 'Oh, it's too far for you, Bridie!' he cried. The cows were down in the little field by the river—you know the field, alongside the road at the foot of the hill on this side of the village. And knowing she'd start coaxing him, he made out of the gate with the cans.

"Good man! I said to myself. But the next thing I knew, she'd darted across the yard.

" 'I can go on the bike if it's too far to walk!' she said. And up she got on her old bike, and out she pedalled through the gate.

" 'Bridie, are you out of your mind?' he shouted as she whizzed past him.

" 'Arrah, what harm can it do me?' she shouted back.

"I went stiff with fright looking after her. And I thought it was the same with him, when he threw down the cans and started down the hill after her. But looking back on it, I think it was the same fever as always was raging in her that started raging in him, too. Mad with love, that's what they were, both of them—she only wanting to draw him on, and he only too willing!

" 'Wait for me!' he shouted, but before she'd even got to the bottom she started to brake the bike, putting down her foot like you'd see a youngster do, and raising up such a cloud of dust we could hardly see her."

"She braked too hard!"

"Not her! In the twinkle of an eye she'd stopped the bike, jumped off, turned it round, and was pedalling madly up the hill again, her head down on the handle bars like a racing cyclist. But that was the finish of her!"

"Oh, no! What happened?"

"She stopped pedalling all of a sudden, and the bike half stopped, and then it started to go back down the hill, a bit as if it skidded on the loose gravel at the side of the road. That's what I thought happened, and him, too, I suppose, because we both began to run down the hill. She didn't get time to fall before we got to her. But what use was that? It was some kind of internal bleeding that took her. We got her into the bed, and the neighbors came running, but she was gone before the night."

"Oh, such a thing to happen! And the baby?"

"Well, it was a strong child! And it grew into a fine lump of a lad. That's the fellow that drives the tractor for him now—the oldest son, Bartley."

"Well, I suppose his second marriage had more to it, when all was said and done."

"That's it. And she's a good woman—the second one. The way she brought up that child of Bridie's! And filled the cradle, year after year, with sons of her own. Ah sure, things always work out for the best in the end, no matter what!" he said, and he started to walk away.

"Wait a minute, Ned," she said urgently. "Do you really think he forgot about her—for years, I mean?"

"I'd swear it," said the old man. And then he looked hard at her. "It will be the same with you, too," he added kindly. "Take my word for it. Everything passes in time and is forgotten."

As she shook her head doubtfully, he shook his emphatically. "When the tree falls, how can the shadow stand?" he said. And he walked away.

I wonder! she thought as she walked back to the house, and she envied the practical country way that made good the defaults of nature as readily as the broken sod knits back into the sward.

AGAIN that night, when she went up to her room, she looked down toward the river and she thought of Crossen. Had he really forgotten? It was hard for her to believe, and with a sigh she picked up her hairbrush and pulled it through her hair. Like everything else about her lately, her hair was sluggish and hung heavily down, but after a few minutes under the quickening strokes of the brush, it lightened and lifted, and soon it flew about her face like the spray above a weir. It had always been the same, even when she was a child. She had only to suffer the first painful drag of the bristles when her mother would cry out, "Look! Look! That's electricity!" and a blue spark would shine for an instant like a star in the gray depths of the mirror.

That was all they knew of electricity in those dim-lit days when valleys of shadow lay deep between one piece of furniture and another. Was it because rooms were so badly lit then that they saw it so often, that little blue star? Suddenly she was overcome by longing to see it again, and, standing up impetuously, she switched off the light.

It was just then that, down below, the iron fist of the knocker was lifted and, with a loud, confident hand, brought down on the door.

It wasn't a furtive knock. She admitted that even as she sat stark with fright in the darkness. And then a voice that was vaguely familiar called out—and confidently—from below.

"It's me, Ma'am! I hope I'm not disturbing you!"

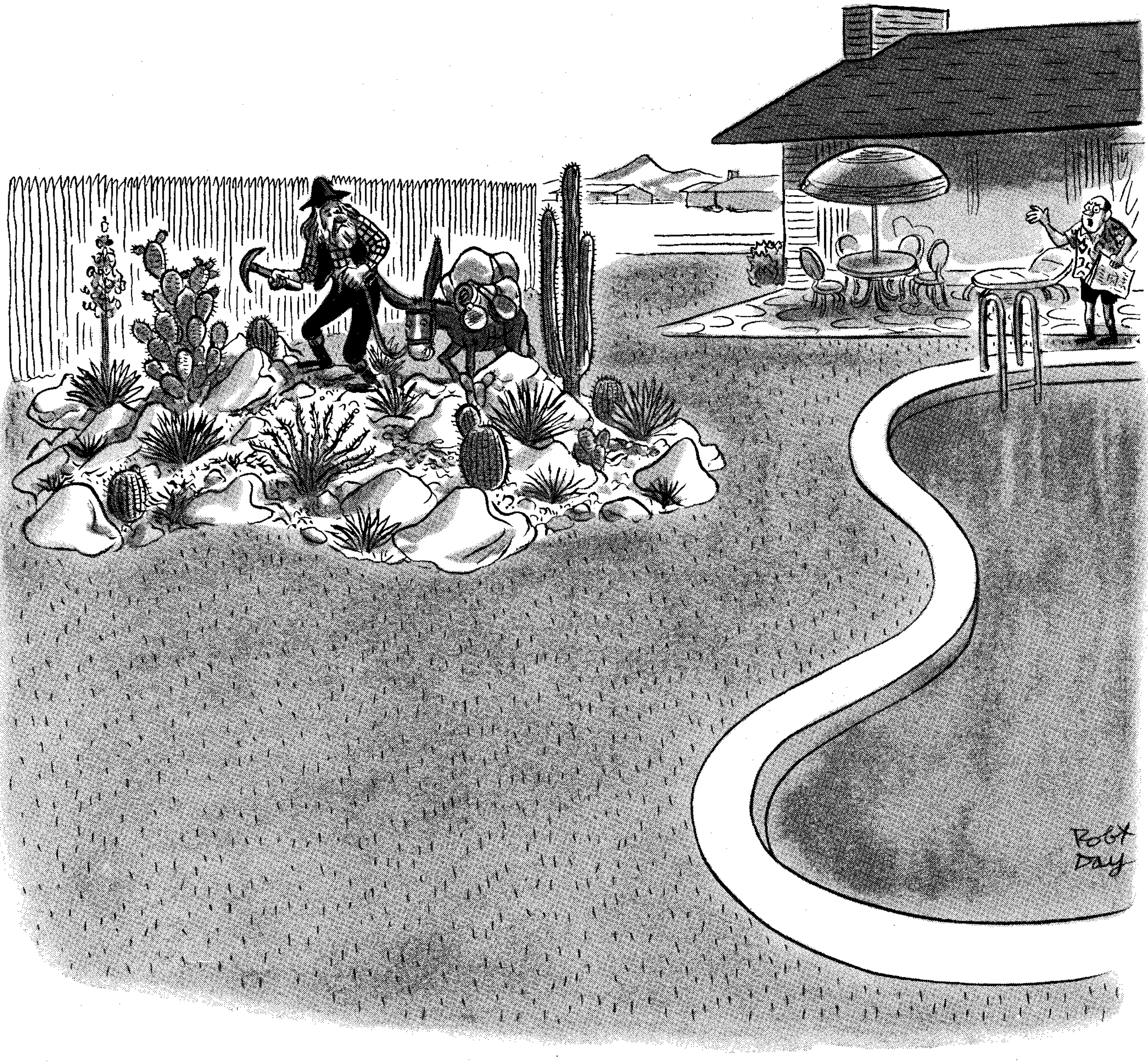
"Oh, Mr. Crossen!" she cried out with relief, and, unlocking her door, she ran across the landing and threw up the window on that side of the house. "I'll be right down!" she called.

"Oh, don't come down, Ma'am!" he shouted. "I only want one word with you."

"But of course I'll come down!" She went back to get out of her dressing gown and put on her slippers and pin up her hair, but as she did she heard him stomping his feet on the gravel. It had been a mild day, but with night a chill had come in the air, and, for all that it was late spring, there was a cutting east wind coming across the river. "I'll run down and let you in from the cold," she called, and, twisting up her hair, she held it against her head with her hand without waiting to pin it, and she ran down the stairs to unbolt the door.

"You were going to bed, Ma'am!" he said accusingly the minute she opened the door. And where he had been so impatient a minute beforehand, he stood stock-still in the open doorway. "I saw the lights were out downstairs when I was coming up the drive," he said contritely. "But I didn't think you'd gone up for the night!"

"Neither had I!" she said lyingly, to put him at his ease. "I was just upstairs brushing my hair. You must excuse me," she added, because a breeze from the door was blowing her dressing



"Hey, you! Get out of there!"

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gown from her knees, and to pull it across she had to take her hand from her hair, so that the hair fell down about her shoulders. "Would you mind closing the door for me?" she said, with some embarrassment, and she began to back up the stairs. "Please go inside to the sitting room, won't you?" she said, nodding toward the door of the small room off the hall. "Put on the light. I'll be down in a minute."

But although he had obediently stepped inside the door, and closed it, he stood stoutly in the middle of the hall. "I shouldn't have come in at all," he said. "I know you were going to bed! Look at you!" he cried again in the same accusing voice, as if he dared her this time to deny it. He was looking at her hair. "Excuse my saying so, Ma'am, but I never saw such a fine head of hair. God bless it!" he said quickly, as if afraid he had been rude. "Doesn't a small thing make a big differ," he said impulsively. "You look like a young girl!"

In spite of herself, she smiled with pleasure. She wanted no more of it, all the same. "Well, I don't feel like one!" she said sharply.

What was meant for a quite opposite effect, however, seemed to delight him and put him wonderfully at ease. "Ah sure, you're a sensible woman! I can see that," he said, and, coming to the foot of the stairs, he leaned comfortably across the newel post. "Let you stay the way you are, Ma'am," he said. "I've only a word to say to you, and it's not worth your while going up them stairs. Let me have my say here and now and be off about my business! The wife will be waiting up for me, and I don't want that!"

She hesitated. Was the reference to his wife meant to put her at *her* ease? "I think I ought to get my slippers," she said cautiously. Her feet were cold.

"Oh, put something on your feet!" he cried, only then seeing that she was in her bare feet. "But as to the rest, I'm long gone beyond taking any account of what a woman has on her. I'm gone beyond taking notice of women at all."

She had seen something to put on her feet. Under the table in the hall was a pair of Robert's old shoes, with fleece lining in them. She hadn't been able to make up her mind to give them away with the rest of his clothes, and although they were big and clumsy on her, she often stuck her feet into them when she came in from the fields with mud on her shoes. "Well, come in where it's warm, so," she said. She came back down the few steps and stuck her feet into the

"And I suppose I should be satisfied just to bask in your glory."

boots, and then she opened the door of the sitting room.

She was glad she'd come down. He'd never have been able to put on the light. "There's something wrong with the center light," she said as she groped along the wainscot to find the plug of the reading lamp. It was in an awkward place, behind the desk. She had to go down on her knees.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked, as, with a countryman's interest in practicalities, he clicked the switch up and down to no effect.

"Oh, nothing much, I'm sure," she said absently. "There!" She had found the plug, and the room was lit up with a bright white glow.

"Why don't you leave the plug in the socket, anyway?" he asked critically.

"I don't know," she said. "I think someone told me it's safer, with reading lamps, to pull them out at night. There might be a short circuit, or mice might nibble at the cord, or something—I forget what I was told. I got into the habit of doing it, and now I keep on." She felt a bit silly.

But he was concerned about it. "I don't think any harm could be done," he said gravely. Then he turned away from the problem. "About tomorrow, Ma'am!" he said, somewhat offhandedly, she thought. "I was determined I'd see you tonight, because I'm not a man to break my word—above all, to a woman."

What was he getting at?

"Let me put it this way," he said quickly. "You'll understand, Ma'am, that as far as I am concerned, topping land is the same as cutting hay. The same time. The same labor cost. And the same wear and tear on the blade. You understand that?"

On her guard, she nodded.

"Well now, Ma'am, I'd be the first to admit that it's not quite the same for you. For you, topping doesn't give the immediate return you'd get from hay—"

"There's no return from it!" she exclaimed crossly.

"Oh, come now, Ma'am, come! Good grassland pays as well as anything—you know you won't get nice sweet pickings for your beasts from neglected land, but only dirty old tow grass knotting under their feet. It's just that it's not a quick return, and so—as you know—I made a special price for you."

"I do know!" she said impatiently. "But I thought that part of it was settled and done."

"Oh, I'm not going back on it, if that's what you think," he said affably. "I'm glad to do what I can for you, Ma'am, the more so seeing you have no man to attend to these things for you, but only yourself alone."

"Oh, I'm well able to look after myself!" she said, raising her voice.

Once again her words had an opposite effect to what she intended. He laughed good-humoredly. "That's what all women like to think!" he said. "Well, now," he said in a different tone of voice, and it annoyed her to see he seemed to think something had been settled between them, "it would suit me—and I'm sure it's all the same with you—if we could leave your little job till later in the week, say till nearer to the time of the haymaking generally. Because by then I'd have the cutting bar in good order, sharpened and ready for use. Whereas now, while there's still a bit of plowing to be done here and there, I'll have to be chopping and changing, between the plow and the mower, putting one on one minute and the other the next!"

"As if anyone is still plowing this time of the year!" Her eyes hardened. "Who are you putting before me?" she demanded.

"Now, take it easy, Ma'am. No one. Leastways, not without getting leave first from you."

"Without telling me you're not coming, you mean!"

"Oh, now, Ma'am, don't get cross. I'm only trying to make matters easy for everyone."

But she was very angry now. "It's always the same story. I thought you'd treat me differently! I'm to wait till after this one, and after that one, and in the end my fields will go wild!"

He looked a bit shamefaced. "Ah now, Ma'am, that's not going to be the case at all. Although, mind you, some people don't hold with topping, you know!"

"I hold with it!"

"Oh, I suppose there's something in

it," he said reluctantly. "But the way I look at it, cutting the weeds in July is a kind of a topping."

"Grass cut before it goes to seed gets so thick at the roots no weeds can come up!" she cried, so angry she didn't realize how authoritative she sounded.

"Faith, I never knew you were so well up, Ma'am!" he said, looking at her admiringly, but she saw he wasn't going to be put down by her. "All the same now, Ma'am, you can't say a few days here or there could make any difference?"

"A few days could make all the difference! This farm has a gravelly bottom to it, for all it's so lush. A few days of drought could burn it to the butt. And how could I mow it then? What cover would there be for the 'nice sweet pickings' you were talking about a minute ago?" Angrily, she mimicked his own accent without thinking.

He threw up his hands. "Ah well, I suppose a man may as well admit when he's bested," he said. "Even by a woman. And you can't say I broke my promise."

"I can't say but you tried hard enough," she said grudgingly, although she was mollified that she was getting her way. "Can I offer you anything?" she said then, anxious to convey an air of finality to their discussion.

"Oh, not at all, Ma'am! Nothing, thank you! I'll have to be getting home." He stood up.

She stood up, too.

"I hope you won't think I was trying to take advantage of you," he said as they went toward the door. "It's just that we must all make out as best we can for ourselves—isn't that so? Not but you're well able to look after yourself, I must say. No one ever thought you'd stay on here after your husband died. I suppose it's for the children you did it?" He looked up the well of the stairs. "Are they asleep?"

"Oh, long ago," she said indifferently. She opened the hall door.

The night air swept in immediately, as it had earlier. But this time, from far away, it bore along on it the faint scent of new-mown hay. "There's hay cut somewhere already!" she exclaimed in surprise. And she lifted her face to the sweetness of it.

For a minute, Crossen looked past her out into the darkness, then he looked back. "Aren't you ever lonely here at night?" he asked suddenly.

"You mean frightened?" she corrected quickly and coldly.

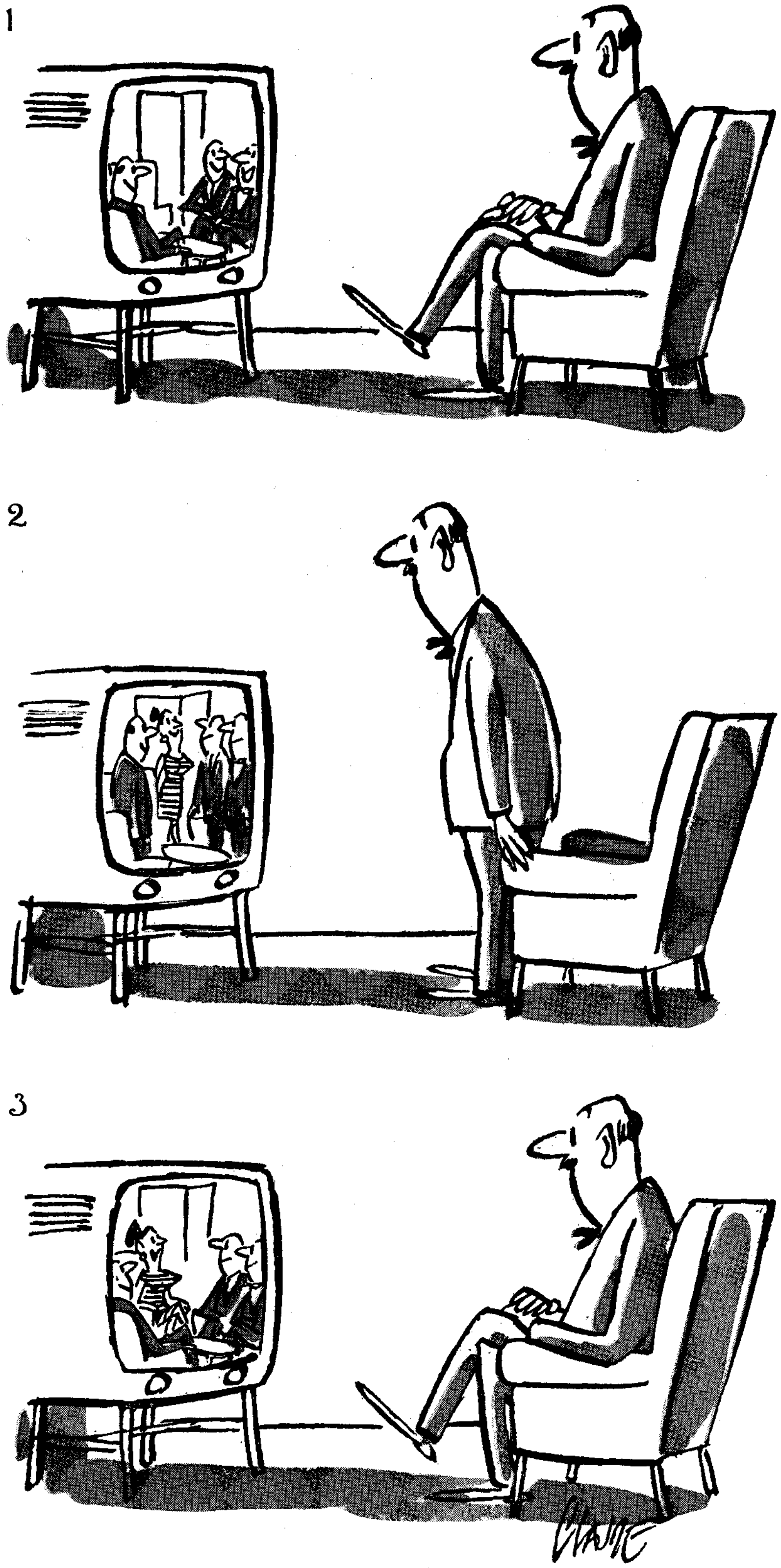
"Yes! Yes, that's what I meant," he said, taken aback. "Ah, but why would you be frightened! What safer place could you be under the sky than right here with your own fields all about you!"

What he said was so true, and he himself as he stood there, with his hat in his hand, so normal and natural it was indeed absurd to think that he would no sooner have gone out the door than she would be scurrying up the stairs like a child! "You may not believe it," she said, "but I am scared to death sometimes! I nearly died when I heard your knock on the door tonight. It's because I was scared that I was upstairs," she said, in a further burst of confidence. "I always go up the minute it gets dark. I don't feel so frightened up in my room."

"Isn't that strange now?" he said, and she could see he found it an incomprehensibly womanly thing to do. He was sympathetic all the same. "You shouldn't be alone! That's the truth of the matter," he said. "It's a shame!"

"Oh, it can't be helped," she said. There was something she wanted to shrug off in his sympathy, while at the same time there was something in it she wanted to take. "Would you like to do something for me?" she asked impulsively. "Would you wait and put out the lights down here and let me get back upstairs before you go?"

After she had spoken, for a minute she felt foolish, but she saw at once that, if anything, he thought it



only too little to do for her. He was genuinely troubled about her. And it wasn't only the present moment that concerned him; he seemed to be considering the whole problem of her isolation and loneliness. "Is there nobody could stay here with you—at night even? It would have to be another woman, of course," he added quickly, and her heart was warmed by the way—without a word from her—he rejected that solution out of hand. "You don't want a woman about the place," he said flatly.

"Oh, I'm all right, really. I'll get used to it," she said.

"It's a shame, all the same," he said. He said it helplessly, though, and he motioned her toward the stairs. "You'll be all right for tonight, anyway," he said. "Go on up the stairs now, and I'll put out the lights." He had already turned around to go back into the sitting room.

Yet it wasn't quite as she intended for some reason, and it was somewhat reluctantly that she started up the stairs.

"Wait a minute! How do I put out this one?" he called out before she was halfway up.

"Oh, I'd better put out that one myself," she said, thinking of the awkward position of the plug. She ran down again, and, going past him into the little room, she knelt and pulled at the cord. Instantly the room was deluged in darkness. And instantly she felt that she had done something stupid. It was not like turning out a light by a switch at the door and being able to step back at once into the lighted hall. She got to her feet as quickly as she could, but as she did, she saw that Crossen had come to the doorway. His bulk was blocked out against the light beyond. "I'll leave the rest to you," she said, in order to break the peculiar silence that had come down on the house.

But he didn't move. He stood there, the full of the doorway.

"The other switches are over there by the hall door," she said, unwilling to brush past him. Why didn't he move? "Over there," she repeated, stretching out her arm and pointing, but instead of moving he caught at her outstretched arm, and, putting out his other hand, he pressed his palm against the doorjamb, barring the way.

"Tell me," he whispered, his words falling over each other, "are you never lonely—at all?"

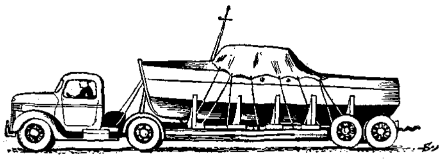
"What did you say?" she said in a clear voice, because the thickness of his voice sickened her. She had hardly heard what he said. Her one thought was to get past him.

He leaned forward. "What about a little kiss?" he whispered, and to get a better hold on her he let go the hand he had pressed against the wall, but before he caught at her with both hands she had wrenched her arm free of him, and, ignominiously ducking under his armpit, she was out next minute in the lighted hall.

Out there—because light was all the protection she needed from him, the old fool—she began to laugh. She had only to wait for him to come sheepishly out.

But there was something she hadn't counted on; she hadn't counted on there being anything pathetic in his sheepishness. There was something actually pitiful in the way he shambled into the light, not raising his eyes. And she was so surprisingly touched by him that before he had time to utter a word she put out her hand. "Don't feel too bad," she said. "I didn't mind."

Even then, he didn't look at her. He just took her hand and pressed it gratefully, his face still turned away. And to her dismay she saw that his nose was running water. Like a small boy, he wiped it with the back of his fist, streaking his face. "I don't know what came over me," he said slowly. "I'm getting on to be an old man now. I thought I was beyond all that." He wiped his face again. "Beyond letting myself go, anyway," he amended miserably.



"Oh, it was nothing," she said.

He shook his head. "It wasn't as if I had cause for what I did."

"But you did nothing," she protested.

"It wasn't nothing to me," he said dejectedly.

For a minute, they stood there silent. The hall door was still ajar, but she didn't dare to close it. What am I going to do with him now, she thought. I'll have him here all night if I'm not careful. What time was it, anyway? All scale and proportion seemed to have gone from the night. "Well, I'll see you in the morning, Mr. Crossen!" she said, as matter-of-factly as possible.

He nodded but made no move. "You know I meant no disrespect to you, Ma'am, don't you?" he said then, looking imploringly at her. "I always had a great regard for you. And for your husband, too. I was thinking of him this very night when I was coming up to the house. And I thought of him again when you came to the door looking like a young girl. I thought what a pity it was him to be taken from you, and you both so young! Oh, what came over me at all? And what would Mona say if she knew?"

"But you wouldn't tell her, I hope!" she cried. What sort of a figure would she cut if he told—her hair down her back, her bare feet! "Take care would you tell her!" she warned.

"I don't suppose I ought," he said,

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More especially English—shadbush or small tree,
Asks all the shade the fancier can find
In a walled garden. This is no plebeian
Of cottage plots, though coarse in leaf and rind.

Planted, it is persistent, of a thick
Skin, and grows strong the more it's trodden on—
Or afterward, as an established upas,
Thrives all the better for each welcomed nick
Of aggrieved knives wielded by interlopers.

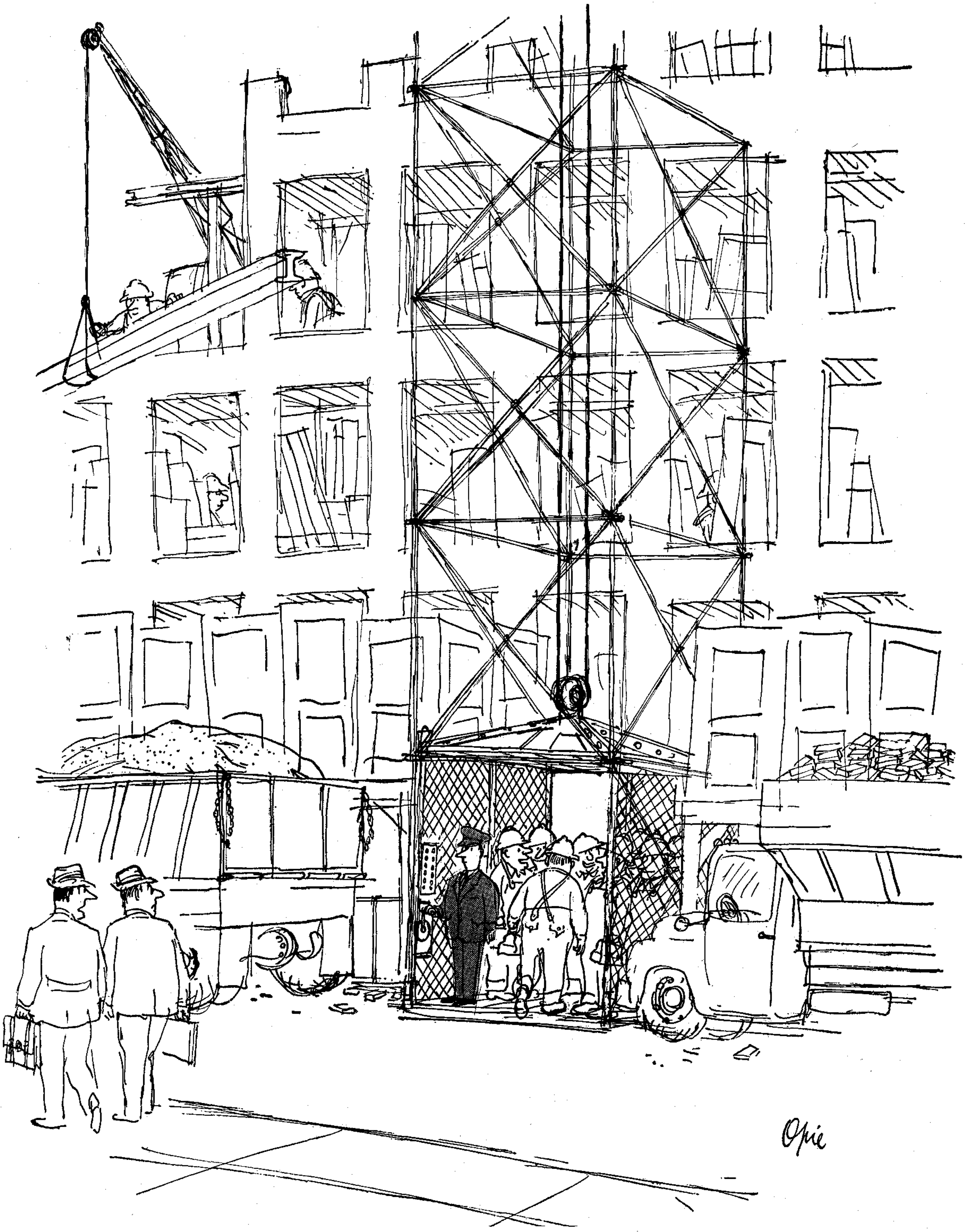
By this indeed it knows itself. Self-thwarted,
It welcomes parasites, for playing host
To what insults and saps it is its virtue
And its fulfillment. Flourishing contorted,
All its long-suffering's overbearing, too.

Some cultivators hold that it repays,
By its small edible fruit (in favored species,
Of a vinous taste), its culture. It does not;
All saner growth abhors it, and the bays
Wither, affronted, in the poisoned plot.

—Donald Davie

• •

but he said it uncertainly and morosely, and he leaned back against the wall. "She's been a good woman, Mona. I wouldn't want anyone to think different. Even the boys could tell you. She's been a good mother to them all these years. She never made a bit of difference between them. Some say she was better to Bartley than to any of them! She reared him from a week old. She was living next door to us, you see, at the time—" He hesitated. "At the time I was left with him," he finished in a flat voice. "She came in that first night and took him home to her own bed—and, mind you, that wasn't a small thing for a woman who knew nothing about children, not being what you'd call a young girl at the time, in spite of the big family she gave me afterward. She took him home that night, and she looked after him. It isn't every woman would care to be responsible for a newborn baby. That's a thing a man doesn't forget easy! There's many, I know, would say that if she hadn't taken him someone else would have, but no one only her would have done it the way she did.

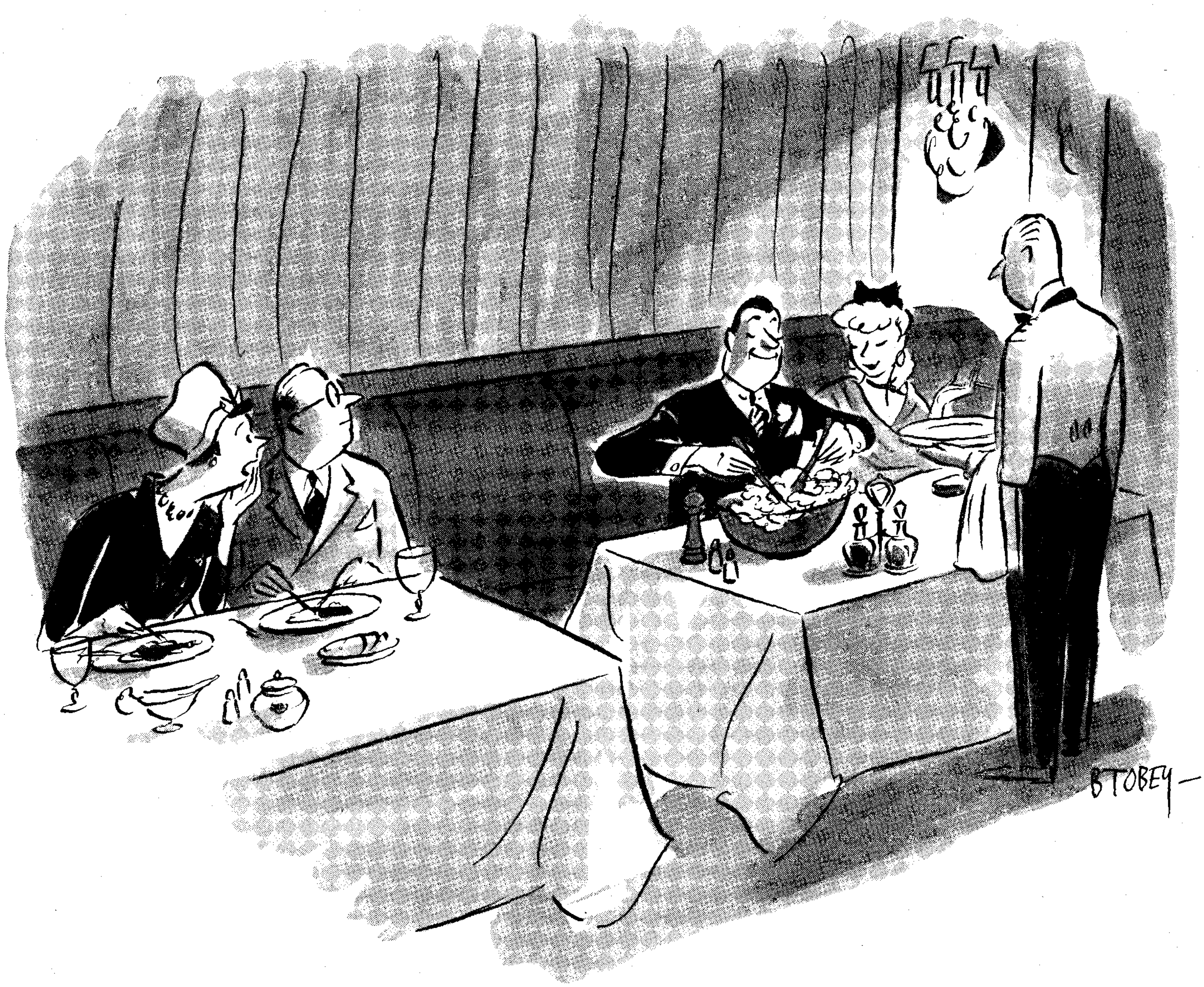


"It's fantastic the demands the unions are making these days."

• •

"She used to have him all day in her own cottage, feeding him and the rest of it. But at night, when I'd be back from the fields, she'd bring him home and leave him down in his little crib by the fire alongside of me. She used to let on she had things to do in her own place, and she'd slip away and leave us alone, but that wasn't her real reason for leaving him. She knew the way I'd be sitting looking into the fire, wondering how I'd face the long years ahead, and she left the child there with me to break my thoughts. And she was right. I never got long to brood. The child would give a cry, or a whinge, and I'd have to run out and fetch her to him. Or else she'd hear him herself maybe, and run in without me having to call her at all. I used often think she must have kept every window and door in her place open, for fear she'd lose a sound from either of us. And so, bit by bit, I was knit back into a living man. I often wonder what would have become of me if it wasn't for her. There are men and when the bright way closes to them there's no knowing but they'll take a dark way. And I was that class of man.

"I told you she used to take the little fellow away in the day and bring him back at night? Well, of course, she used to take him away again coming on to the real dark of night. She'd take him away to her own bed. But as the months went on and he got bigger, I could see she hated taking him away from me at all. He was beginning to smile and play with his fists and be real company. 'I wonder ought I leave him with you tonight,' she'd say then, night after night. And sometimes she'd run in and dump him down in the middle of the big double bed in the room off the



"Mixing your own salad dressing. What's that a compensation for, I wonder?"

• •

kitchen, but the next minute she'd snatch him up again. 'I'd be afraid you'd overlie him! You might only smother him, God between us and all harm!' 'You'd better take him,' I'd say. I used to hate to see him go myself by this time. All the same, I was afraid he'd start crying in the night, and what would I do then? If I had to go out for her in the middle of the night, it could cause a lot of talk. There was talk enough as things were, I can tell you, although there was no grounds for it. I had no more notion of her than if she wasn't a woman at all—would you believe that? But one night when she took him up and put him down, and put him down and took him up, and went on and went on about leaving him or taking him, I had to laugh. 'It's a pity you can't stay along with him, and that would settle all,' I said. I was only joking her, but she got as red as fire, and next thing she burst out crying! But not before she'd caught up the child and wrapped her coat around him. Then, after giving me a terrible look, she ran out of the door with him.

"Well, that was the beginning of it. I'd no idea she had any feelings for me. I thought it was only for the child. But men are fools, as women well know, and she knew before me what was right and proper for us both. And for the child, too. Some women have great insight into these things! And God opened my own eyes then to the woman I had in her, and I saw it was better I took her than wasted away after the one that was gone. And wasn't I right?"

"Of course you were right," she said quickly.

But he slumped back against the wall, and the abject look came back into his eyes.

I'll never get rid of him, she thought desperately. "Ah, what ails you!" she cried impatiently. "Forget it, can't you?"

"I can't," he said simply. "And it's not only me—it's the wife I'm thinking about. I've shamed her!"

"Ah, for heaven's sake. It's nothing got to do with her at all."

Surprised, he looked up at her. "You're not blaming yourself, surely?" he asked.

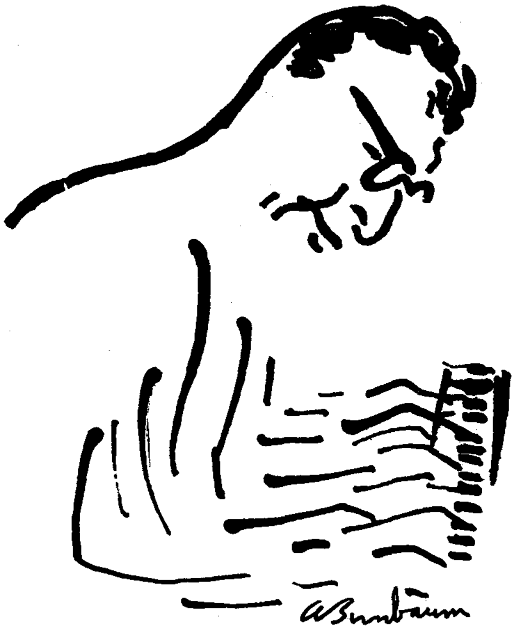
She'd have laughed at that if she hadn't seen she was making headway—another stroke and she'd be rid of him. "Arrah, what are you blaming any of us for!" she cried. "It's got nothing to do with any of us—with you, or me, or the woman at home waiting for you. It was the other one! That girl—your first wife—Bridie! It was her! Blame her! She's the one did it!" The words had broken from her. For a moment, she thought she was hysterical and that she could not stop. "You thought you could forget her," she said, "but see what she did to you when she got the chance!" She stopped and looked at him.

He was standing at the open door. He didn't look back. "God rest her soul," he said, and he stepped into the night.

—Mary Lavin

PROFILES

THE CLEANUP MAN



Dave Brubeck

THOUGH a congenital and compulsive love for jazz has made it impossible for David Warren Brubeck, the proprietor of and piano player in the Dave Brubeck Quartet, to be a practicing cowboy in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, as his father was, he often thinks of himself as a cowboy gone wrong, and he still has a ranch-type personality. He stands a loose-jointed six feet one, and has wide, sloping shoulders, big hands and feet, and narrow hips, to which his trousers cling precariously, country style. Sometimes, when he becomes excited by the music he is making, he rides the piano stool hell for leather, as if it were a cow pony—stamping his feet on the floor (a characteristic background noise in many of his records), hitting the keys with the shoulder action of a good guy chasing rustlers, bobbing his head, and uttering hoarse cries that he may believe are singing but that sound more like adjurations to his instrument to git goin'. He has high cheekbones, a flat nose, and a brown complexion, which have led Paul Desmond, a conspicuously urban type who has played the alto saxophone in the quartet ever since there has been a quartet, to maintain solemnly that Brubeck is actually an Indian posing as a cowboy, and that if he doesn't behave himself, he'll be sent back to the reservation. Brubeck always does behave himself. Offstage, he gives no indication of being a leading practitioner of a trade that is known for harboring more than its share of racy, not to say indecorous, characters. His prevailing mood is cheerful, his dress is unpremeditated, and his personal habits would make him a phenomenon of respectability anywhere. He is thrifty. He doesn't smoke. He hardly drinks at all, though recently the quartet's two *bons vivants*, or, anyway, city slickers—Desmond and Joe Morello, the drummer—have persuaded him that one very dry Martini before dinner has some virtue. ("Every five years or so, Dave makes a major breakthrough, like discovering room service," Desmond said recently. The Martini is evidently in this category.) He is so devoted to his wife and children that last Thanksgiving he had all of them—there were five children then, and now there are six—travel with him to Johnson City, New York, where the quartet was giving a concert, so they could eat a family dinner in a roadside restaurant. He allows an occasional "cat" or "gig" or "bomb" into his conversation when he is talking with fellow-musicians, but he speaks careful English at home. He has never punched one of his sidemen in the jaw or been punched by one. He doesn't use marijuana. The only part of the jazz world Brubeck has an affinity with, it seems, is the jazz.

About the merit of the music Brubeck and his colleagues produce it is impossible to make a comment—pro, con, or merely factual—that would not be disputed by a majority of the people who habitually play, listen to, or write about jazz; such people insist that the seemingly lucid and appealing music they admire is really a mysterious system of organizing sound that only adepts (namely, they) can understand, and almost every one of them, therefore, has his own non-, if not anti-, Brubeckian doctrine about how to play jazz correctly. What no one can dispute, though, is that the Brubeck quartet, which is ten years old, is the world's best-paid, most widely travelled, most highly publicized, and most popular small group now playing improvised syncopated music. It grosses a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year from its night-club dates and concerts. It has made thirty-odd long-playing records whose combined sales are well into seven figures. Like all jazz groups, it serves time playing for nocturnal drinkers, but, unlike most of them, it more often plays for audiences in a state of sobriety and attentiveness. On its own or in company with the Grand Rapids, Monterey, San Diego, Oakland, Buffalo, Cleveland, or New York Philharmonic symphony orchestra, it has appeared by now in many of the country's important concert halls, and it has been heard by hundreds of thousands of students in the auditoriums, gymnasiums, or chapels of hundreds of colleges. In addition, it has travelled so widely in foreign lands, once under State Department auspices, that a few years ago the comedian Mort Sahl, who was one of the quartet's first supporters and is still among its most faithful, was moved to observe, "Whenever John Foster Dulles visits a country, the State Department sends the Brubeck quartet in a few weeks later to repair the damage"—a remark that may err in assessing the State Department's motive for sponsoring the quartet but does not err in implying that the quartet is an institution, if not a very symbol of the American Way of Life. As a matter of fact, quite apart from its music, the quartet comes close to being the sort of symbol of the American Way of Life that is cherished by Hollywood writers whose specialty is the Second World War infantry squad. Together, the four men represent practically all the ingredients of American life that any four men could represent. As a cowboy's son, Brubeck, of course, grew up on a ranch; Desmond, the son of an organist in a movie theatre, grew up in San Francisco; Morello, the son of a painting contractor, grew up in the suburbs of Springfield, Massachusetts; and Eugene Wright, the quartet's bass player and the son of a janitor, grew up in a poor district in Chicago. Brubeck is of American pioneer stock; Desmond is half pioneer and half Jewish; Morello is one generation removed from France; and Wright is a Negro. Brubeck's manners are rustic; Desmond's are worldly; Morello's are jocular; and Wright's are reserved. And when the quartet finds itself with some spare time, Brubeck spends it with his family; Desmond spends it staying up late in whatever night club or bar seems attractive

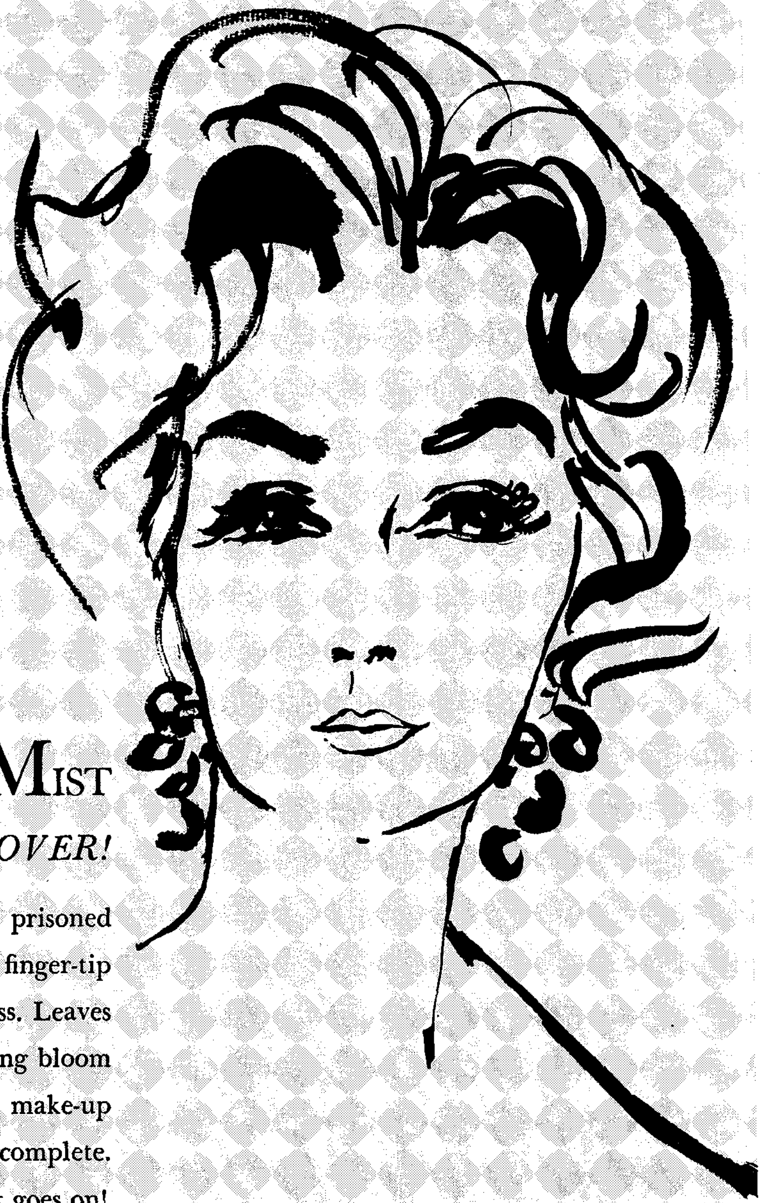
"O.K., you're the bishop."

• •

at the time; Morello spends it with his drums; and Wright spends it with his bass. A man who has heard and seen a good deal of the quartet over the years said not long ago, "If those four cats can live happily together, music must be the universal language."

Improvisation is the basic syntax of the dialect of the universal language spoken by the quartet. Almost nothing that it plays is written down or rehearsed, except a brief introduction and ending for each of its numbers and a sketchy chord progression to help steer the bass through one or another of the pieces that Brubeck wants to make especially unconventional or complex harmonically; in the quartet, as in most contemporary jazz groups, the bass is expected to be what one scholar has called "the center post to which everyone holds on, so there can be freedom without chaos." (Brubeck expresses the same thought more forcibly: "The guy I want imprisoned is the bass player.") Brubeck estimates that nine-tenths of the notes he and his colleagues play during any given evening occur to them as they are playing—a high degree of spontaneity even in a field where improvisation is an article of faith and where most performers try to improvise most of the time. What's more, the quartet plays music of an unusually exacting kind. Not only does it perform the complicated harmonic acrobatics that are an abiding feature of postwar jazz but its members take pride in being able to produce intelligible counterpoint ad lib and in using eccentric rhythms and combinations of rhythms. Among the technical fireworks in its current repertory of forty or fifty numbers are several pieces whose principal idea is to allow Brubeck and Desmond to work up eighteenth-century-style canons together; several pieces that are entirely in five-four time; one that starts and finishes with everybody playing in nine-eight; one that alternates two bars of four-four with two bars of three-four all the way through; and one, improbably based on a Walt Disney waltz called "Some Day My Prince Will Come," in which Brubeck and Desmond play almost anything while Morello beats a steady four-four on the drums and Wright plunks an equally steady three-four on the bass.

In spite of all that, the body of work the quartet has so far recorded, which is at least enough music to fill a twenty-four-hour day, is easy to follow and lyrical, and that is probably why it is admired by the public. The fact that it is admired by the public may explain the fact that it is scorned by many of the adepts; "popular" is an extreme pejorative in certain jazz circles. A less invidious explanation is that fashions in jazz since the quartet was young and unpopular have changed as rapidly, as arbitrarily, and as indescribably as fashions in women's skirts; several dozen revolutions in taste have occurred since the password was "cool," and at the moment the quartet is unfashionable on two apparently mutually exclusive grounds. One is that Brubeck isn't "far out," or new-fashioned and preoccupied with creating sounds never before heard on earth—a criticism implying that he isn't trying to integrate jazz with the rest of music. The other is that he isn't "funky," or old-fashioned and committed to jazz in its pure form, as native American folk art—a criticism implying that he isn't trying to segregate jazz from the rest of music. For a man who has undergone so much censure, Brubeck is curiously sensitive to it. He recently asked everyone he met "Do *you* think my playing is stolid?" for several days after a newspaper reviewer hung that adjective on it, and he confesses that in a number of ways, some of them pretty devious, he has tried to disarm criticism in advance. For example, he has always avoided having the quartet assume stage dress or stage manners, in order to be sure that it stood or fell by its music alone. ("We're the worst-dressed group in America," he said proudly not long ago.) And during the group's early years, though he longed to put his own compositions on the market, he conscientiously recorded only standard jazz tunes, in order to prove that anything "they"—whoever they are—could do, he could do better. About purely musical matters, however, Brubeck is a paragon of obstinacy, and he plays, stolidly or not, as he pleases, and with an almost total disregard for whether or not he's "far out" or "funky," or, for that matter, "cool" or "West Coast" or "third stream," to cite just a few of the several dozen epithets that advanced thinkers like to use. In 1950, he—or, rather, he and his wife, who is his literary collaborator—wrote a piece for the magazine *Down Beat* in which he attempted to set forth his musical aims. What he wanted to introduce into jazz, the piece said, was polytonality and polyrhythm, and that's what he thinks he has been doing. Certainly a great deal of the music that the quartet plays, while relatively strict in form, has moved farther and farther away from conventional blues in sound, and so the words most often aimed at Brubeck are "He don't swing." (Apparently, the sentence "he doesn't swing" doesn't swing.) Swinging is a



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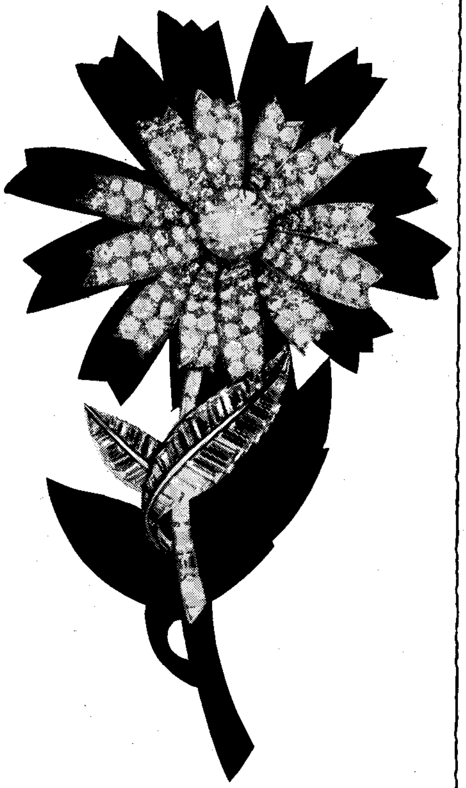

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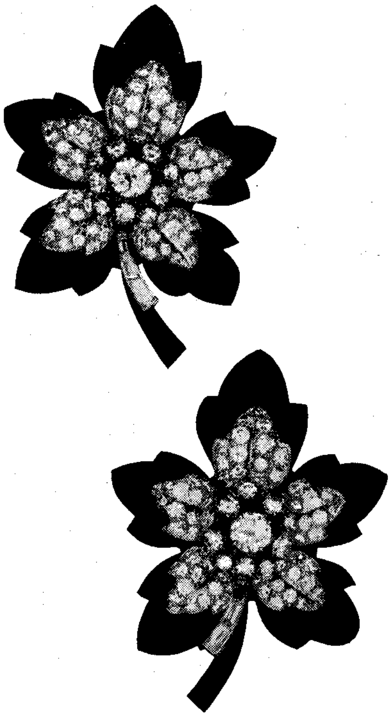

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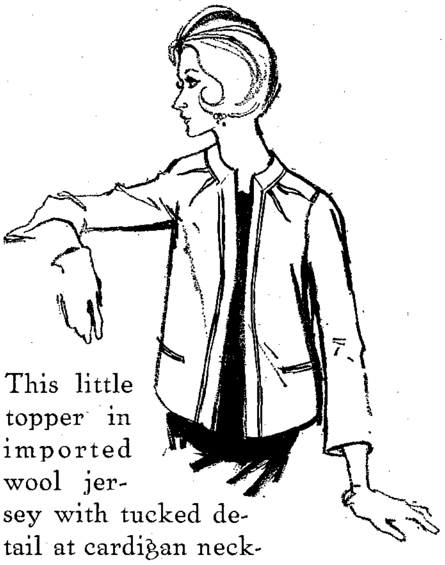
subject that Brubeck tends to become peremptory about. "Any jackass can swing," he says. "But to try something new and swing at the same time, that's hard, because to swing you have to be relaxed and to create you have to be excited. I'll take the hazard of trying to be creative."

Being creative every night is a demanding kind of labor. It requires not only a wide range of purely professional gifts and skills—a headful of musical ideas, a sensitive ear, a thorough command of an instrument, a high degree of concentration, and quick reflexes—but a large supply of non-musical qualities in the general field of patience and fortitude. A jazz quartet in full cry is such a delicate machine that one irrational modulation on the piano, one angry honk from the saxophone, one malicious roll on the snare drum, or one ill-advised harmony on the bass can push it to the edge of disaster, and sometimes over the edge. Unreason, anger, malice, and bad judgment are afflictions to which the members of the Brubeck quartet are no more immune than the rest of humanity, and the group has evenings when its members can scarcely bear the sight and sound of each other. On nights when a concert is a musical success it is also a prolonged exercise in tolerance, forbearance, and self-control. So many unforeseen emergencies are bound to crop up when four men are improvising simultaneously that Brubeck often compares himself to a man who spends his life attempting to drive an automobile through city traffic during the rush hour. "Sometimes all the green lights are with you, and you slip in and out without stopping, and sometimes there's a tieup in every block," he has said. In order to avoid congestion whenever they can, and get through it as painlessly as possible when they can't, the members of the quartet communicate with each other constantly while they are playing. Through such devices as hammering hard on a certain chord or rhythm for a bar or two, parodying each other's phrases, and (a favorite method of Desmond's) inserting explicit quotations from songs other than the one they are playing, they keep each other informed of their often conflicting views about the proper route to take or the progress they are making. Recently, at a college concert, a friend of Desmond's was in the audience, and during the intermission Desmond, who enjoys games, asked him to think of a number—any number—that could be worked into a saxophone solo. The friend proposed "Try a Little Tender-

"FAIR WEATHER COMETH OUT OF THE NORTH"



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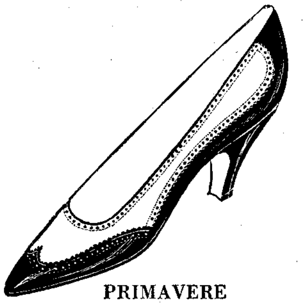

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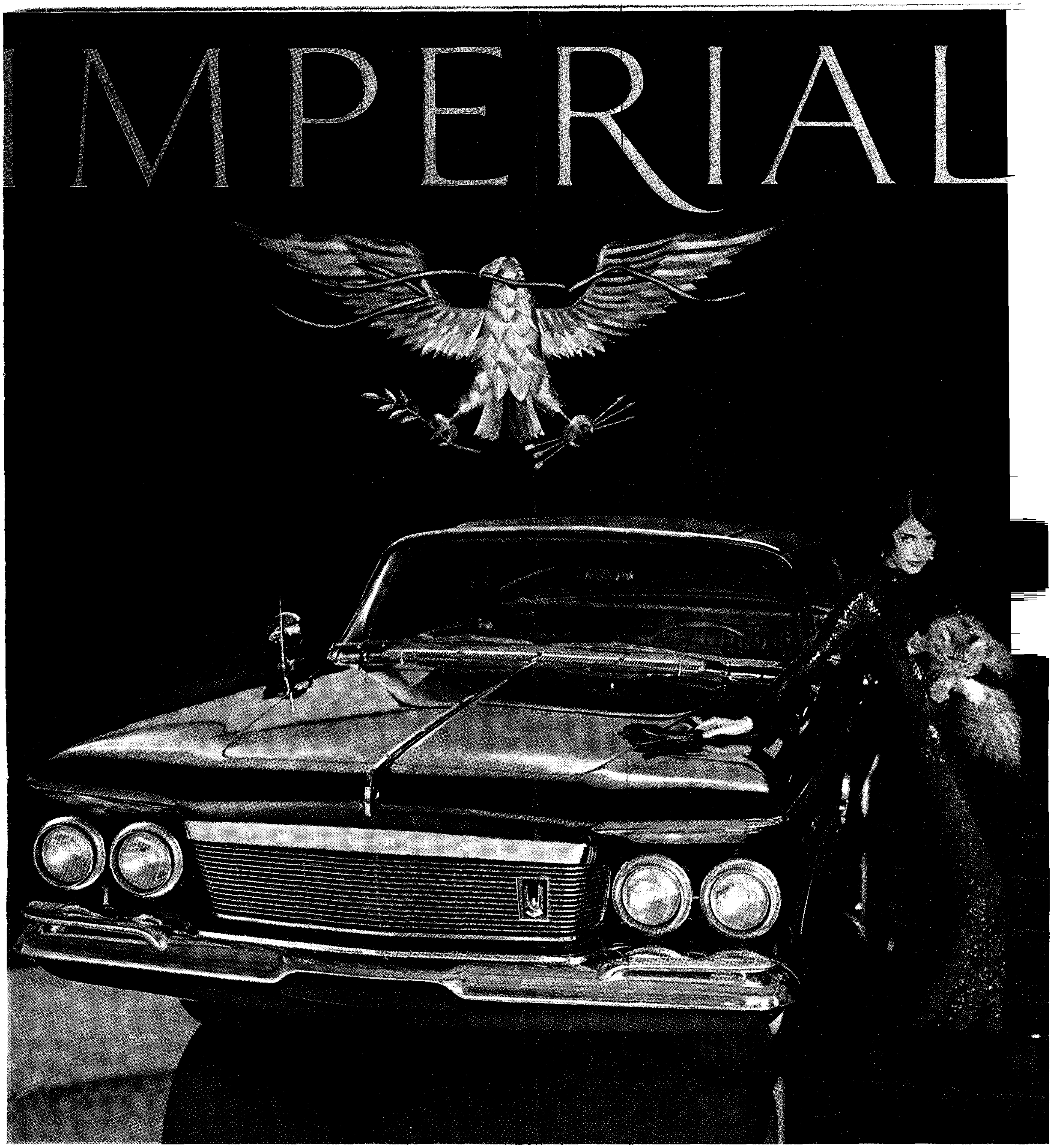

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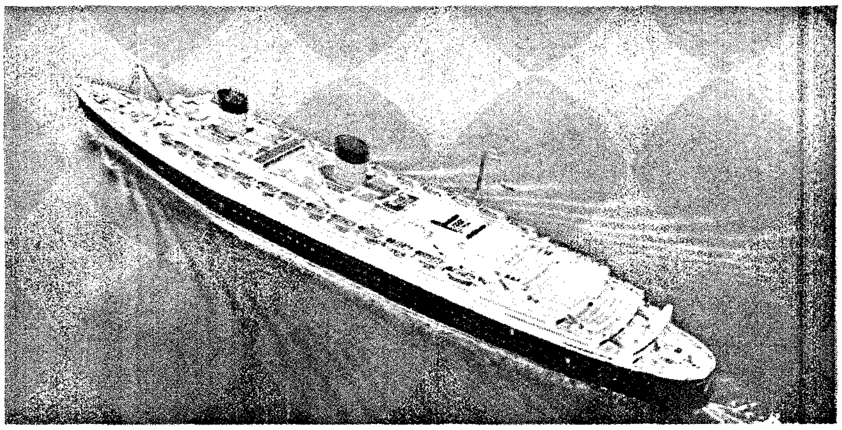

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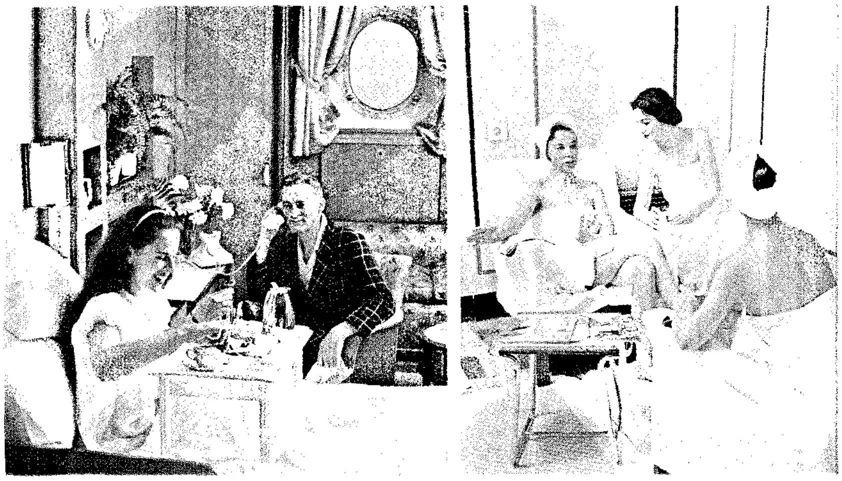

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ness." He thought Desmond's assent to the request was slightly morose, but he simply supposed that the tune wasn't one of Desmond's favorites, and he was gratified to hear the saxophone skillfully insert a long and lyrical excerpt from it into, surprisingly, the nine-eight number—a Brubeck composition whose name and nature is "Blue Rondo à la Turk." What he wasn't acute enough to observe was that each of the other players, as soon as he heard what Desmond was doing, thought that he himself was being entreated to be tender. Wright listened with increased attention to the sounds that were coming from his bass, but since they were the same ones he usually made, he kept right on making them. Morello, who experiments restlessly and eternally with unorthodox percussive effects and is therefore the addressee of a large proportion of the reproofs that Desmond blows, courteously became more subdued—though "Blue Rondo" is, by design, a noisy number. Brubeck, strong in the consciousness of his own rectitude, retorted with a loud burst from "You're Driving Me Crazy!—What Did I Do?" None of them were really appeased by Desmond's explanation, at the end of the concert, that he was only doing it for a friend.

Desmond uses quotations not only to tell his colleagues what he thinks of them but to express his opinions about matters of more general interest. He is especially proud of a quotation that is etched for posterity on "Gone with the Wind," a record, based on songs from or about the South, that the quartet made a few years ago. On that record, a major part of Desmond's solo in "Georgia on My Mind" is a heartfelt rendition of an Artie Shaw tune called "Nightmare." His most astonishing trick with quotations, though, is to tell a complicated story about something he has seen or experienced. At perhaps two o'clock one recent morning, while he was driving himself and Brubeck—at a speed considerably above the legal limit—through Pennsylvania after a concert, he overtook a black sedan, which was proceeding at a rather leisurely pace. Presently, he became aware that the sedan was right behind him. He assumed that it was being piloted by a prankster, and he accelerated in order to get away from him. The sedan accelerated, too. Desmond slowed down. With a gentle whirring of a siren, the sedan pulled up beside him, and one of its occupants motioned to him to stop. Two men climbed out, wearing the broad-brimmed hats of Pennsylvania state troopers, and ordered Desmond

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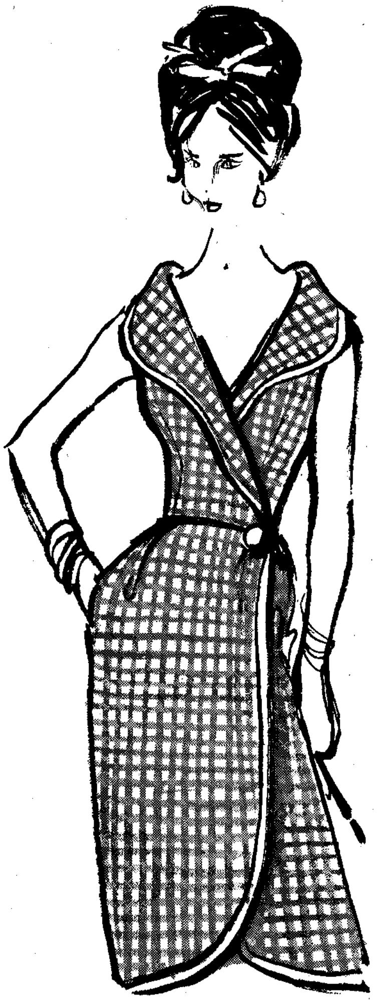

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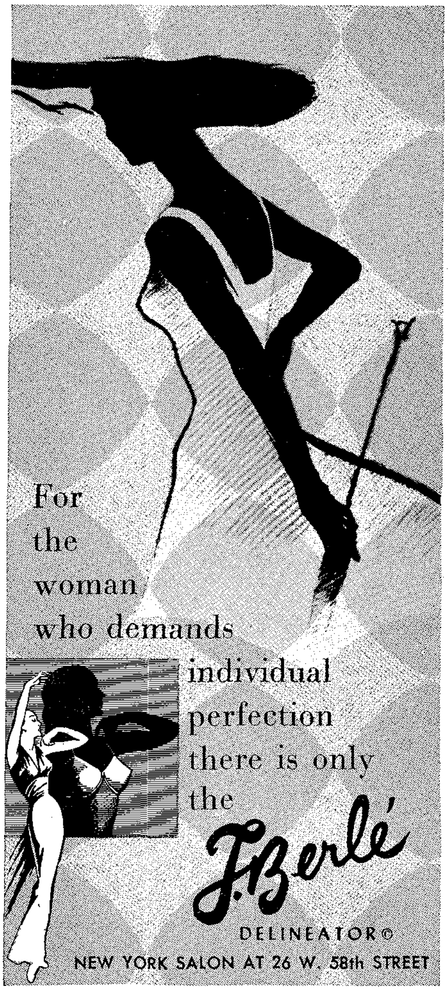
to produce his documents, and to get out of the car and show them that he could walk a straight line. They then ordered him to get back in and follow them to "the Squire's." Presently, the two cars pulled into the driveway of a frame house, and one of the troopers called to an upstairs window that he had a speeder in custody. The group was admitted to a downstairs office, where the Squire sat down at a desk, inserted a long form in a typewriter, and for fifteen minutes filled it in with information that the troopers gave him. Then Desmond pleaded guilty as charged, and was fined fifteen dollars and sent on his way. The quartet had a concert the following afternoon, and in his first solo in the first number—which was, appropriately, "Gone with the Wind"—Desmond strung together, with precision and grace, excerpts from "Pennsylvania Polka," "Me and My Shadow," "How Long Has This Been Going On?," "Where Did You Get That Hat?," "Would You Like to Take a Walk?," "Down by the Station Early in the Morning," "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," and "I Could Write a Book," followed by the phrase from "Sixteen Tons" that goes with "I owe my soul to the company store." Brubeck listened to the recital with a grin and, at the end of it, played a few plauditory chords before going about his own business.

Desmond is, musically speaking, the quartet's least controversial figure. Brubeck calls him "the best saxophone player in the world," and the evaluation is widely approved by the adepts, who—as of this week, anyway—tend to dispute almost any other opinion of Brubeck's. Performing on an instrument that in less skillful mouths runs from a moan in D flat through an assortment of wails to a whine in A flat, Desmond somehow plays every note fully, distinctly, in tune, and almost without vibrato. His style is so unsentimental that when he plays a ballad—the form that provides his favorite exercise—his listeners tend to forget that either the tune or the instrument has ever had a sob in its throat. Yet despite all the acclaim Desmond has received, he has always been a moody man onstage, exasperated by his own work even more often than by his colleagues'. At least once during any concert, he curls his lip scornfully at the audience for having the poor taste to applaud him at the conclusion of a solo, and sometimes he becomes so depressed with the way he sounds that he ends a solo abruptly after only a chorus or two, leaving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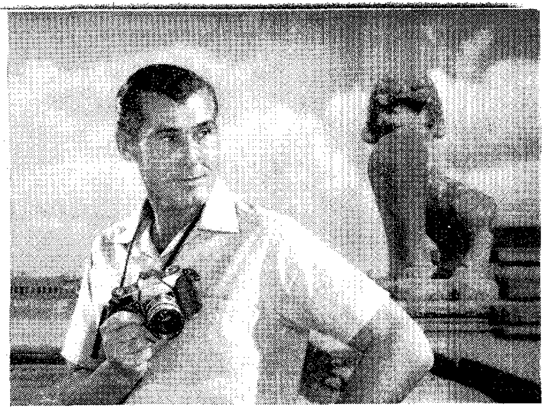

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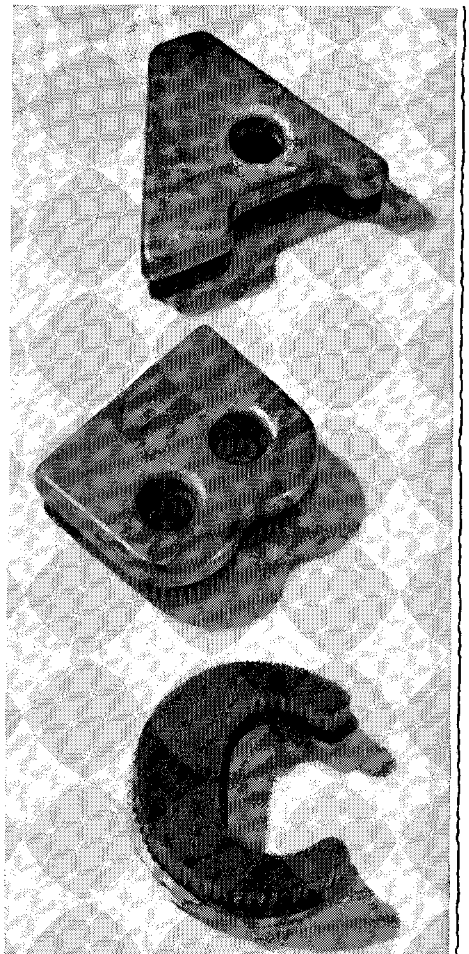

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Brubeck, who doesn't feel that he himself has the option of declining to play when he isn't in the mood, with a good deal of unexpected time to fill. (Desmond's solo—by Desmond's choice—precedes Brubeck's in almost every number, causing Brubeck to refer to himself as "the cleanup man.")

Personnel turnover in the jazz business is rapid. The quartet, which, after ten years, still has two of its original members and is only on its fourth drummer and its sixth bass player, is a phenomenon of stability in the trade. No doubt this is partly because Brubeck can afford to pay good wages, but it is also partly because he is an amiable and untemperamental boss who encourages his employees to display whatever gifts they have. Certainly Morello, who joined up four years ago, wouldn't be working for him if he weren't. Desmond says Morello is "the best drummer in the world," and there is no denying that he is able to drag out of his assortment of drums and cymbals a great many seemingly impossible combinations of noises in seemingly impossible combinations of tempos. His touch is so deft that he can come close to playing a tune on his snare drum, and he often plays in three rhythms at once—one with each hand, and one, on the bass drum, with his right foot. As Wright puts it, "He can do it with *any* hand and *any* foot and it still swings." Visually, a drummer is always the most—in fact, the only—entertaining member of a jazz group, and Morello is exceptionally gifted in this respect, too. As he operates his equipment, his manner alternates between small-boy truculence and small-boy nonchalance. "Oh, trying to sneak up on me, eh? Well, take that!" you can almost hear him saying to the sock cymbal as he gives it a nasty thwack from an unexpected direction, and then, as his legs and arms pump harder, and all the gear starts reverberating, a complacent look-ma-no-hands expression is likely to appear on his face. Extraordinary though his feats are, however, not all of the quartet's listeners approve of Morello. One school of opinion holds that drums exist only to provide accompaniment for the instruments that play the melody, and Morello, by technique and temperament, is a virtuoso, not an accompanist. Because Brubeck has never been a member of the hush-the-drums contingent but, on the contrary, spent years searching for a drummer who could perform the rhythmic maneuvers Morello is so fond of, he has changed the quartet's repertory and style of performance con-

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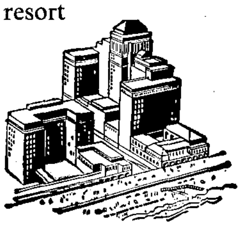

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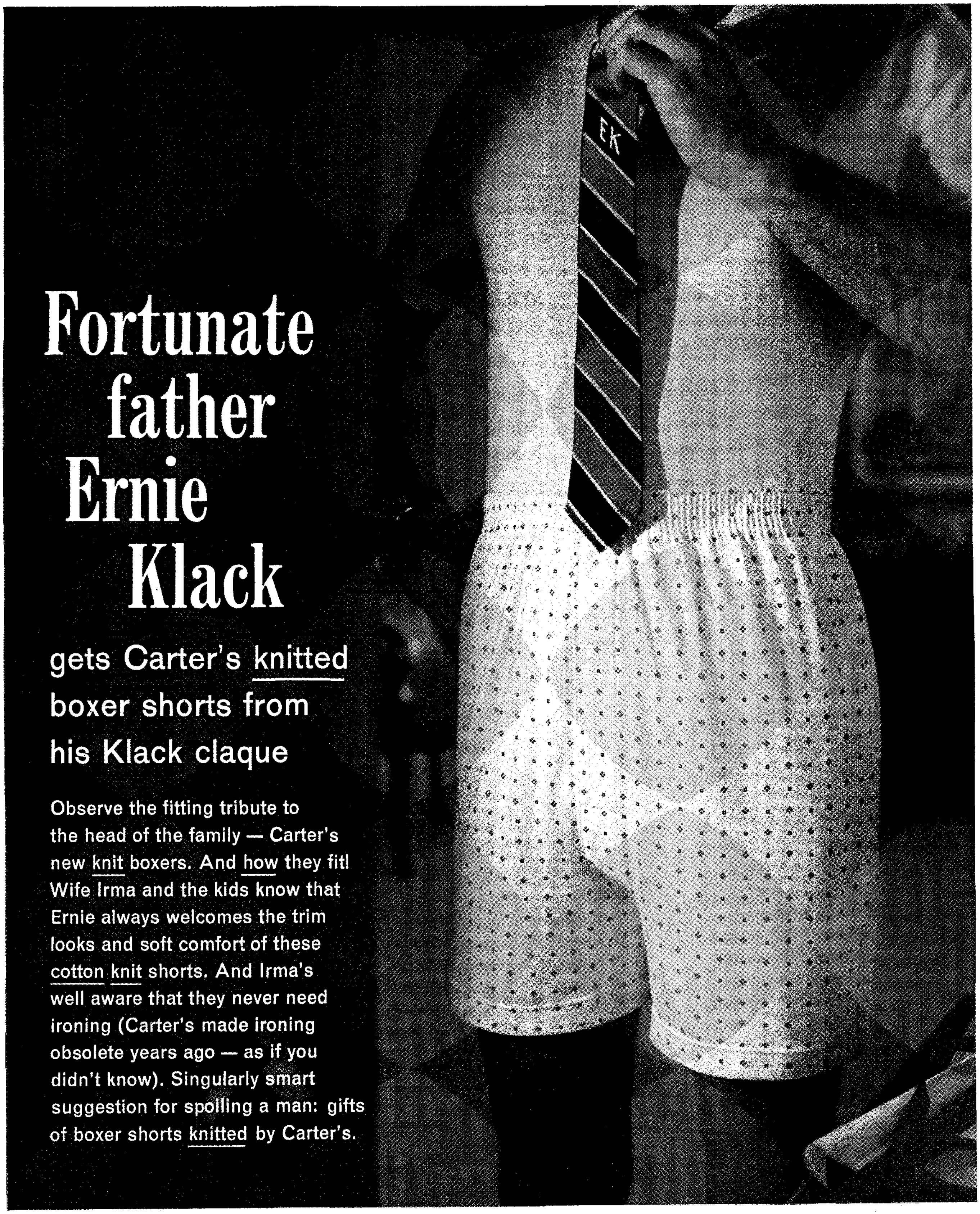

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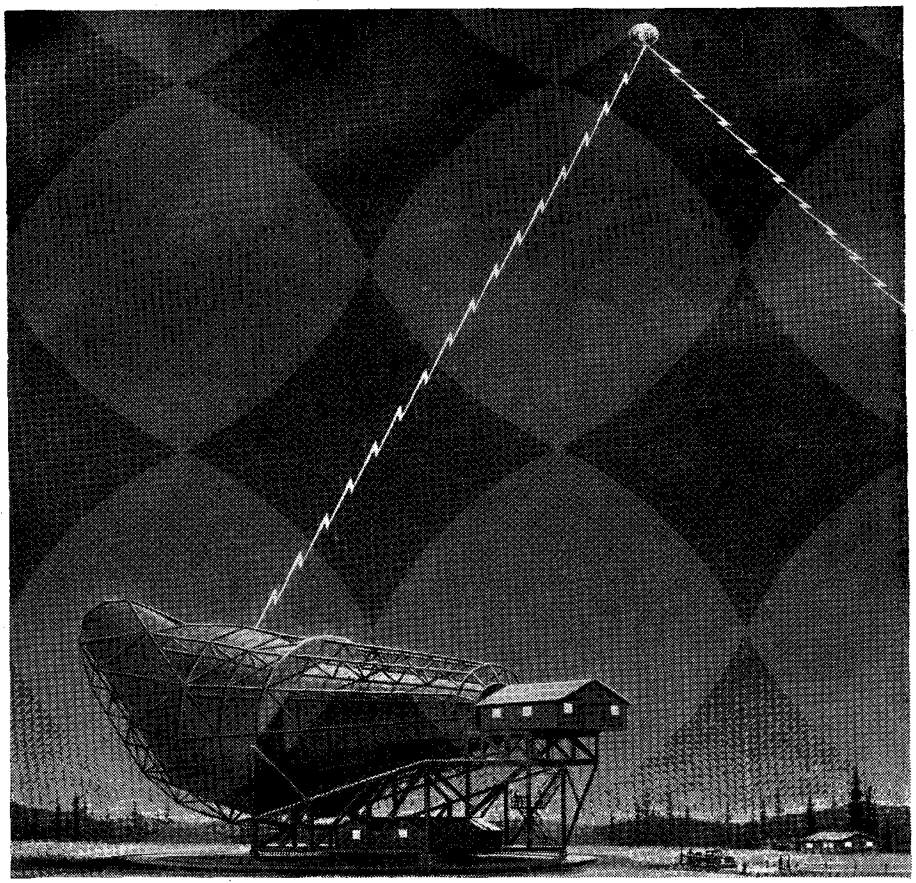
This was not said bitterly. Wright accepts with composure his status as the man least likely to be heard by the public, since he is the man Brubeck listens to hardest. However, it is not always easy for him to be as docile a prisoner as Brubeck would like. Brubeck's ideal bass player, for example, would stand over his leader's left hand and adjust his harmonies to what he saw that left hand doing; neither Wright nor any other bass player skillful enough to play with the quartet would be willing to demean himself publicly in that fashion. Wright learned his trade in Chicago, and he considers himself to be a performer in the manner that takes its name from that city. "I'm a rhythm bass player, a pusher. My business is the blues," he says. The un-Chicago-like rhythmic and harmonic maneuvers that the quartet performs are an endless source of surprise and amusement to him, and lately he has been taking lessons in a variety of phases of his profession, with the aim of becoming what he calls "the complete bass player." When, or if, he completes himself, it is likely that he will receive short shrift from Brubeck. Three virtuosos are enough for a quartet. In fact, to each of the three they sometimes seem to be two too many.

Brubeck himself is the quartet's most controversial performer. Though he often wins polls conducted by poll-taking magazines to investigate the public's preferences in jazz pianists, no one, least of all Brubeck, asserts that Brubeck is the best piano player in the world. For one thing, his instrument is the one that is also used by Sviatoslav Richter and Rudolf Serkin, to mention a couple of better ones. For another, Brubeck plays in no one vein consistently. His style seems to change not only as his emotions change but in accordance with the virtues and vices of the piano that is inflicted on him. He has his moments of lyricism at the key-



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board, and is quite capable of delivering a swinging blues, if that's what he feels like doing. But then sometimes, perhaps when uncontrollable passion is welling up within him, he will concoct a long series of fat chords that might lead one to suspect him of being the last surviving pupil of Rachmaninoff. At other times, he disports himself for half an evening with the ten-finger dissonances, precipitate modulations, and jarring changes of tempo that are part of the apparatus of the contemporary concert-hall composer. He has written numbers that he calls "Two-Part Contention" and "Brandenburg Gate," because their purpose is to give him and Desmond an opportunity to play counterpoint in the style of Bach, and he has also devised a piece that permits him to play in the manner of Chopin. Except when he is at his most *Rachmaninoffian* or *Bartókian*—and that is a good deal less of the time now than it used to be—the specific sounds and phrases that Brubeck elicits from his instrument are not distinctive in the way that Desmond's or Morello's are. Nevertheless, it is largely his playing that enables the quartet to improvise coherent pieces rather than the strings of loosely related cadenzas that jam sessions, however stimulating, generally are. And there is little doubt that the quartet's coherence is a principal reason for its popularity. Most of the numbers that the group plays are organized along roughly similar lines: a written opening, a horn improvisation, a piano improvisation, and a written closing, though in many of them, of course, the drums and the bass, solo or in duet with the piano or saxophone, are also displayed somewhere. Structurally, the critical element in the progression is the piano solo, just as the horn solo is the critical element from the point of view of subject matter. The piano must take whatever material the horn has presented it with—and Desmond is capable of presenting Brubeck with some pretty refractory material—and modify and develop it not only climactically but in such a purposeful way that the predetermined ending, when it comes, appears to be a logical one. When Brubeck is having a good night, which usually means when he has a sympathetic piano, what he is actually doing is composing entire pieces ad lib.

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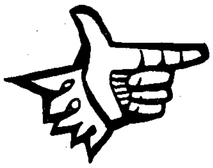

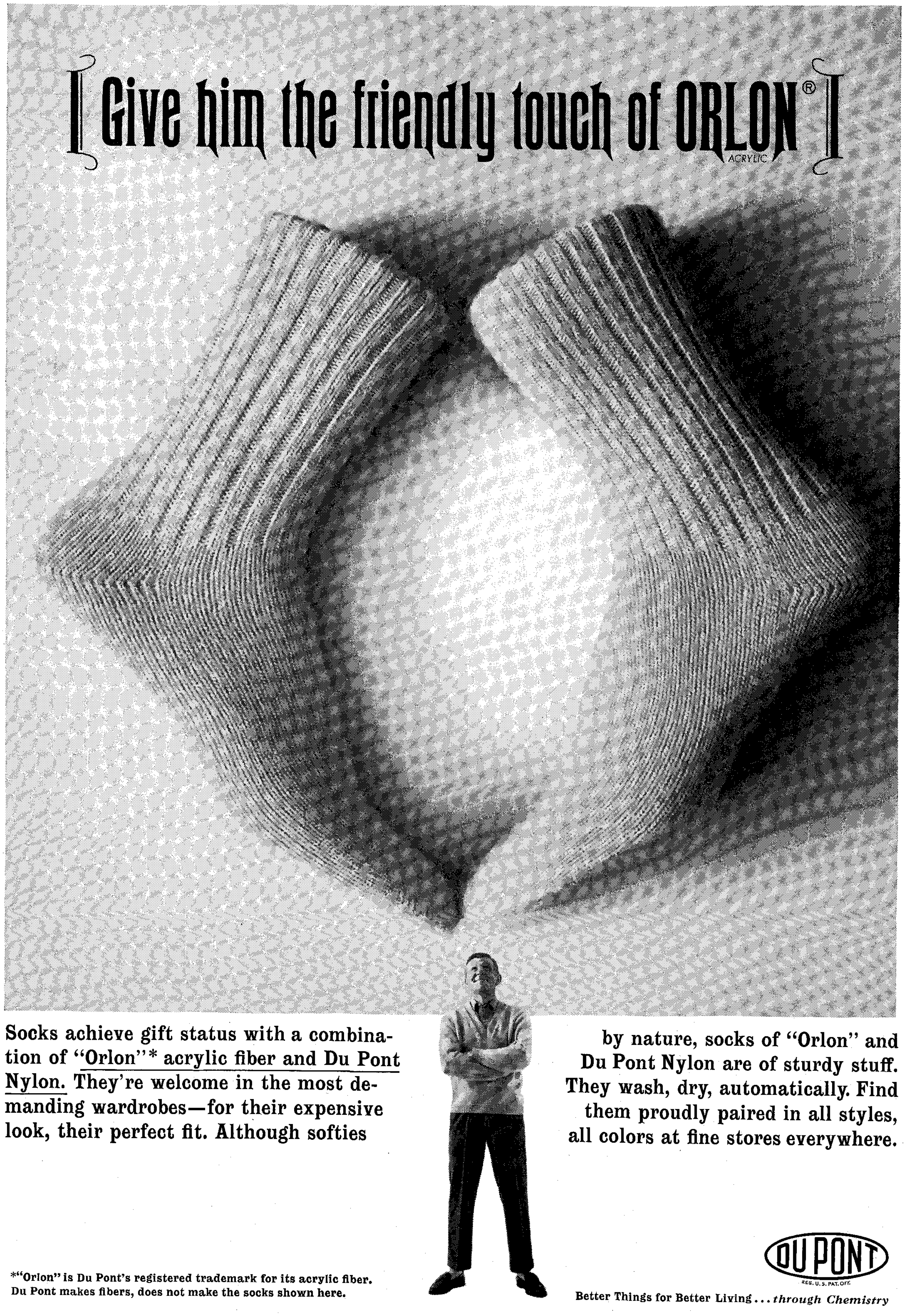

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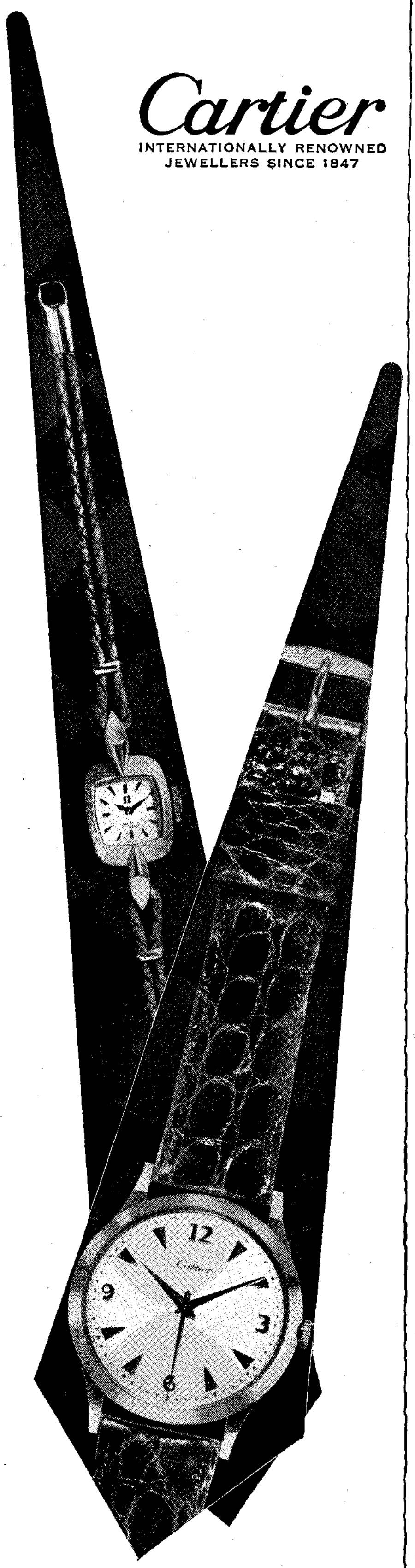

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he is a man of formidably academic temperament and training. Actually, he is, like most men who play jazz, a born musician rather than a made one, and he was driven out of the hills not by a scholarly spirit but by a restless ear. When the allegation that he is learned and cerebral is made in his presence, he likes, without precisely disclaiming those virtues, to tell a story about "The Duke," a swinging piece in praise of Duke Ellington that he composed a few years ago. He recalls that at the end of a college concert during which the quartet had played "The Duke," the local professor of music introduced himself and said, "I love the way you use the twelve-tone system, Mr. Brubeck." Brubeck hastily replied that he had never done anything like that in his life. "Oh, yes," the professor insisted. "The first eight bars in the bass line of 'The Duke' pass through a complete twelve-tone row." Brubeck was so startled that he sat down at the piano again and carefully watched his left hand playing those first eight bars. He discovered that the professor was right. "You see how it is with me," he remarked recently, after playing the left-hand part of "The Duke" for a friend. "I end up analytical after someone has told me what I'm doing."

Though Brubeck belittles the long-held idea that jazz is necessarily "music of protest," and though his own work is more inclined to be lyrical and shapely than vehement, there can be little doubt that his original interest in jazz arose as a protest against the idea of playing notes that were written on paper instead of the notes that were in his head. He is endowed with most of the attributes—imaginative, intellectual, and physical—that make for musical excellence. His imagination teems with tunes, harmonies, and rhythms; his mind is able to translate effortlessly into notes and chords what his inner ear hears; and his hands can manage an octave-and-a-half stretch with ease. Besides, his mother was a piano teacher, who gave her lessons at home, in Concord, California, on the eastern side of the California coastal range across from Oakland. Brubeck, the third of three brothers, was born in Concord in the fall of 1920, and he passed his infancy with the sound of the instrument in his ears, starting lessons when he was four or five. It is conceivable that if he had been able to stick to his studies with reasonable diligence, he would now be playing the "Moonlight Sonata" in Carnegie Hall instead of "How High the Moon" in the gymnasium of the Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial

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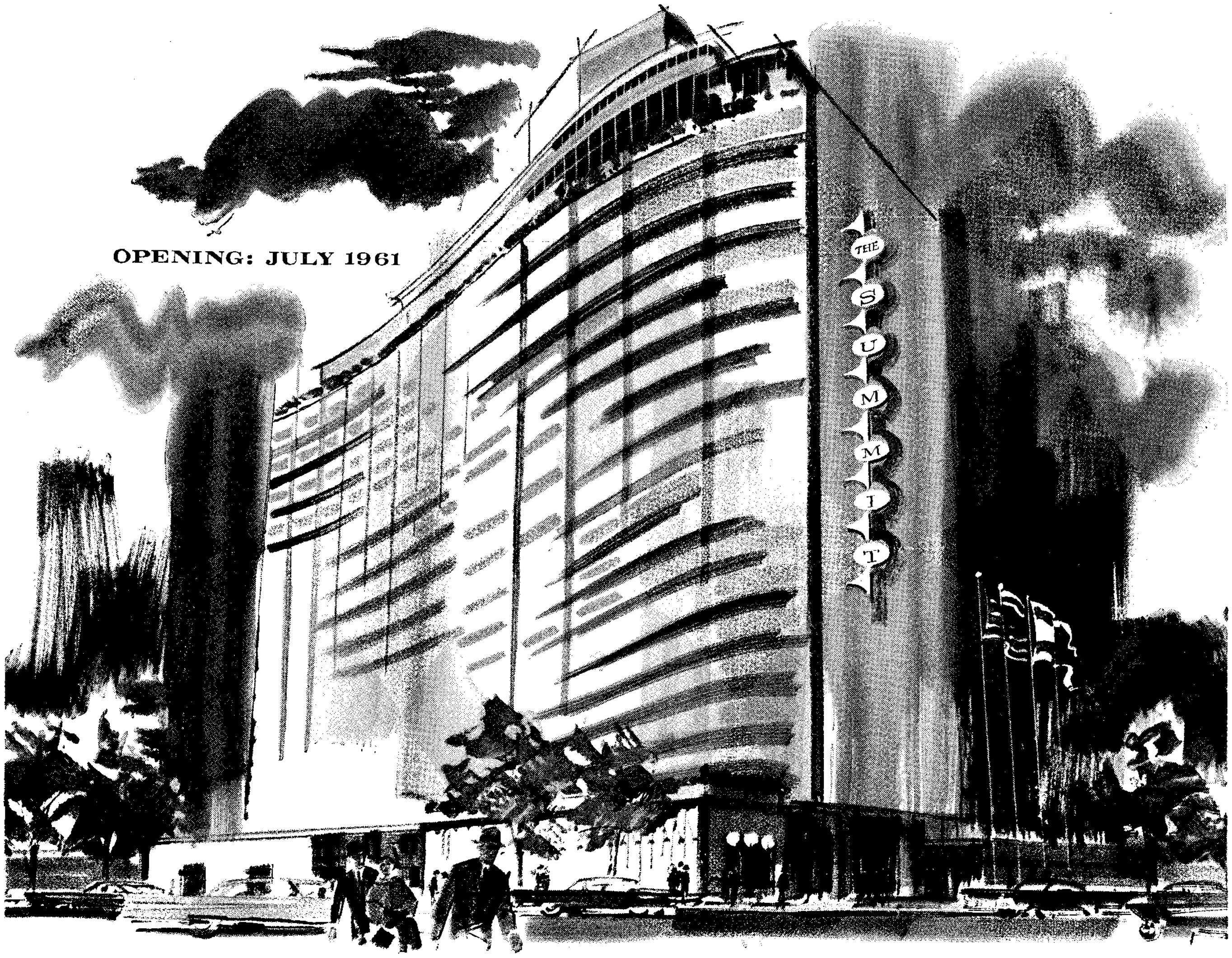

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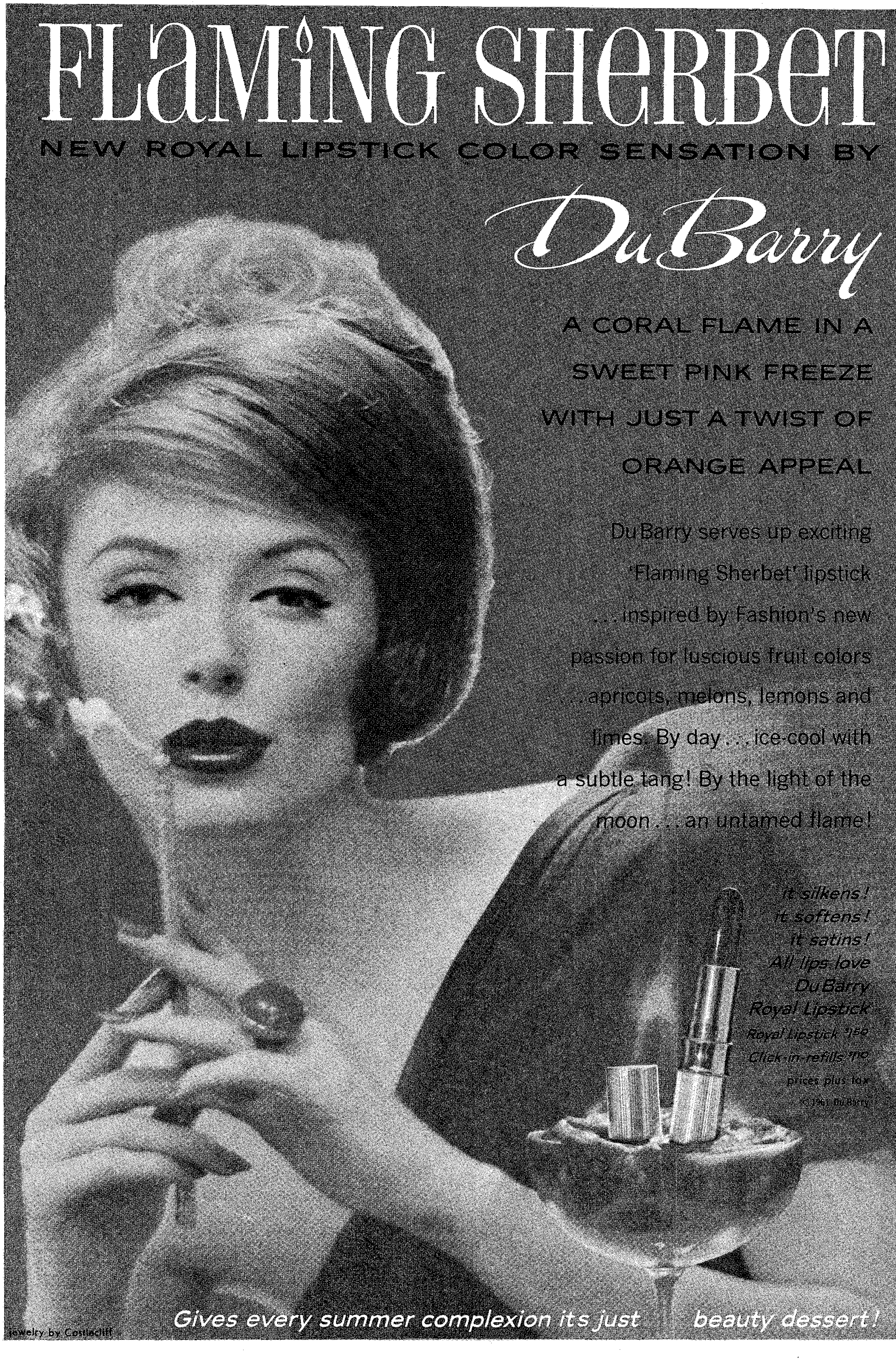

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State University, but that is a hypothesis he is able to face with absolutely no regret. His mother, a strong-minded person, managed to put her two older sons through a course of conventional music, but her most strenuous labors could not induce young David to do on the piano what she thought he should do. He enjoyed playing, and spent a lot of time every day at the keyboard, but what he played, except under extreme duress, must often have seemed to his mother to be worse than not playing at all. He worked out jazzy little tunes of his own, he tinkered with popular songs he had heard on the radio, and, more shocking yet, he gingered up the young folks' pieces by Brahms, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, and the rest, which he was supposed to be learning to perform with strict fidelity to the printed page, by improvising bouncy and dissonant variations on them. He didn't even learn to read music with any facility until a good deal later in life—something his mother didn't discover until a good deal later on her own, for his ear was so acute that he could reproduce with reasonable accuracy almost any simple piece that had been played for him once or twice. To this day, though he is well enough versed in musical notation to write a score without trouble, he cannot sit down in front of an unfamiliar piano piece of any complexity and play it smoothly at the first try—a technical deficiency that has even less bearing on his work now that he's forty than it had when he was seven. Fractious though he was about practicing as a child, it is doubtful whether nine-tenths of what he played then was improvised, as it is now.

When Brubeck was eleven, his father was appointed manager of a big cattle ranch in the foothills of the Sierras, near Ione, an even smaller town than Concord, and the family moved to the ranch. There Brubeck performed the classic American chore of rising at dawn to milk the cows, and there, too, his mother reluctantly gave him up as a musician—or, as he sometimes puts it, "I won." Winning didn't mean abandoning the piano, of course; it meant being free, at last, to play on it only what he wanted to play, which was, for the most part, popular songs. During his early teens, he became a sort of encyclopedia of popular music. He recalls as one of his more gratifying early triumphs a bet he won from his brother Howard, who by that time was in college, and was therefore out of touch with Dave's day-by-day musical progress. Howard—who is now a com-

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poser of some distinction—bet Dave that if he played without pause a single chorus of every song he knew, he wouldn't be at the piano for as long as an hour. The contest wasn't close. Dave played for two hours with no sign of weakening, and he would very likely have gone on for three or four more if Howard hadn't begged him to stop.

At the age of about fifteen, Brubeck began to perform regularly in public, thanks to the local laundryman, who was the leader of a pickup band that played for dances held on Friday and Saturday nights in Ione and such surrounding communities as Fiddletown, Sheep Ranch, Angels Camp, Grizzly Flats, Copperopolis, and Volcano. As the band's pianist, Brubeck was paid eight dollars for a work night that lasted from nine until twelve and then, after an hour's break for supper, from one until four in the morning. The dances were his introduction to the convulsive nocturnal world in which most jazz musicians spend their working lives. That part of California is not only ranch country but gold-mining country—Sutter Creek, in which the nuggets that started the 1849 rush were found, is only a few miles from Ione—and the local inhabitants were capable of creating quite some turmoil on a Saturday night. It was a gamy atmosphere for a bespectacled fifteen-year-old, but the only effect it appears to have had on Brubeck was the useful one of allowing him to witness early in his career most of the possible variations on alcoholism and pugnacity; night-club audiences hold no terror for a man who has played at Saturday-night dances in Volcano.

As his graduation from high school approached, Brubeck became involved in another dispute with his mother, this one about going to college, which he had no desire to do. His idea about his lifework, at that point, was to stay on the ranch. His mother won the argument, with some tactical help from his father, who pointed out that if Dave went to college he could return to the ranch one day in the prestigious capacity of veterinarian. Once he had embarked on a pre-medical course at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, though, the idea seemed less appealing. For one thing, he found zoology a particularly hard subject to keep his mind on, because the zoology classroom faced, across a not very extensive lawn, the conservatory that housed the college's large department of music. The noises that came in through the windows from the conservatory held far more interest for

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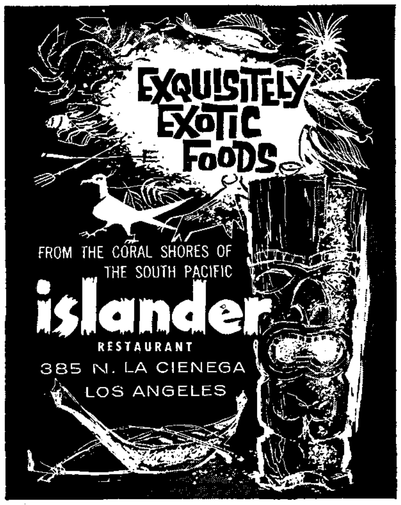

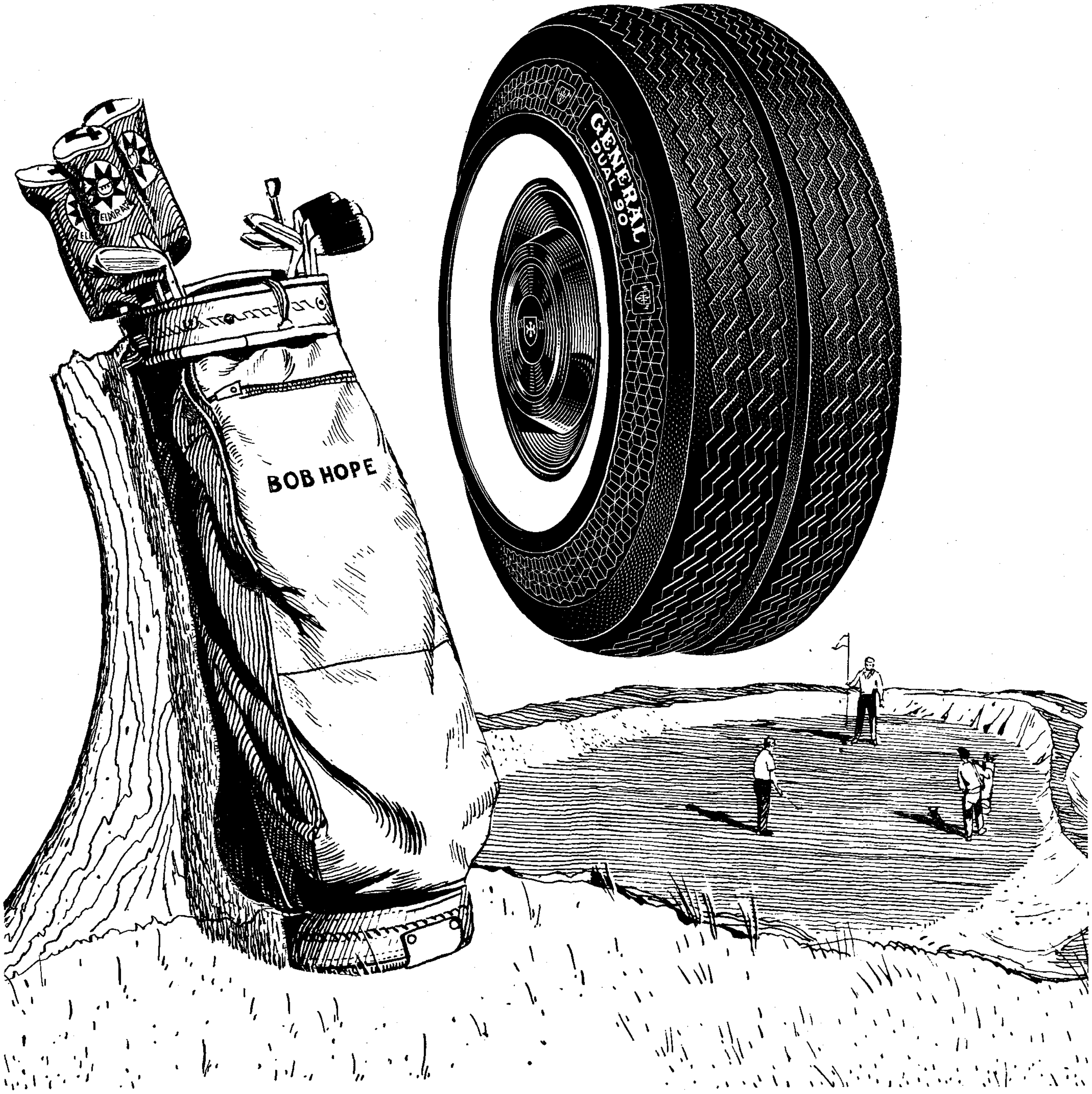

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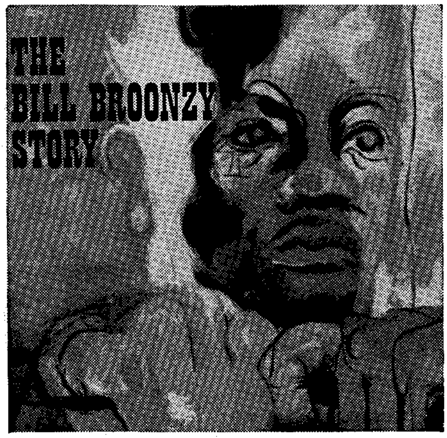
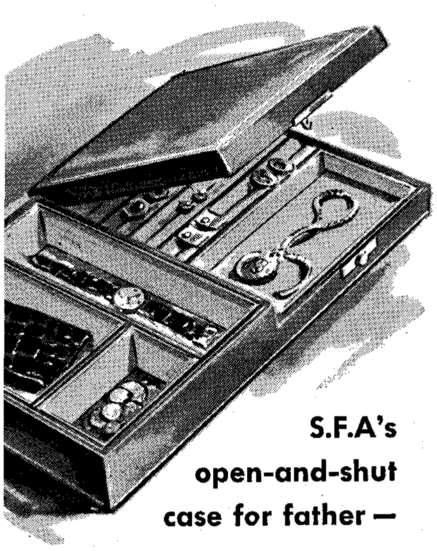


Brubeck than any possible discussion of frogs' ganglia—a fact that did not escape the notice of his professor. One spring day, while Brubeck was dreamily beating an accompaniment with his foot to some snatch of music from across the lawn, the professor broke off his lecture in mid-sentence, pointed out the window, and said, "Brubeck, why don't you just go over there next year?" It was good advice, and Brubeck took it. It would be inaccurate to assume, though, that the switch caused him either to give up his idea of being a cowboy or to have a brilliant college career. Like nearly all music departments except the most cosmopolitan, the one at the College of the Pacific was dedicated largely to turning out teachers. A high proportion of its courses had to do with subjects like "Teaching Methods," in which Brubeck took no interest and on which he flatly declined to spend any time or thought. And when the curriculum did get around to discussing music, rather than how to inflict it on children, it was mostly the kind of music that had repelled him as a little boy; scarcely mentioned at all were the twentieth-century harmonic and rhythmic experiments that Brubeck was starting to reproduce in his piano improvisations—apparently by sheer instinct, since he was only dimly aware that there were such people as Stravinsky and Schoenberg and Bartók and Milhaud. And, of course, jazz was looked upon in official quarters as a nefarious activity, which made Brubeck, who played jazz in night clubs in and around Stockton during his entire college career (and was consequently one of the sleepiest and most solvent undergraduates on campus), a nefarious fellow. He was even blackballed from the local chapter of Phi Mu Alpha, the national music fraternity. A few years ago, however, after he had given evidence—like making a lot of money—that he was a decent member of society after all, he was ceremoniously installed by the chapter as an honorary member. Since Brubeck's temperament is neither vengeful nor didactic, he is able to accept such instances of the perversity of human nature with considerably more good humor than many men would be capable of.

It wasn't until his senior year at college that Brubeck decided that he might enjoy a career that wasn't connected with horses and cows. He is inclined to give most of the credit for the decision to a harmony and composition teacher named J. Russell Bodley, now head of the music department, who was one of a handful of faculty members



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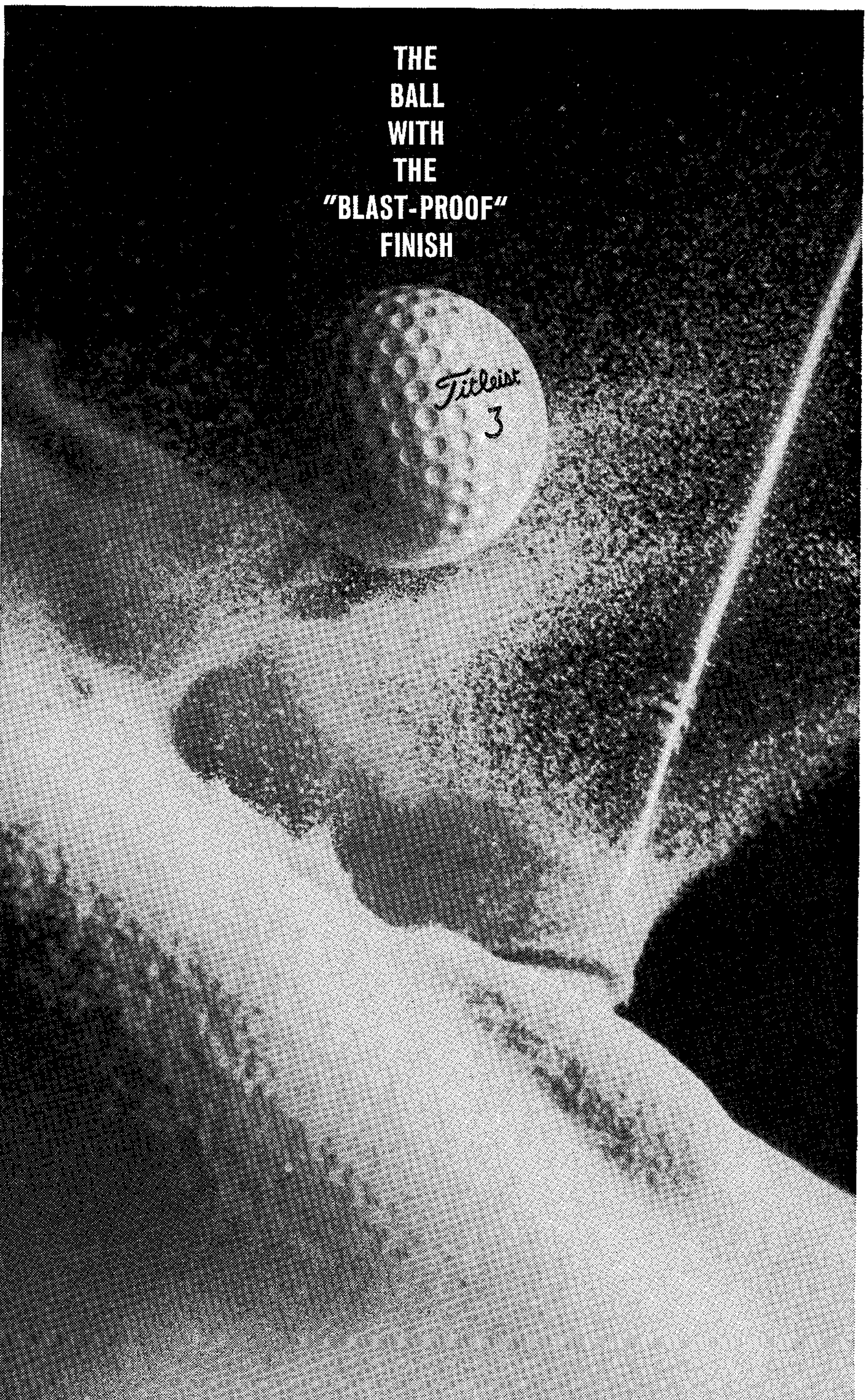
who felt that there was any hope at all for Brubeck, and to a fellow-student named Harold Meeske, an insurrectionary sort who had bummed around the world as a sailor, had read Kierkegaard and Kafka, had kept abreast of the newest convolutions in poetry, painting, and music, and had acquired a number of unconventional ideas about aesthetics and politics and philosophy. As a girl who was on the scene at the time recently put it, "He was, for that time and place, *way out*." For that time and place, Brubeck, as a pianist, was also way out. Both Bodley and Meeske were astonished and impressed by Brubeck's music, and Meeske, at least, was appalled by everything else about Brubeck, who, he soon discovered, had never heard of Kierkegaard, Kafka & Co., and didn't even know how original his own music was or how closely it corresponded to the work being done by composers out in the world beyond California's Central Valley. Meeske had a strong pedagogic streak in his makeup, and so he moved into Brubeck's quarters—a cellar called the Bomb Shelter, which was already shared by four or five students addicted to new-fashioned jazz—and set about giving Brubeck a quick course in modern culture. He provided Brubeck with reading lists, which included Dostoevski, Mann, Proust, and so forth; he presided over subterranean early-morning discussion groups devoted to subjects like the Oedipus complex, Cubism, Marxism, logical positivism, and tone rows; and he made a point of unearthing on campus other candidates for the intelligentsia and seeing to it that Brubeck got together with them. The program was a smashing success, particularly the last part of it. One of the first bright young people Meeske introduced Brubeck to was a light-haired sophomore named Iola Marie Whitlock; Brubeck immediately decided that she was the girl for him, and a few months later he married her. "Dave has a problem all his own," Desmond said a few weeks ago. "Most of us spend our lives looking for the perfect woman, but he's spent his looking for the perfect bass player." With the help of Miss Whitlock, a girl with a sensitive ear, a substantial literary gift, and a distaste for getting any grade lower than A, Meeske persuaded Brubeck that he had enough talent, if only he would fertilize it with a little brainwork, to have a distinguished career as a musician. The awakening of Brubeck's intellect was sudden and severe. Almost overnight, he turned into a passionate reader, found himself listening to at least some of the things his



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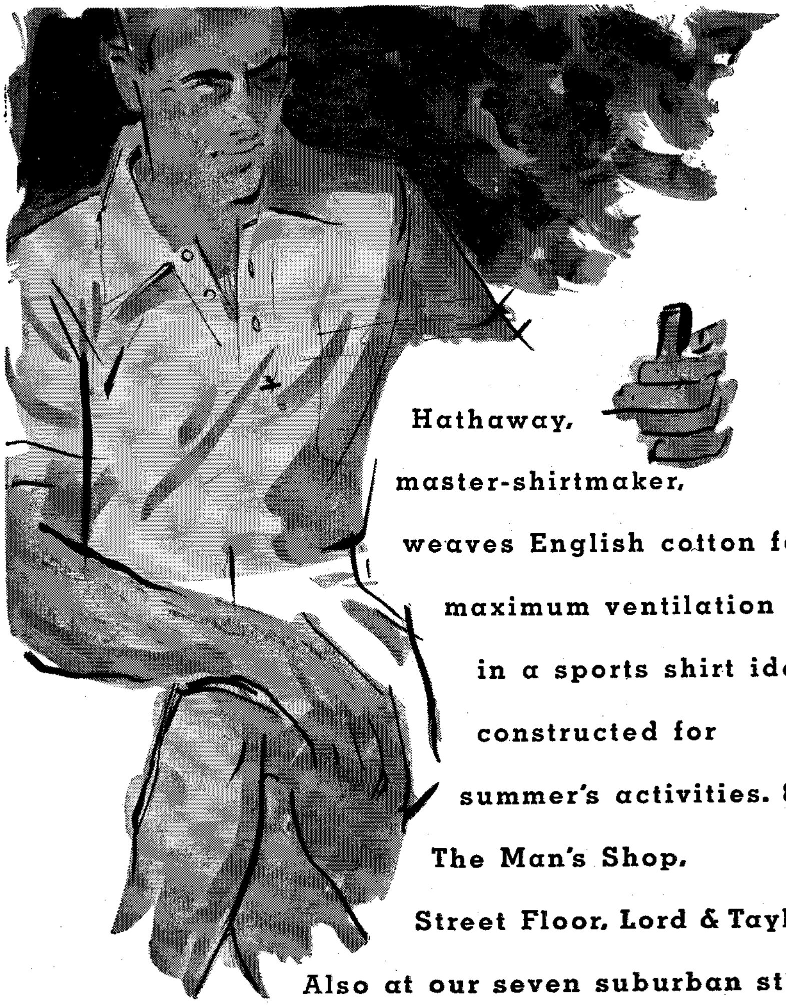

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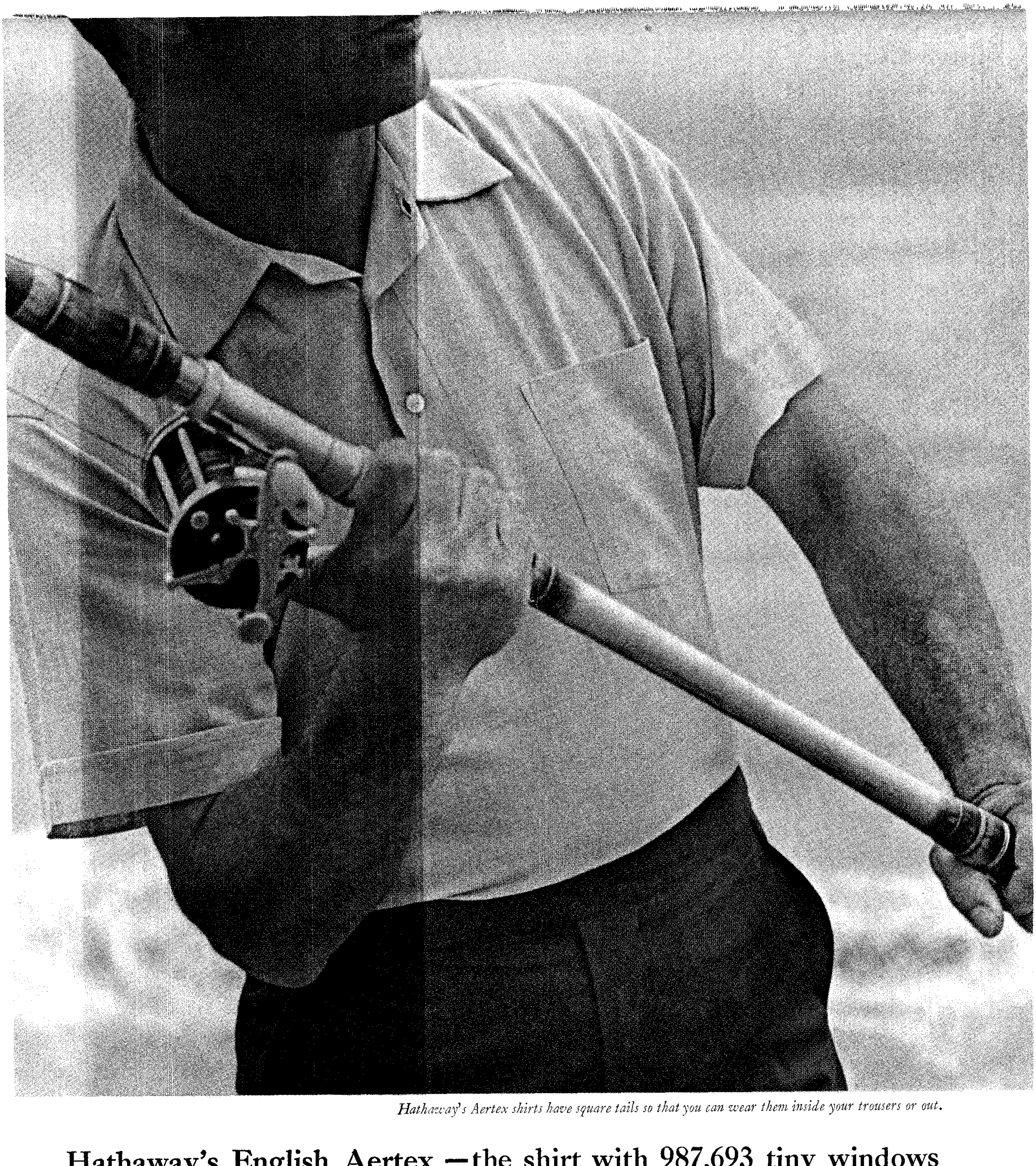
professors said, and became quite carried away by the idea of being a composer.

Though Brubeck graduated from college, in 1942, with glorious visions of his work in the world, he had to defer their realization indefinitely. The Army seized him almost the instant he got his diploma, and presently he was assigned to the post band at Camp Haan, in southern California. For about two years, he led a placid existence in the Army, playing the piano when necessary, composing, and chipping away at Meeske's book lists. In fact, the first Christmas present he ever gave Iola, who had stayed in Stockton to finish college, was a dozen books, most of which he immediately took back to camp with him. In the summer of 1944, though, this contemplative life was rudely ended by the Pentagon, which, finding itself pinched for manpower to throw into the invasion of Europe, decreed that large numbers of special-duty soldiers, including the Camp Haan band, should become riflemen. Brubeck, by now a private first class, and his fellow-bandsmen were given orders to report at once to Camp Howze, in Texas, for basic training with an infantry regiment. There the outcasts from Haan fell into the clutches of a training cadre from the Oklahoma National Guard that apparently had a fierce contempt for music, since it put the musicians through an almost uninterrupted three-month session of K.P., garbage, guard, and coal-shovelling duty. As a result, when the unit had presumably been trained and had been transferred to Fort Meade, in Maryland, in order to be shipped to Europe, the officer writing the orders discovered that Brubeck and some of his *friends hadn't received any in*fantry training to speak of. The rest of the unit sailed without them, but the Meade authorities were determined to get them trained and overseas as quickly as possible, and instituted an unprecedented double-time program for them. Day and night, almost nonstop, the musicians were rushed around the post to catch up on some drill they had missed. On one characteristic night, Brubeck remembers, he was sleeping hard after a twenty-five-mile hike when he was shaken awake by a lieutenant, hustled into a jeep, and driven to a remote field where some unit or other was crawling under live ammunition. After several weeks of this, the musicians were hurried up to Boston, put on a transport sailing for Liverpool, transferred on the Liverpool dock into a sealed train headed



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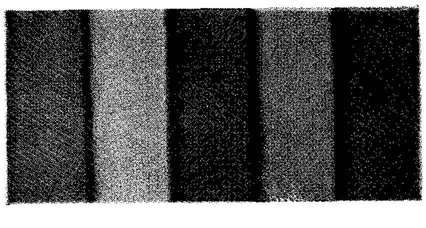

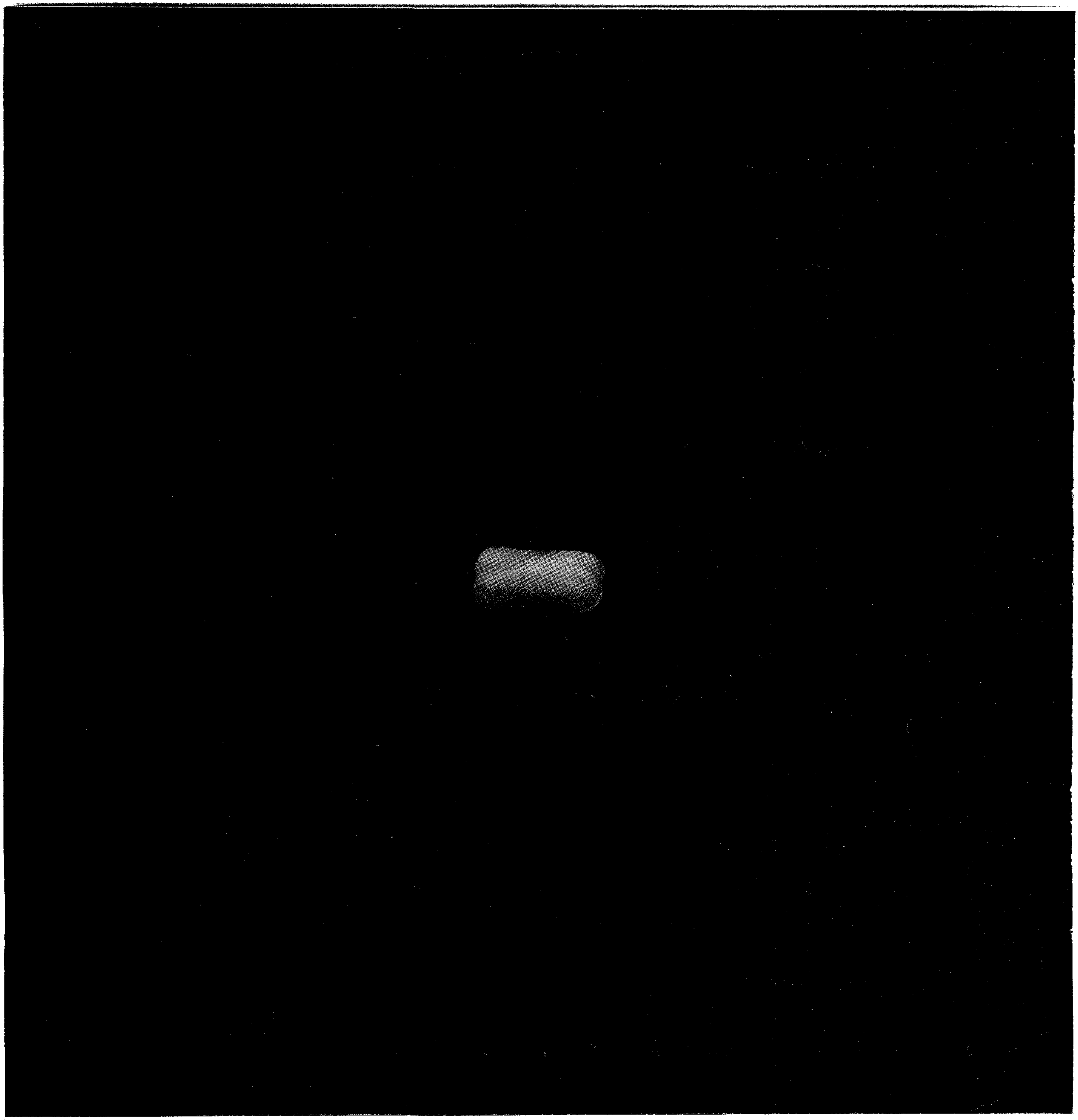

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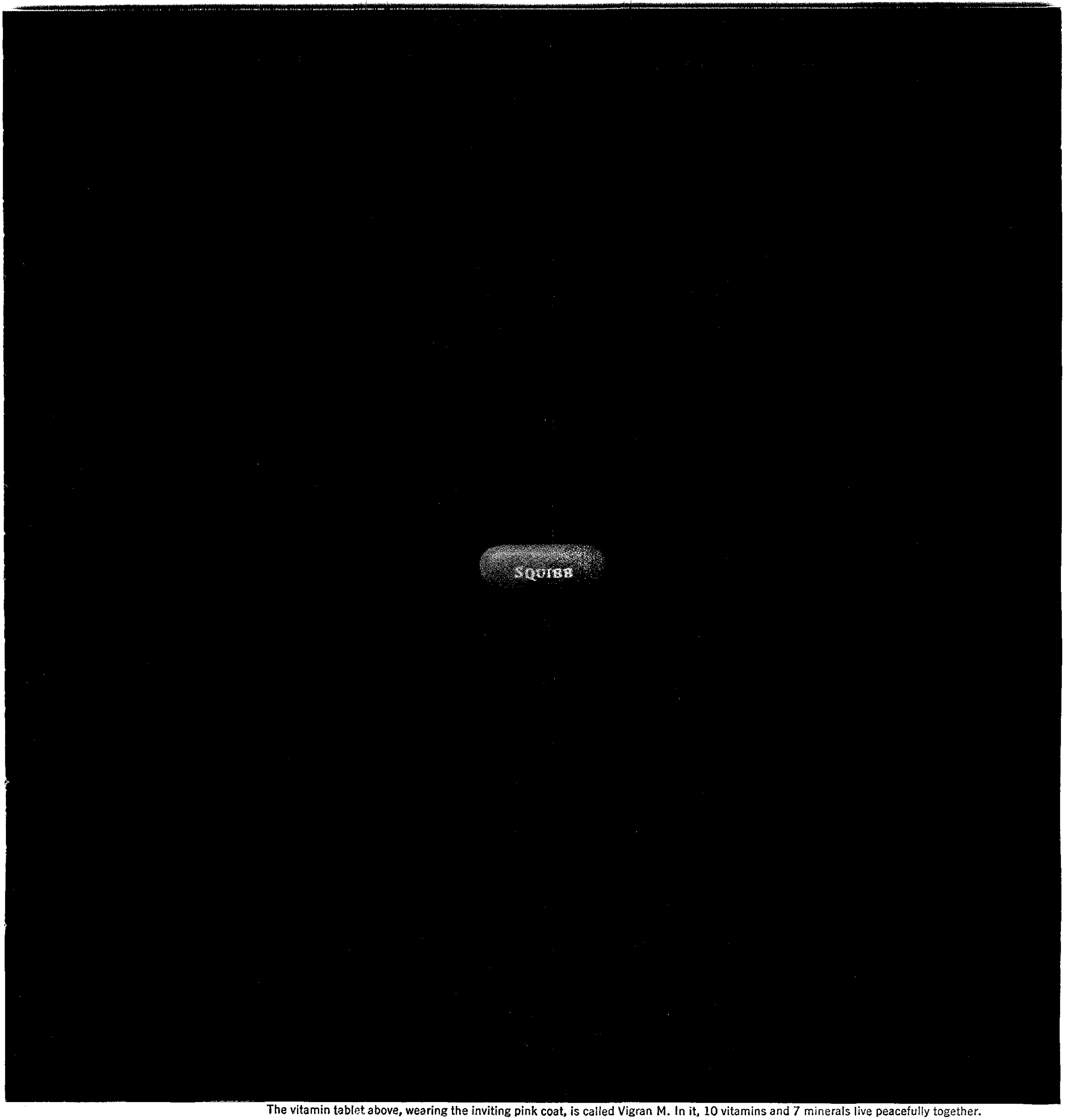

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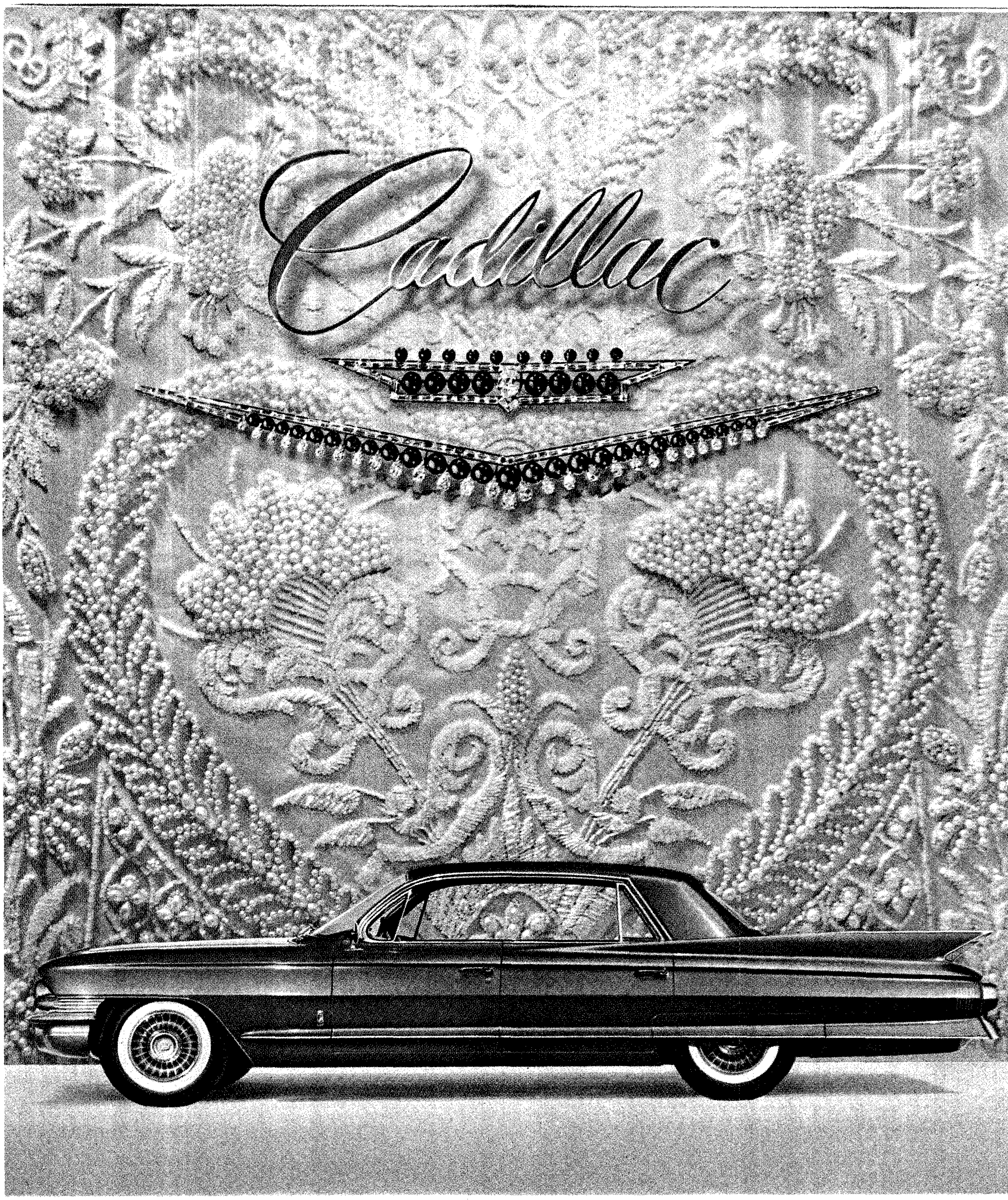

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION for a Southampton dock, sent across the Channel, and carried in another train to a replacement center near Metz, in eastern France—all in a matter of ten days. Brubeck diverted himself during the journey by reading two books he had stuffed into his pack—Lang's "Music in Western Civilization" and Spengler's "The Decline of the West."

Despite the Army's extraordinary effort to ready Brubeck for combat, he never did do any fighting. He had been in the Metz area only a few days, and was expecting to be immediately ordered to the front, when one more sudden revolution in his position took place, seemingly because the commanding officer of the replacement center, a West Point-trained brigadier general, liked music as much as the Oklahoma National Guard loathed it. What Brubeck thinks happened (he has never found out for sure) was that the general heard him play one day as a volunteer accompanist to a Red Cross travelling show, and said to his aide-de-camp, in effect, "Keep that man here, however you do it." In any case, Brubeck's orders were somehow lost, and Brubeck found himself—with a warrant officer's prerogatives but with his same old pfc.'s insigne and pay—the leader of a three- to twenty-eight-piece band, which the general sent into the nearby combat areas, in a two-and-a-half-ton truck, to play for the front-line troops. The band had no official existence whatever. It appeared in no table of organization; it drew its supplies, including instruments, wherever it could find them; and since all its members, like Brubeck, were theoretically doing something else in a different place, it became the subject of an endlessly entertaining cat-and-mouse game between the camp authorities at Metz and the higher echelons. Every week or so, for example, Brubeck's unit, at the front, would querulously ask the replacement center where Brubeck was, or demand sternly that Brubeck be produced at once. The replacement center would always reply, with a fine show of candid puzzlement, that nobody there had ever heard of anyone named Brubeck. His disappearance ultimately became so exasperating to the Army that one night the War Department telephoned Iola, in California, to ask *her* where Brubeck was. She replied coldly that if the Army didn't know, she certainly didn't, and added that the Army had better find him immediately. Brubeck was lost for three or four months—a span that included the Battle of the Bulge, into

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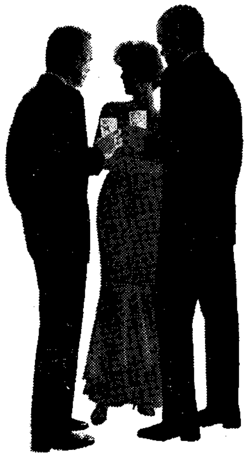

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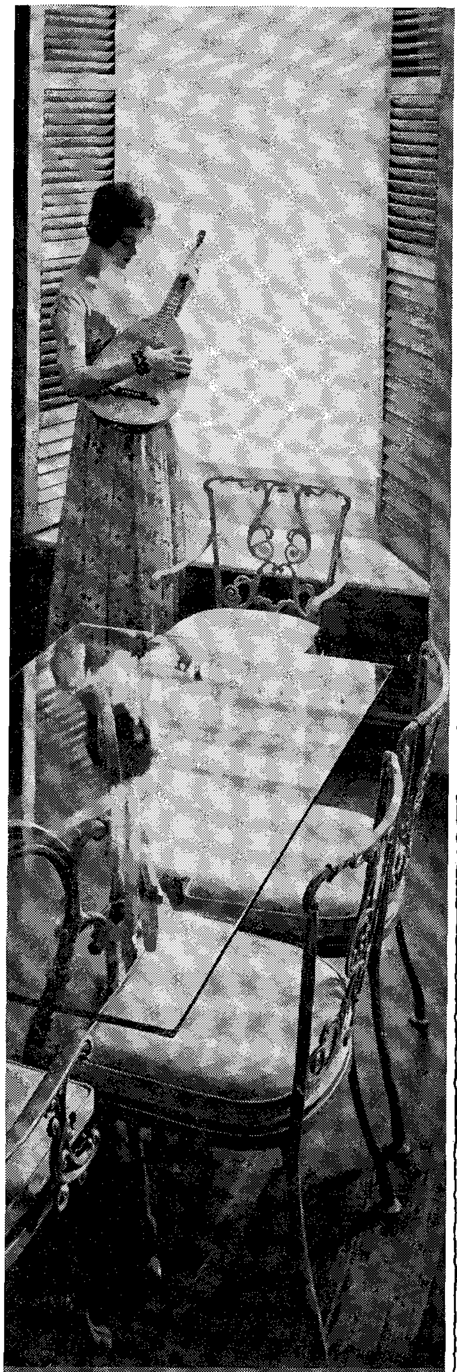

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whose outskirts he led the band a couple of times. Finally, when the fighting in Europe was almost over, the general managed to get Brubeck legally attached to the replacement center, and his papers somehow reappeared. He continued as a bandleader until his discharge, and was even offered a chance to become a real, rather than a theoretical, warrant officer. By that time, though, he had studied the point system, and had concluded that he would return to civilian life a good deal sooner if he remained a pfc., so he declined.

Brubeck was twenty-five when he was discharged from the Army. Moving, with his wife and his Lang and Spengler, into a twenty-dollar-a-month apartment in a veterans' housing project in Oakland, he enrolled at Mills College, under the G.I. Bill, to study with Darius Milhaud, to whom he became so attached that when his first child, a son, was born, a year or so later, he named the boy Darius. For the next five years, Brubeck studied with Milhaud, off and on, and worked when he could. Though the musical vistas that Milhaud opened were endlessly fascinating to him, they left the people who hired jazz musicians in and around San Francisco cold, and meanwhile Brubeck had become so obdurate about what he was willing to play that he would accept a conventional pianist's job only when he was virtually *in extremis*, and sometimes couldn't hold it even then. On one occasion, he was fired from a reasonably steady job with a band because during a radio broadcast he couldn't restrain himself from improvising a Brubeckian chorus when he was supposed to be playing the tune. During those years, he often spoke, only somewhat facetiously, of becoming a garbage collector; it was the only profession he knew of, he said, that a man could stay honest in.

In the autumn of 1947, Brubeck landed a job with a jazz group that performed in a San Francisco night club called the Geary Cellar. The group was led by Darrel Cutler, a tenor saxophone player Brubeck had played with in Stockton, and included, besides, Norman Bates, a bass player who was subsequently with the quartet for several years, and a girl singer. This job was notable in several respects. Brubeck was able to play pretty much the way he wanted. He was paid a hundred and five dollars a week. And he became reacquainted with Desmond, whom he had met briefly, three years before, while they were both in the Army—a

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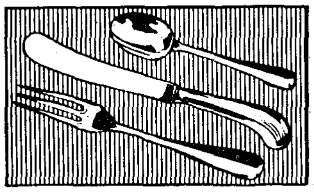

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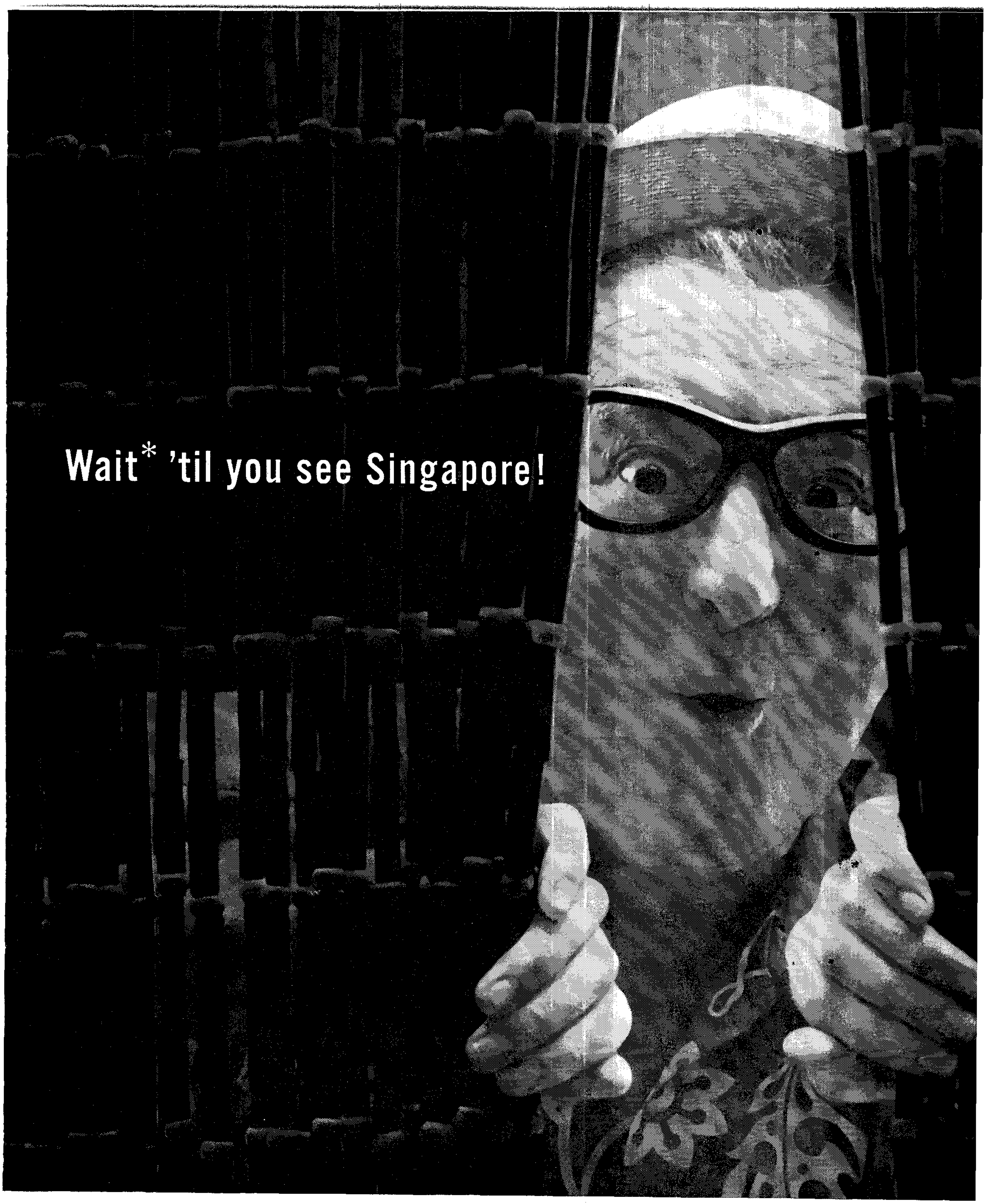
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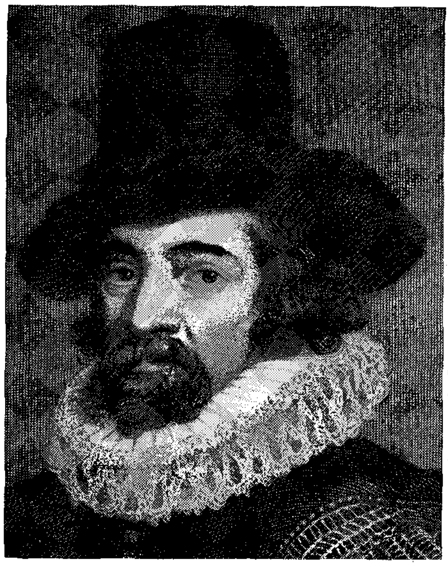

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meeting Desmond, who is a student of the locutions his colleagues use, professes to remember this way: "We had a session. I remember the first tune we played was 'Rosetta.' I was really dazzled by Dave's harmonic approach. So I went up to him and said, 'Man, like Wigsville! You really grooved me with those nutty changes.' And Dave replied, 'White man speak with forked tongue.' " At the time Brubeck was working in the Geary Cellar, Desmond was in the more conventional position of having no steady work, and was doing what unemployed jazz musicians traditionally do in such circumstances—wander from club to club at night, instrument in hand, in search of opportunities to sit in for a set or two with such of his colleagues as were working. Desmond had no difficulty being invited to add his voice to the sounds in the Cellar, and before the first set was over, he and Brubeck were playing counterpoint together as if they'd been doing it for years. After that, Desmond returned frequently to the Cellar, where he and Brubeck continued to make what they, at least, believed was beautiful music together, and in the spring of 1949 Desmond got an engagement for a Paul Desmond Trio at a club called the Band Box, near Palo Alto, down the Peninsula, and took Brubeck and Bates, and even the girl singer, with him. It was an uncharacteristic move for Brubeck. His pay at the Band Box was only fifty dollars a week; the piano was a decrepit grand with several of the keys broken and most of the rest irremediably out of tune; and the public-address system sounded, in Desmond's words, "like two five-dollar radios." Moreover, Brubeck is a man of conscience, and he did not find it easy to walk out on Cutler, who had given him his first satisfactory job. What motivated him was a passionate conviction that working with Desmond was his artistic destiny. After a few weeks at the Band Box, Desmond, who then had no correspondingly passionate conviction about working with Brubeck, dismantled his trio to take a more agreeable job at a summer resort. When Desmond abandoned him, Brubeck vowed he would never speak to him again as long as he lived. The fact that he was, of course, unable to return to the Geary Cellar did not mollify him, and neither did the events of the next six months, when he had so much trouble finding work that at one point he resorted to peddling sandwiches through the office buildings in downtown San Francisco during the lunch hour. Finally, in November, 1949, he managed to

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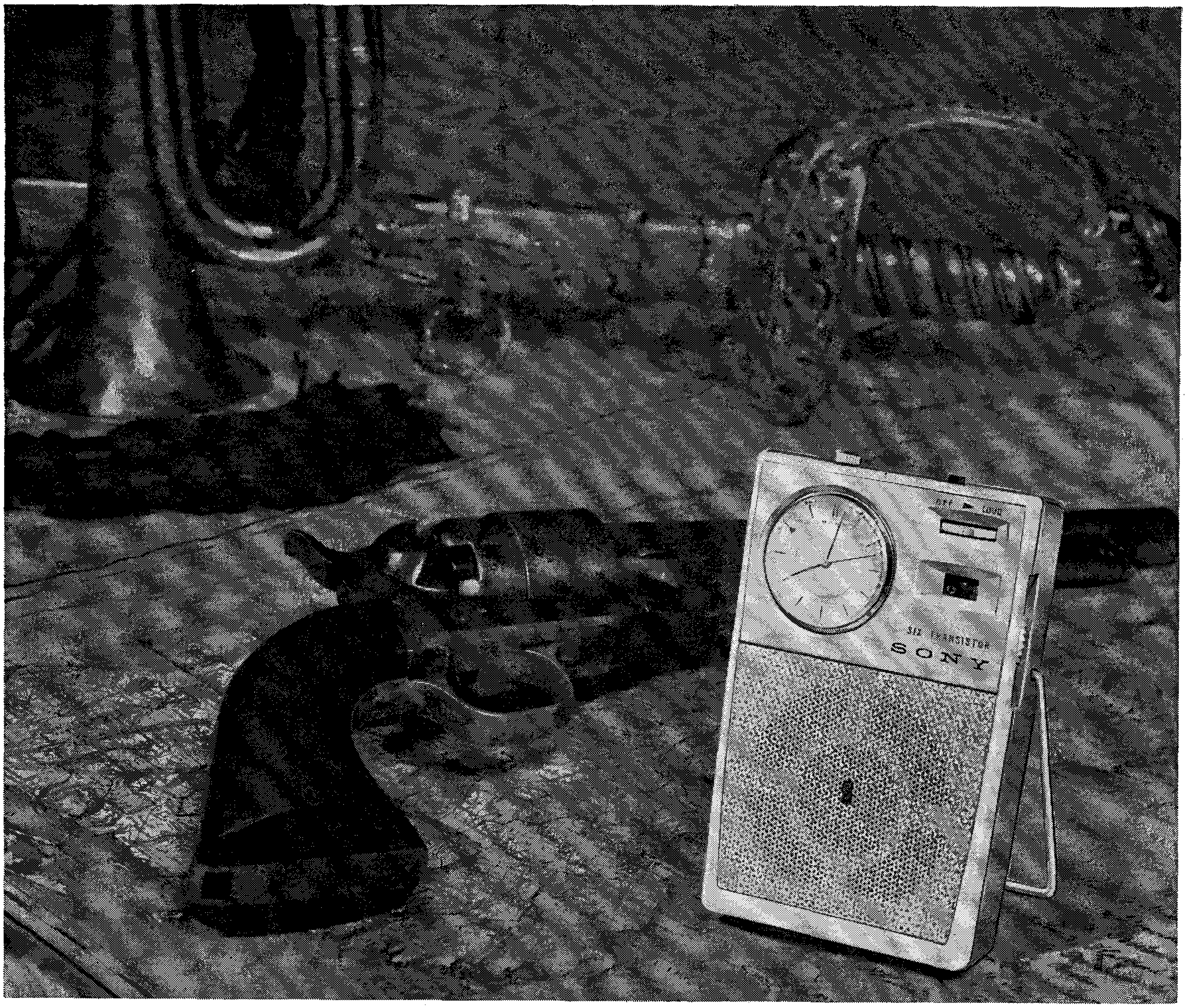

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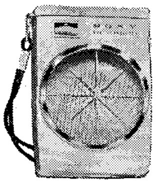

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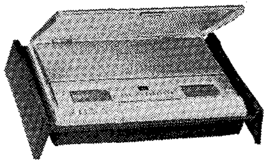

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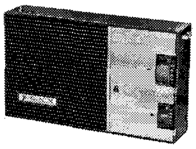

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organize a Brubeck Trio, which the proprietor of an Oakland night club called the Burma Lounge was willing to hire. One afternoon a few months later, Desmond, whose economy after the summer-resort job ended had been as precarious as Brubeck's, rang the bell of the Brubeck apartment and asked Mrs. Brubeck if he could speak to Dave. Not at all certain that she wasn't about to become an accomplice to an act of atrocious assault, she admitted him and stood back. Steady work had apparently pacified Brubeck, though, and the upshot of Desmond's call was that he started sitting in quite regularly with the trio, which had moved on to the Black Hawk, in San Francisco. Brubeck was unshaken in his conviction that Desmond was his destiny, and by then Desmond had come to realize that Brubeck was *his;* at any rate, although Desmond has been offered countless opportunities to work with other leaders or to form a group of his own, he has never strayed very far from Brubeck since.

Such success as the trio was having was so modest that it couldn't afford to become a quartet. The first year of its existence was a depressing one for Desmond, financially speaking; though he sat in with it often, he earned, as he recalls it, precisely three days' pay that year—one for playing at a Polish wedding and two for playing as a member of an avant-garde octet whose personnel consisted of Brubeck, four other students of Milhaud's, Desmond, and two other non-Milhaud men; the music the octet played, though billed as jazz, ran strongly to rondos, fugues, and other classical convolutions, which the Milhaud men seemed to enjoy but which made Desmond, he says, feel thoroughly uneducated. (Desmond's formal musical training was limited to clarinet and saxophone lessons as a boy and a course in the theory of harmony at San Francisco State when he got out of the Army.) Presently, the trio was booked into a Honolulu club for a three-month stand, and Desmond was perforce left on the mainland. A prolonged separation between Brubeck and Desmond was not to be, however. Only a few days after his arrival in Hawaii, Brubeck was spending an afternoon at Waikiki Beach with his family—by then he had a second son—and, in a demonstration of paternal prowess, charged into the surf and dove as hard as he could into an incoming roller. No one had told him, apparently, that one of the notable—and, for the unwary, lethal—features of Waikiki is that the bottom slopes al-

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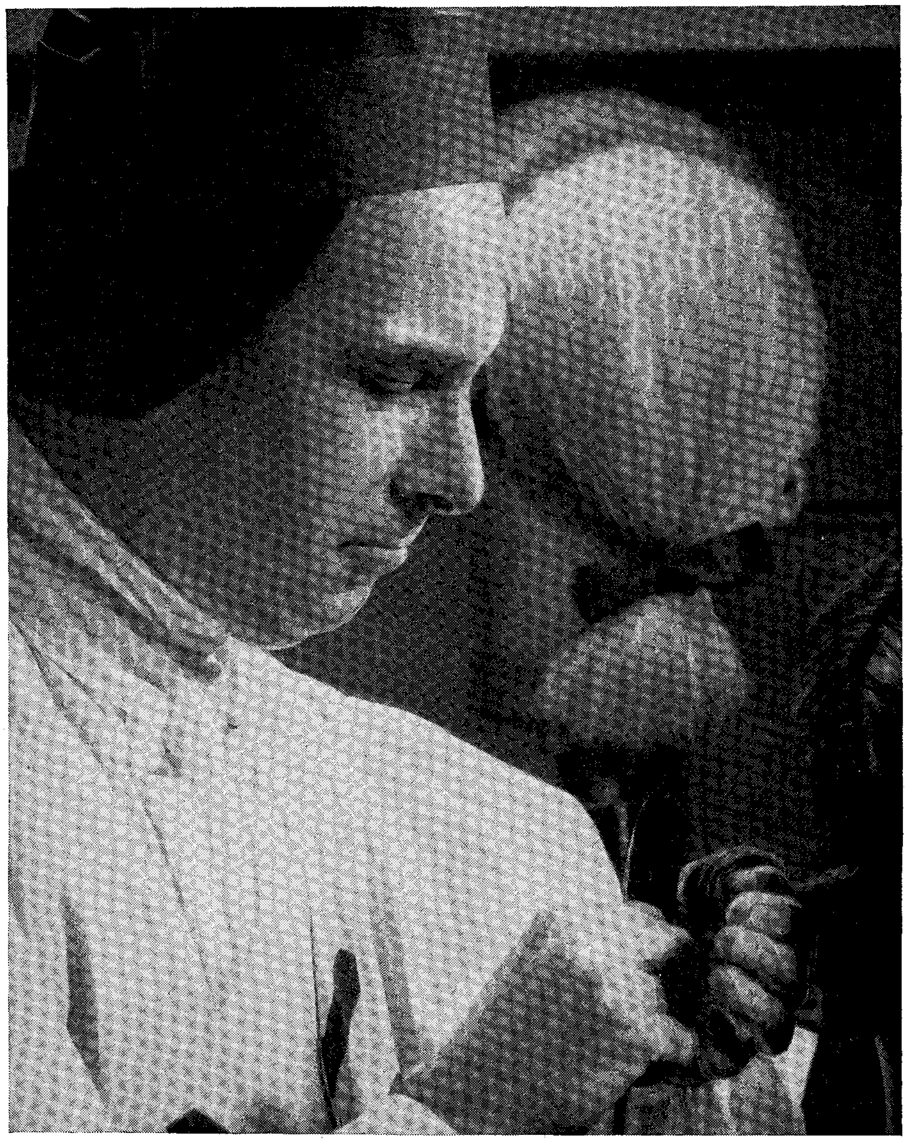
most imperceptibly. He was in about six inches of water when he dived, and his head hit the bottom squarely; he dislocated two of the vertebrae in his neck and destroyed the cartilage between them. He was in the hospital, in traction, for twenty days, and he was also under doctor's orders not to play again for six months, so that was the end of his trio. From his bed in Honolulu, he wrote Desmond proposing the formation of a quartet and charging him with the mission of finding a rhythm section and work for the group, if possible. Desmond, who was almost twenty-seven and had yet to hold a steady job, complied gladly. When Brubeck, wearing a brace and with his neck giving him constant pain—as it was to do for several years—returned to California, in June of 1951, he found himself starting life again at the friendly Black Hawk.

The quartet played a three-month stand at the Black Hawk, which gave it time to develop a repertory, and by the end of its engagement it had attracted enough attention—largely through reiterated propaganda by an influential San Francisco disc jockey named Jimmy Lyons, who had started plugging Brubeck when he first heard the trio—to start travelling. It hasn't stopped yet. Brubeck hates the road, but Desmond, a footloose spirit, likes it. "One thing I dig about travelling is the alternation between luxury and squalor," he said recently. "One minute it's all steak and Roquefort dressing and the Diners' Club, and six hours later you're pathetically grateful that there's a machine with peanut-butter sandwiches in it in some gas station. It keeps you focussed on the true values of life, like what luxuries a good meal and a comfortable bed really are." The first trip, on which Brubeck took his wife and boys, was a conventional round of the nation's jazz clubs—San Francisco to Los Angeles to Salt Lake City to New York to Boston to Philadelphia to Chicago and back to San Francisco. By the time the tour was over, Brubeck had begun thinking furiously about ways of liberating himself from night clubs. Besides having little liking for alcohol or the hours between midnight and four in the morning, he felt that his music wasn't being properly attended to by those who did like them. Presently, remembering a couple of agreeable concerts at the College of the Pacific for which the octet, through Bodley, had been booked, he hit upon the radical idea of trying to have the quartet booked into colleges, and he and his wife—who in those days was the quartet's bookkeeper, corresponding secretary, public-relations expert, and



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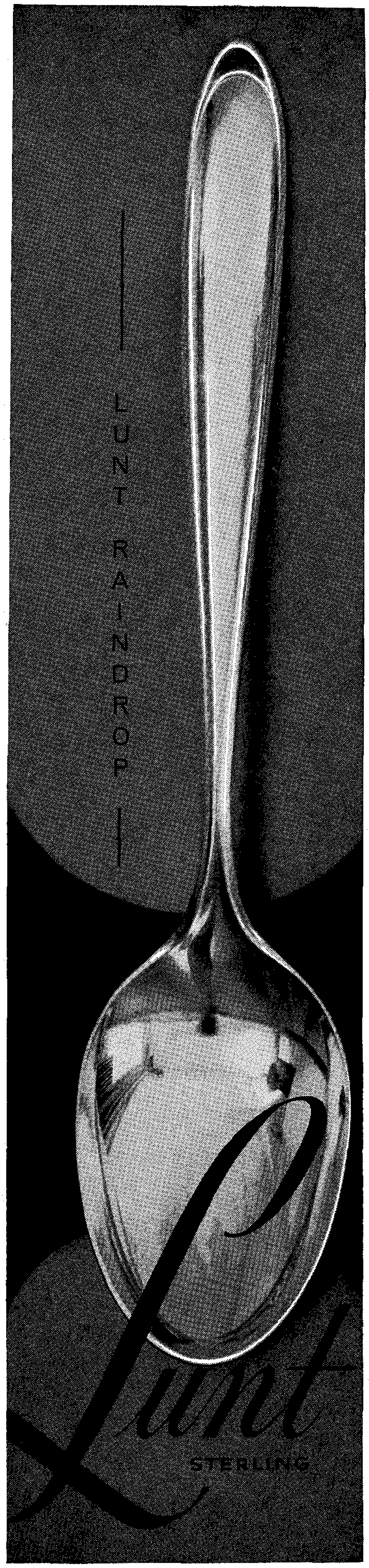

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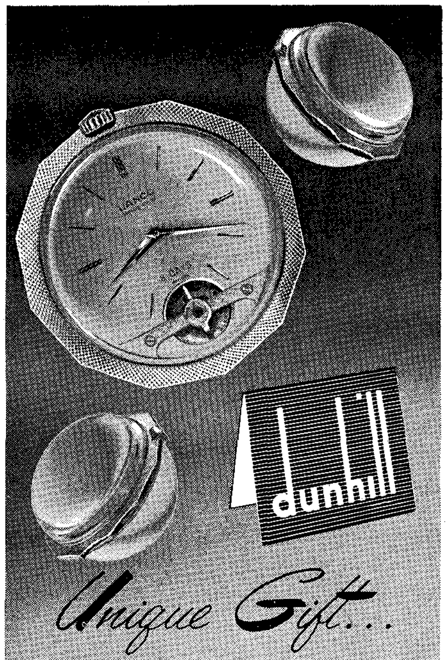
labor-management consultant, and who still exercises a good deal of benign authority over its affairs—wrote letters to several hundred colleges suggesting that the quartet should pay them a visit. The response was favorable enough for Brubeck to load the quartet into an old Kaiser Vagabond he had, and start on a new way of life. In the Vagabond—which was ultimately put to pasture in the back yard of Brubeck's present house in Oakland, where it served as a monument to the past and as a toy for the children—the back seat could be collapsed, leaving room for air mattresses that two members of the quartet could lounge on or, conceivably, sleep on. The drum cases were stowed away in corners, and the bass was hung from the roof. From the standpoint of automobile design, those were the quartet's best years. It still has to do much of its travelling by car ("I'm the guy who pays the Hertz Corporation's annual dividend," Brubeck remarked sourly a few weeks ago), and as car roofs have got lower and lower, the bass has become harder and harder to live with. The quartet's storage expert these days is Wright, whose instrument is worth several thousand dollars, and who rarely lets anyone but himself lay a finger on it. "Don't touch that bass, man" is an expression of his that has become one of the quartet's house jokes. It can take him half an hour to stow the instruments in a really late-model car. On airplanes the bass is quite a problem, too, and often has to be provided with a seat and a half-fare ticket of its own. Brubeck and Desmond can reminisce endlessly about their early days on the road, but the entire experience may well have been summed up in the poignant moment in 1952 when the Vagabond pulled up in front of a Philadelphia hotel at the end of a non-stop trip from Salt Lake City, and one of its passengers went inside to secure accommodations, only to emerge a couple of minutes later with a look of despair and say, "We can't stay here, fellows. They want five dollars for a single."

It was in 1954, with the publication of a record called "Jazz Goes to College," that the quartet became able, once and for all, to break through the five-dollars-for-a-single barrier. Brubeck records had been on the market ever since Brubeck began working for himself. Shortly after he put the trio into operation, he sent samples of its work to the major record companies, but he was turned down by all of them—principally, he believes, because he was from the wrong part of the



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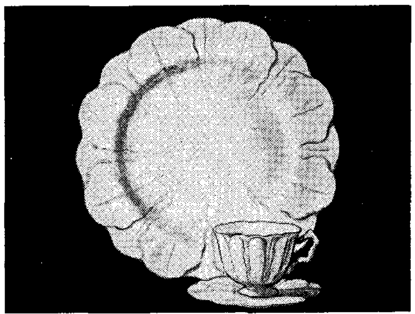
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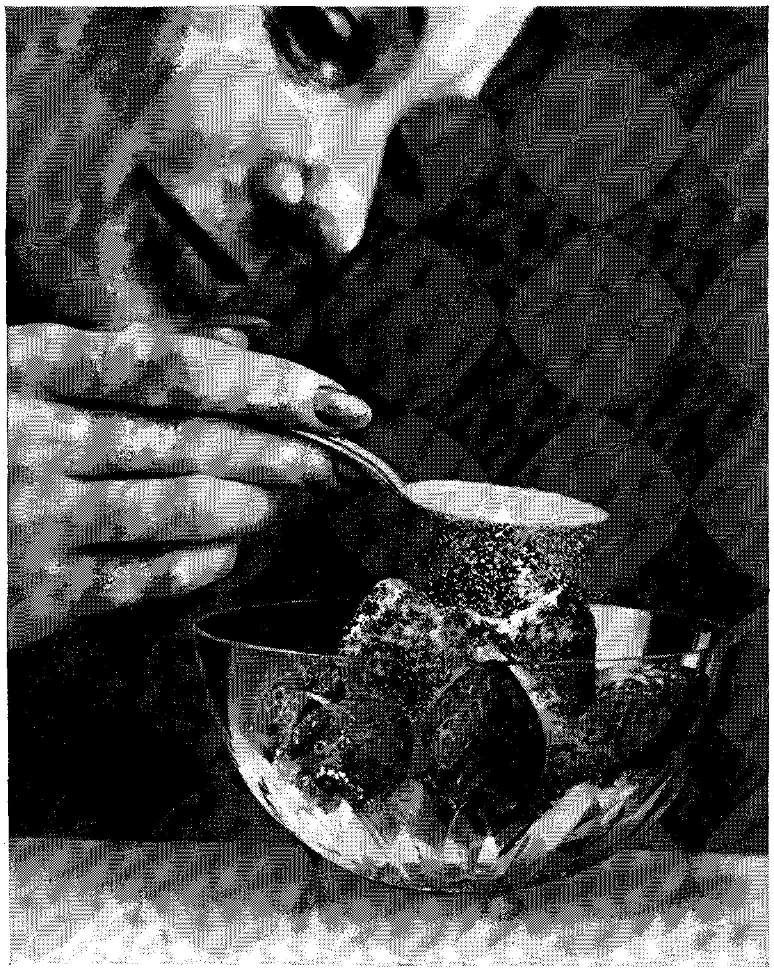

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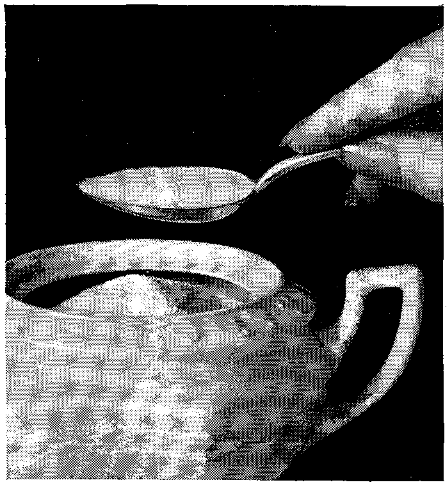

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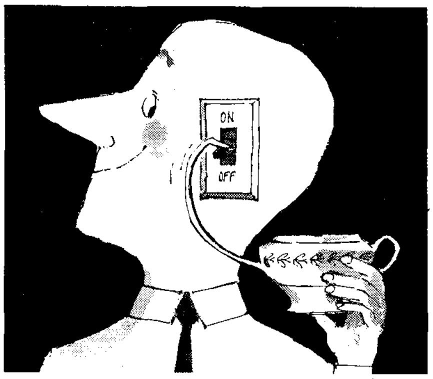

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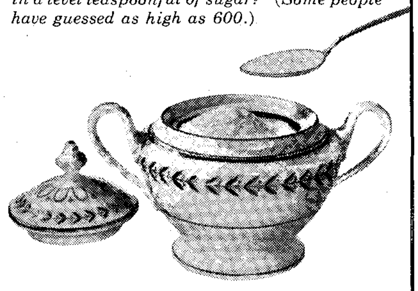

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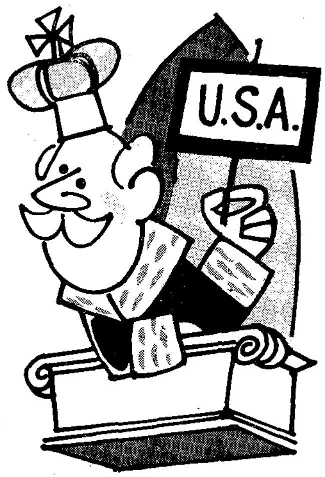

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country, those being the days before "West Coast jazz" enjoyed its brief tenure as the adepts' rallying cry. (For years, Brubeck considered himself a victim of geographical discrimination. As he tells it, one day while he was attending the College of the Pacific, he overheard a group of fellow-students discussing the formation of a jazz band, and offered his services; they appeared to be receptive until they asked him where he was from and he said Ione. A couple of years later, when he was in the Army and was passing through the Presidio, in San Francisco, he applied for membership in the post band; he thought he had the job until he was asked where he was from and, thinking that by now he knew the answer to *that* question, said Stockton. He would have landed a recording contract for the trio, he was sure, except that when he was asked where he was from, he said San Francisco. Those slights, real or imagined, made him into so fierce a jingo that until he hired Morello he refused to allow a non-Californian into the quartet.) At any rate, when the big record companies turned him down, he and a pair of brothers named Max and Sol Weiss, who devoted themselves to the pressing of records of Chinese opera, formed a little one in San Francisco called Fantasy Records. It was an association that worked well for Brubeck during his trio and early quartet periods. His records began to attract a following, and Fantasy, guided by his counsel, added to its catalogue the work of such other performers as Gerry Mulligan and Red Norvo. Then, one day, Brubeck took a characteristically obstinate stand against signing up a group the Weiss brothers admired and he didn't, and as a result he and Fantasy practically severed relations. By that time, the trend to long-playing records had set in strongly, and a Brubeck-quartet record named "Jazz at Oberlin," which was a sort of milestone in the jazz-record business, because it was one of the first jazz L.P.'s to be recorded at a concert rather than in a studio, was on the market and was arousing some enthusiasm among the adepts. Brubeck was therefore able to sign a contract with Columbia Records, though the Weisses insisted that, in return for a release from his Fantasy commitments, he continue to make one record a year for Fantasy—an obligation he still honors. "Jazz Goes to College," Columbia's first Brubeck record, which was also recorded on campus, shook the industry by almost immediately selling more than a hun-

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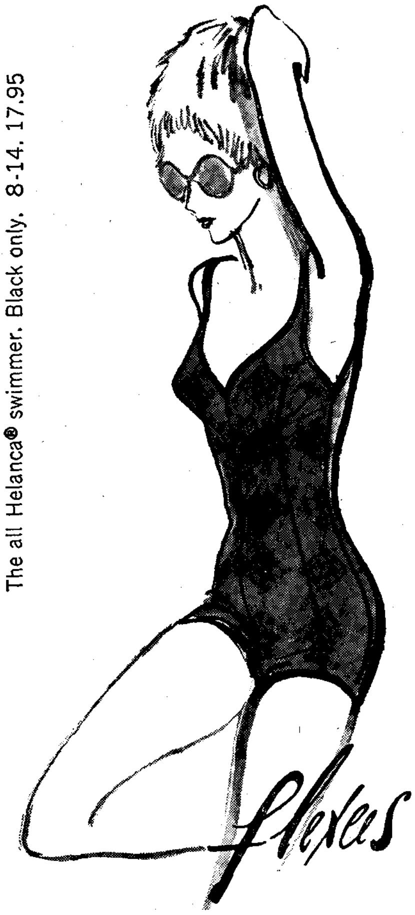

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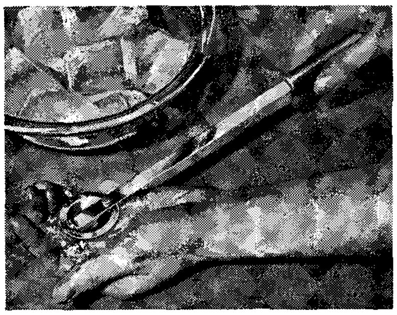

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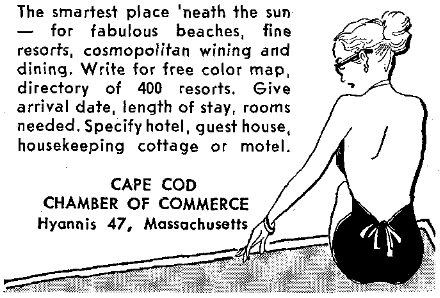

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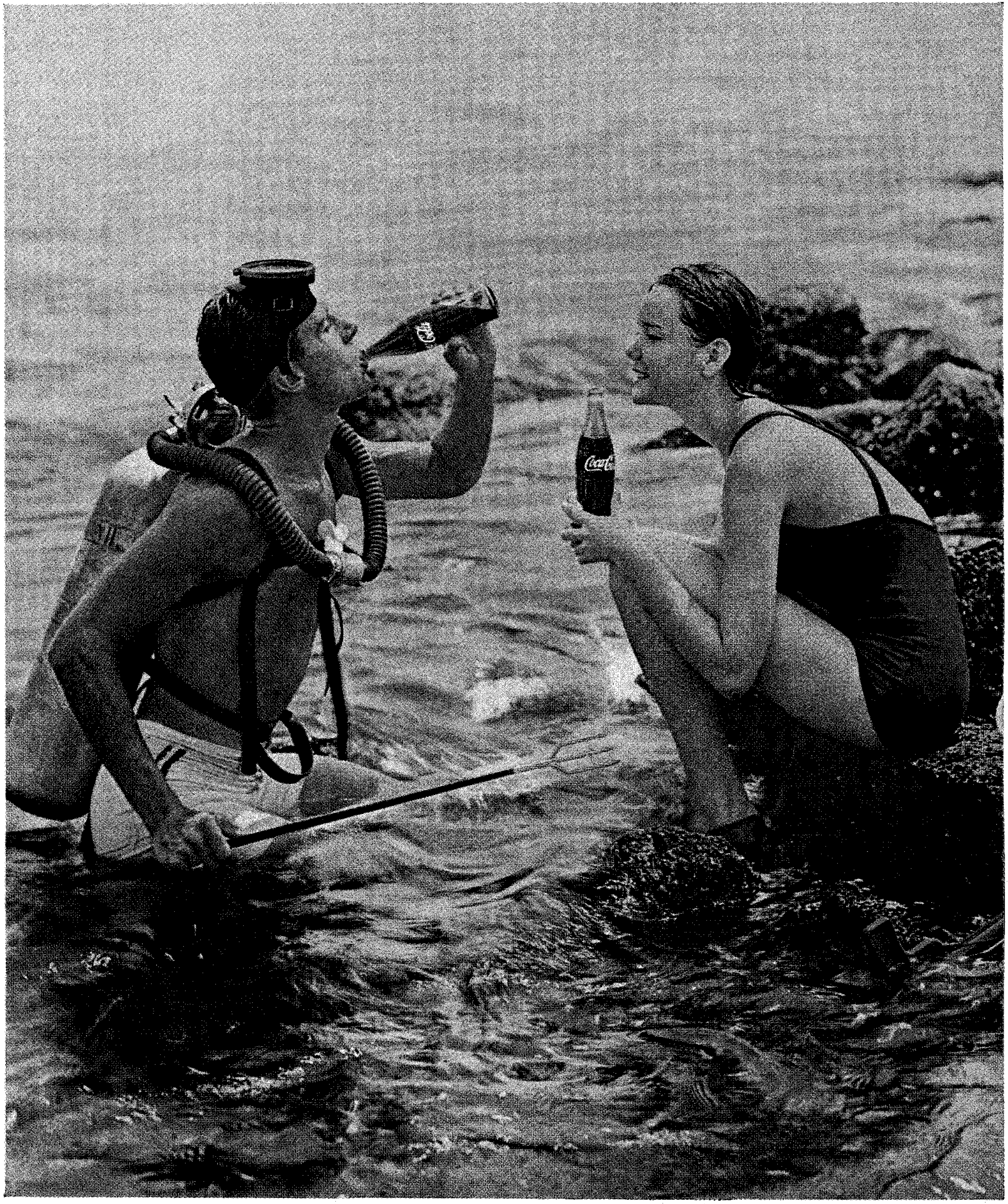

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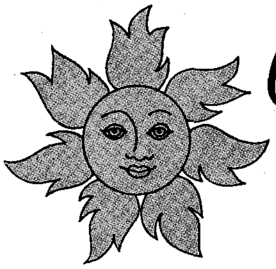

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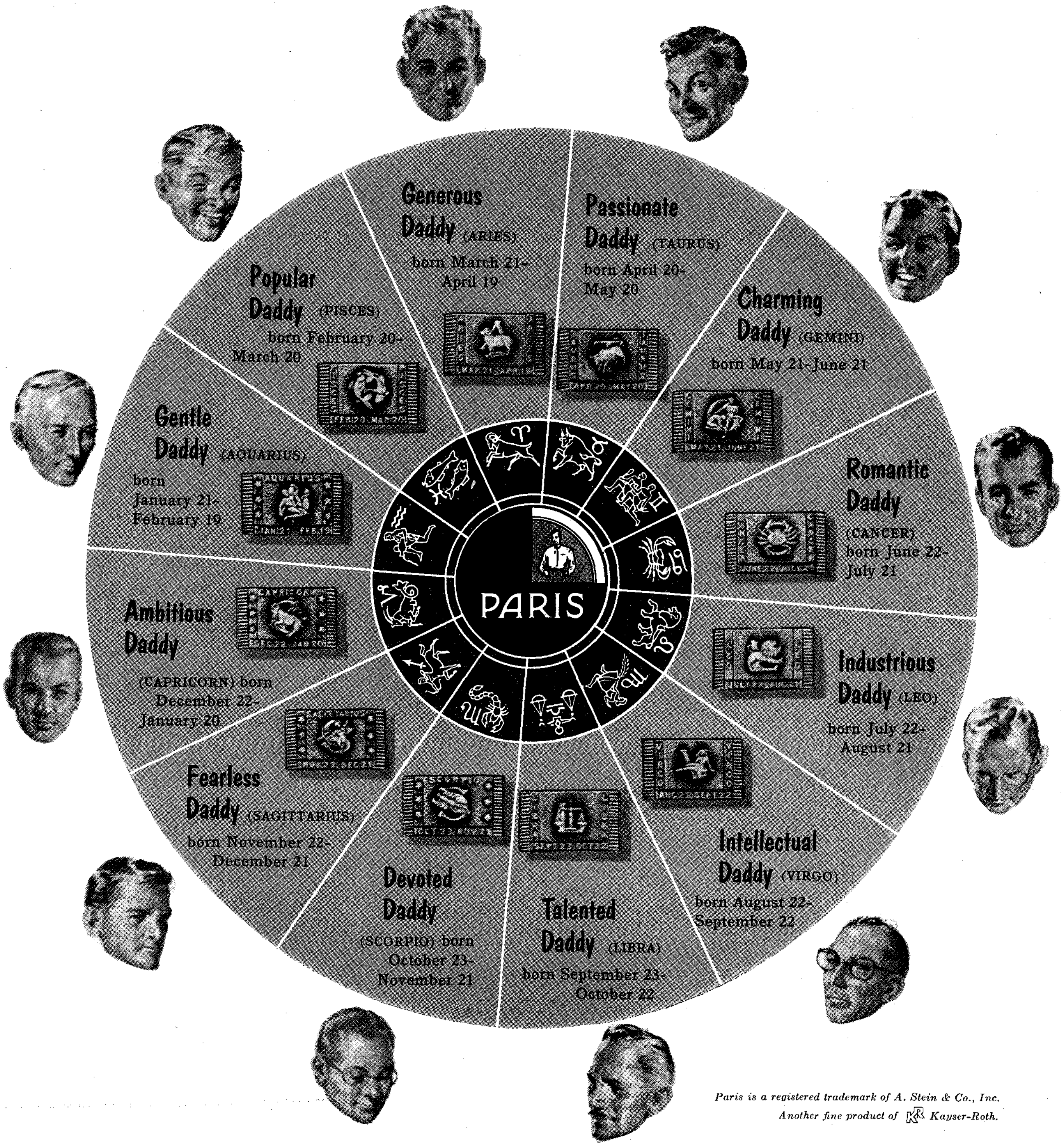
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dred thousand copies—a feat that no recorded jazz concert had ever before come close to achieving except one that Benny Goodman played in Carnegie Hall in 1938 and that was put out in an album in 1950. By now, the sales of "Jazz Goes to College" are over a quarter of a million.

Signing with Columbia was a more-than-musical milestone for Brubeck. With the six thousand dollars he received as an advance against royalties, he was finally able to have work started on the house he and his wife had been dreaming of. Some years before, they had purchased a hillside lot in Oakland by cashing in a thousand-dollar war bond, which Brubeck's father had given them on the occasion of his son's discharge from the Army. The house, which they still own but aren't living in right now, is a spectacular structure of concrete, glass, and redwood, cantilevered out from the hill and looking, to the west, fifty miles out to sea, through the Golden Gate, and, to the east, up at the pine-clad peaks of the coastal range. Mrs. Brubeck is a country girl herself, so the house has composition floors, because rugs are hard to keep clean, and the kitchen and the dining room are thrown together, so that she can be with the family while she's cooking. And since Brubeck is an emotional man, the living room has been built around a boulder he and his wife used to sit on when they visited the property and the house was just a theory.

BY the time Brubeck's house was ready to live in, the public appetite for Brubeck concerts was so great that Brubeck scarcely ever got home. What's more, the quartet as a whole found that success made life unexpectedly stormy. In 1956, the wife of Joe Dodge, who had been the group's drummer for three years, ordered him to cease wandering and come home to roost in San Francisco. At the suggestion of Desmond, Brubeck thereupon hired Morello, who had just finished a stand at the Hickory House, in New York, as a member of the trio presided over by Marian McPartland. The advent of Morello precipitated the most acute artistic crisis the quartet has ever had to weather—its transformation from a two-virtuoso to a three-virtuoso group. Dodge had been a quiet drummer who worked with a minimum of equipment (Herb Caen, a San Francisco columnist, is reputed to have said, "Joe plays with a snare and a delusion"). By contrast, Morello, whose gear fills five large

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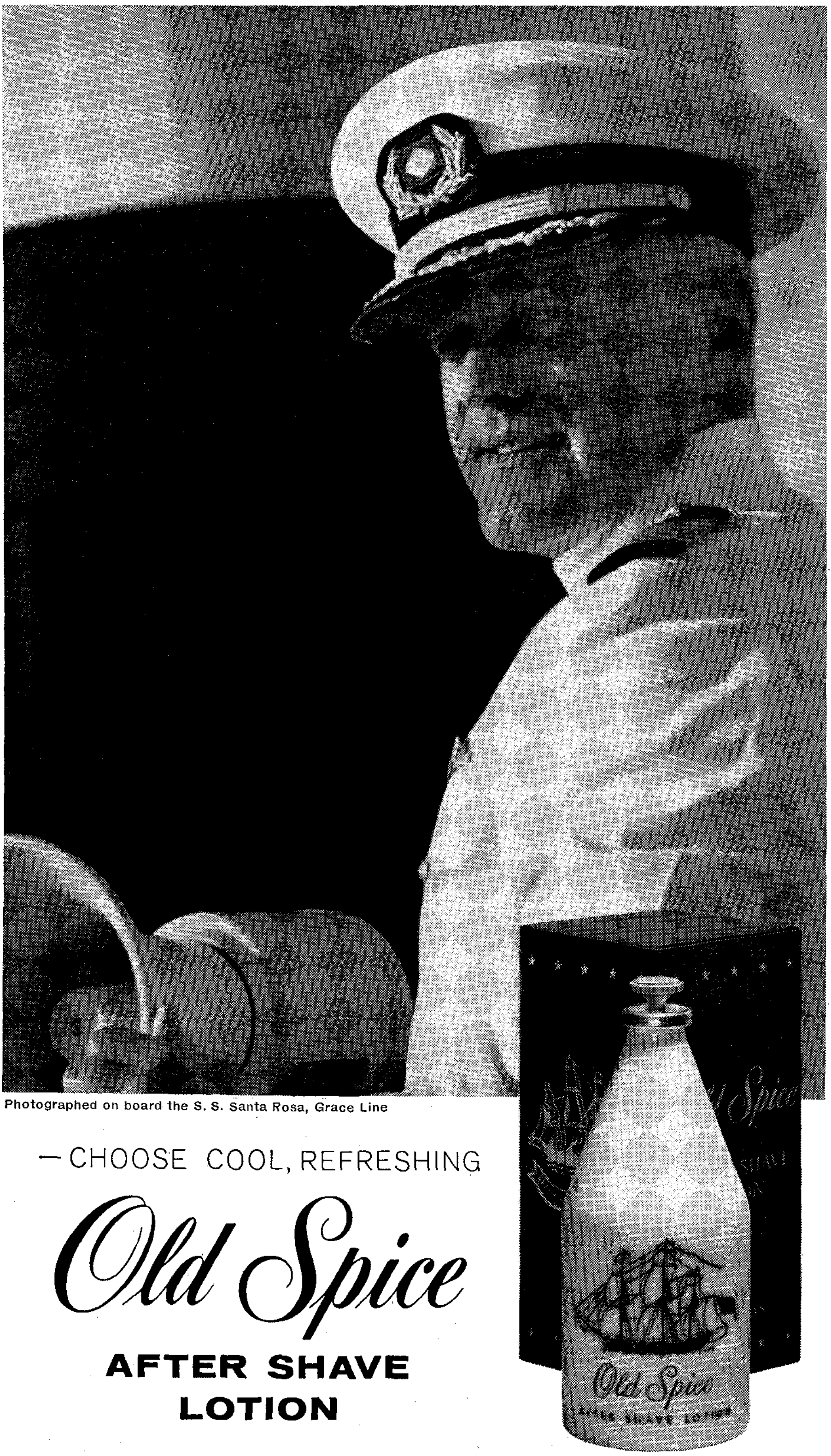

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cases, is an aggressive musician; Mrs. McPartland had given him a good deal of freedom to indulge his idiosyncrasies, and he changed jobs in order to have even more. As soon as he began working, the other members of the quartet—Norman Bates was playing the bass then—knew that things would never be the same again. Brubeck himself, though he was sometimes discomfited by a noisy drum fill in the midst of, say, a passage of counterpoint, was on the whole delighted; his thirst for polyrhythm, which he had announced so many years before in *Down Beat*, was at last being slaked, and he set about revising the quartet's book, which up to then had been almost exclusively designed to show off Desmond's saxophone and Brubeck's piano, so as to make room for Morello's drums. Bates, however, was not delighted, since he was accustomed to being the leader of the rhythm section, and neither was Morello's sponsor, Desmond, since he was accustomed to having almost absolute silence behind him when he went into a solo. For six months, bloody war was likely to rage onstage whenever the quartet played, with Brubeck doing his best to mediate between Morello, on the one hand, and Bates and Desmond, on the other. Morello would play some passage that Desmond considered to be in abominable taste, and Desmond would express his feelings by blowing a strident parody of it on the horn—and then become doubly incensed when the audience, as often happened, cheered the horn passage. Or else Morello, who is utterly unbending about the prerogative of a jazz group's rhythm section to guard a tempo once it has been set, would hear Bates accelerating to keep up with his leader—who, like many pianists, tends to play faster when he becomes excited—and would start kicking the bass drum furiously in what he considered the correct time, a procedure so noisy that it couldn't help bringing back the strays, and that won Morello the hatred of Bates. On one occasion, in what he now sees as a fairly infantile gesture of defiance, Morello took a drum solo at such an exaggeratedly fast tempo that Bates had to play in half time, Desmond simply walked off the stage, and even Brubeck's neck got red with fury; at the end of that concert Desmond strode over to Morello, said, "All right. I'll take a full-page ad in *Down Beat* saying I can't play fast. Will that satisfy you?," and strode away again. Things got so bad that for a time Morello insisted on setting up his drums on the opposite side of the piano from Bates,

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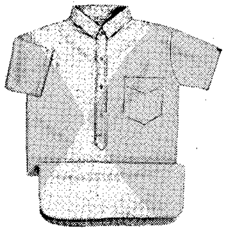

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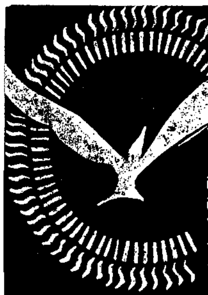

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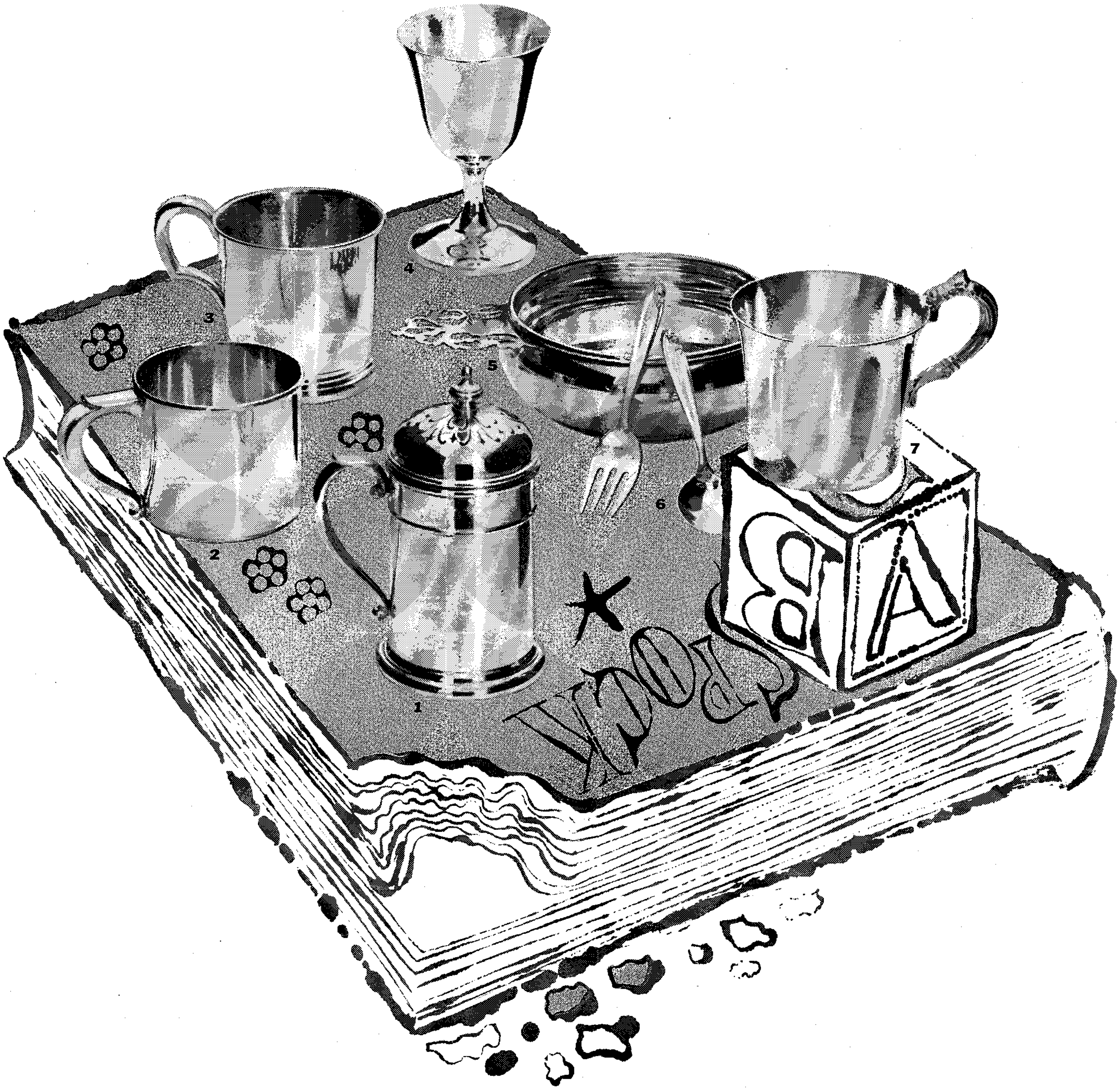

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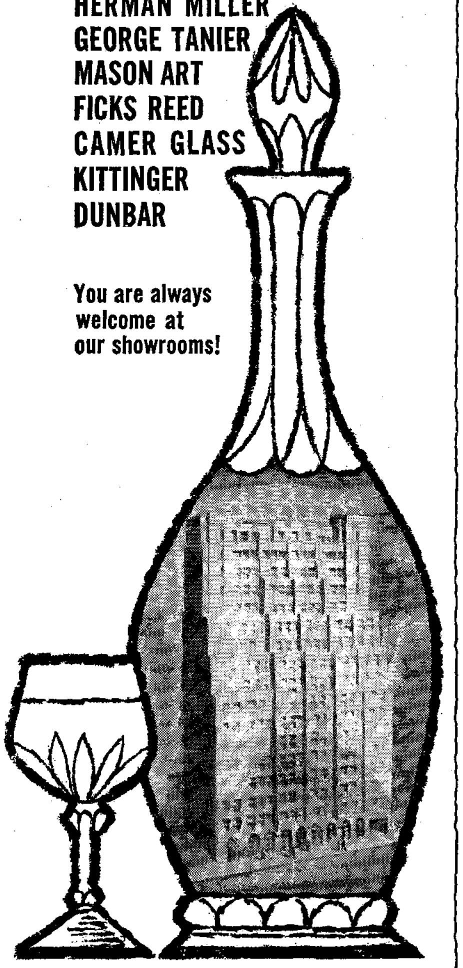

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so that he wouldn't hear the bass at all, while Desmond hardly ever played more than two or three choruses at a time, and only Brubeck, who had to try to play hard enough for four men, was on speaking terms with everyone else in the group. Even during this period, though, there were times when the innate musicianship of the four men overcame their rage; one of their most widely admired records, "Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A.," was made at the height of the troubles. It is a series of Brubeck compositions that includes a gaudy drum solo, "Sounds of the Loop," for Morello, and three or four lyrical tunes for Desmond to work with, and that ends with a solo piano number that is named, with an almost audible sigh, "Home at Last."

Finally, Brubeck won; the passage of time, the force of habit, half a dozen new numbers that gave Morello so many chances to exert himself that he felt he could afford to lie dormant (for him) through the rest of the repertory, and Bates's wife, who ordered *her* husband home, dissolved the strife. Nowadays, Morello is, as the P.-T.A. might put it, thoroughly integrated with the group. A couple of years ago, Desmond made a public admission that he considers Morello's improbable skills important to the quartet by composing "Take Five," a show-stopping number in five-four time that is virtually a saxophone-and-drums duet, and he has also gone as far as to concede that the beat the rhythm section has laid down since Wright succeeded Bates is the most stimulating one that the quartet has ever had. Morello and Wright get on splendidly, too. They see eye to eye about the crucial matter of tempo, and apparently they have a good many private jokes about what Desmond and Brubeck do, since they are forever whispering to each other and suppressing snorts of laughter during a concert. They customarily address one another as "section," as in: "I didn't know you could like ice-skate, section." "Sure, section, I told you that like last Thursday." (Desmond invented a piece of beat philosophy some time ago that he has been trying to work into a conversation ever since: "Like causes produce like effects, Dad.") As for Brubeck's relations with Morello—well, for ten years, with Desmond, Brubeck has had his polytonality; now, with Morello, he has his polyrhythm, too.

Getting polyrhythm where he wants it has left Brubeck face to face with one nagging old problem—how to be a good family man and the leader of a good jazz group simultaneously. Now and again, he has made tentative efforts to

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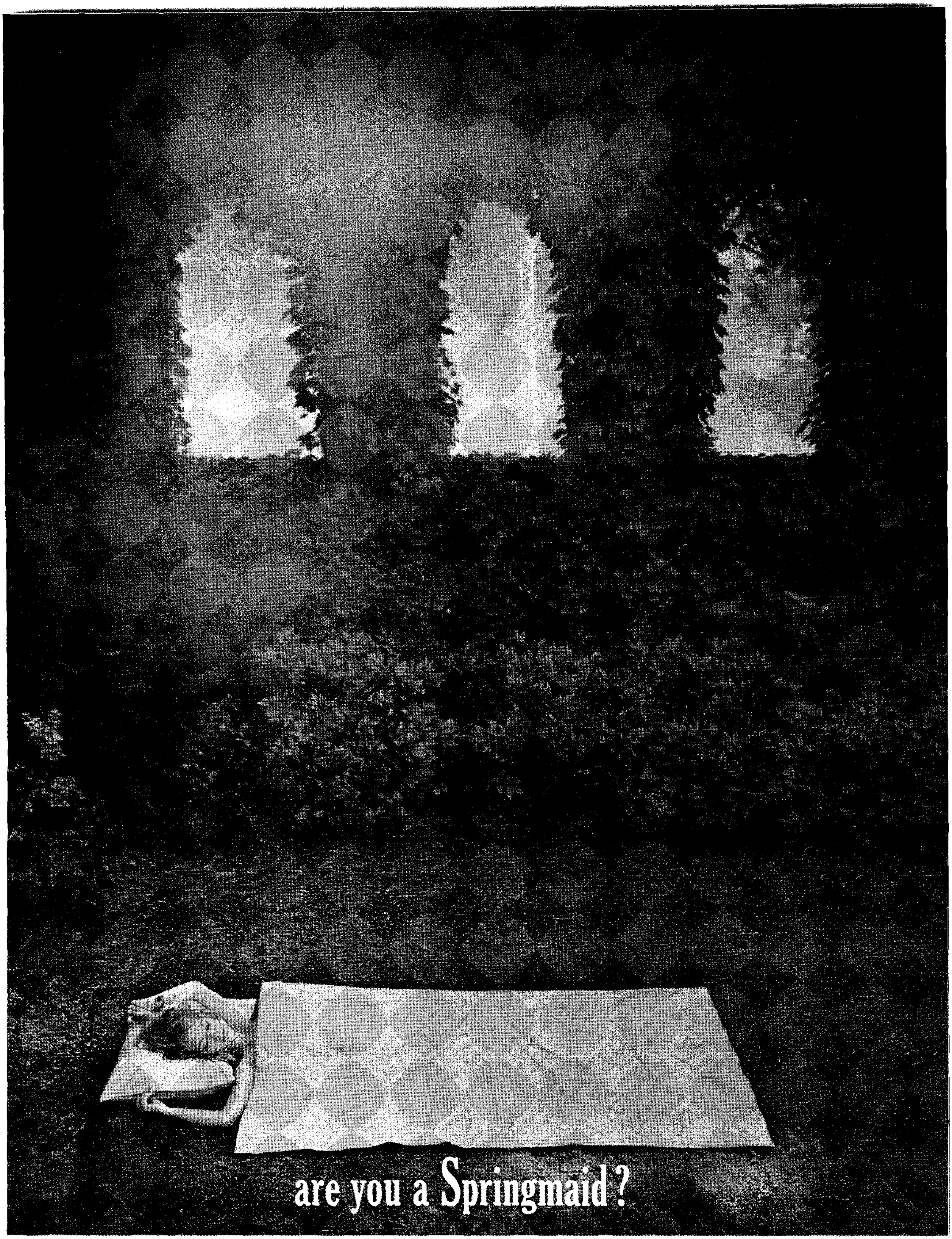

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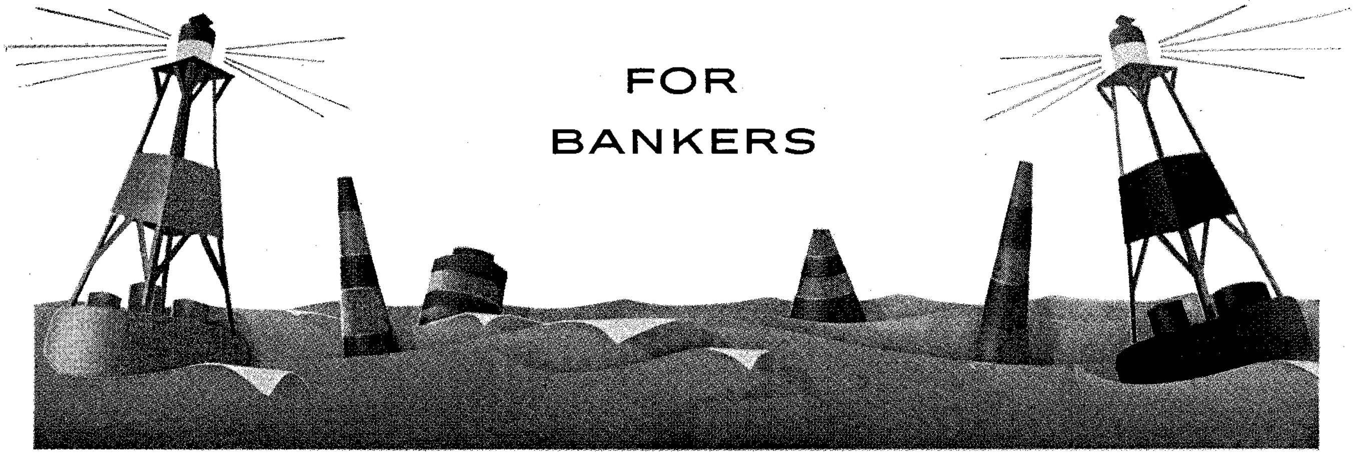

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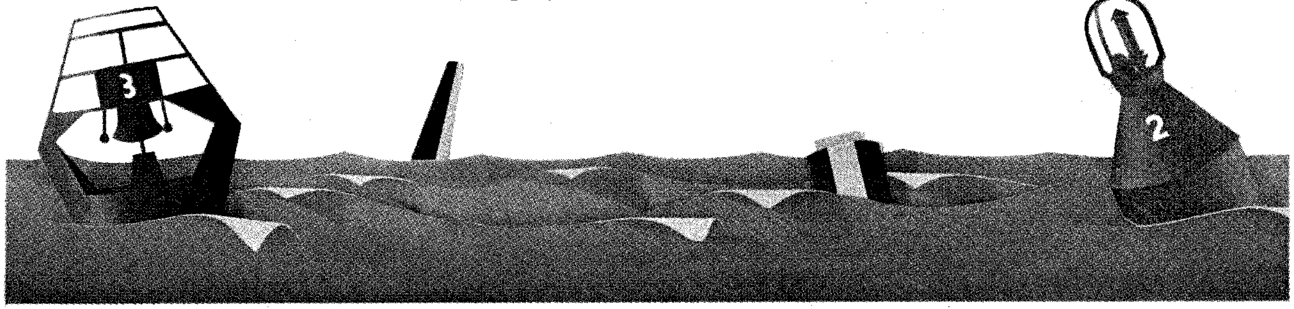

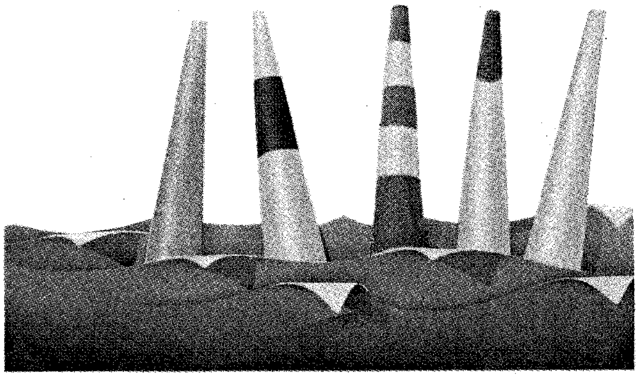

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liberate himself from a life of wandering, but they haven't perceptibly reduced his annual mileage. In recent years, for example, he has done quite a lot of composing, in order to build a name and a body of work for himself as a hedge against travel fatigue. A ballet he wrote, called "Points on Jazz," went into the repertory of the American Ballet Theatre this winter and was performed here a few weeks ago; he is now working on another one. He has on hand the complete score—or, rather, the two complete scores, since there are twenty-five songs to it—of a musical show for which Mrs. Brubeck wrote the book and lyrics, and he is tinkering with a second one of those, too. And recently he started work on an opera based on Gertrude Stein's story called "Melanctha." Most of what he has written, though, has gone into the quartet's repertory, and so his work, though it has provided the quartet with material made to measure for it and has provided him with a steadily increasing flow of royalties, has done little to get the show off the road. A year ago, he moved his family out of the Oakland house into a rented house in Wilton, Connecticut, in order to be closer to the quartet's work, which is mostly in the East, and, incidentally, to save the large sums he had been spending on airplane tickets whenever he had a few days off. The move was planned as a temporary measure, for he was sure that he would be able to disentangle himself sufficiently from the quartet in a year or two to move back to Oakland. A few weeks ago, though, he bought a lot in Wilton and is planning to build a house there—an indication that he has reconciled himself to being a travelling man for many years to come. The only successful preparations he has made for the quiet life have been psychological. Last winter, he devoted serious thought to his probable emotions if he stopped performing regularly in public, and he asked his wife to think about them, too. After they had weighed the issue, separately and together, for some time, they agreed that he doesn't have the kind of nature that needs nightly applause to sustain it. He had been afraid that he did have, and the consensus, though it isn't keeping him home any more than usual, eases his mind. —ROBERT RICE

•

Emil Jannings won the first movie Oscar for his performance in The Way of All Flesh.
in Minnesota.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

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THE THEATRE

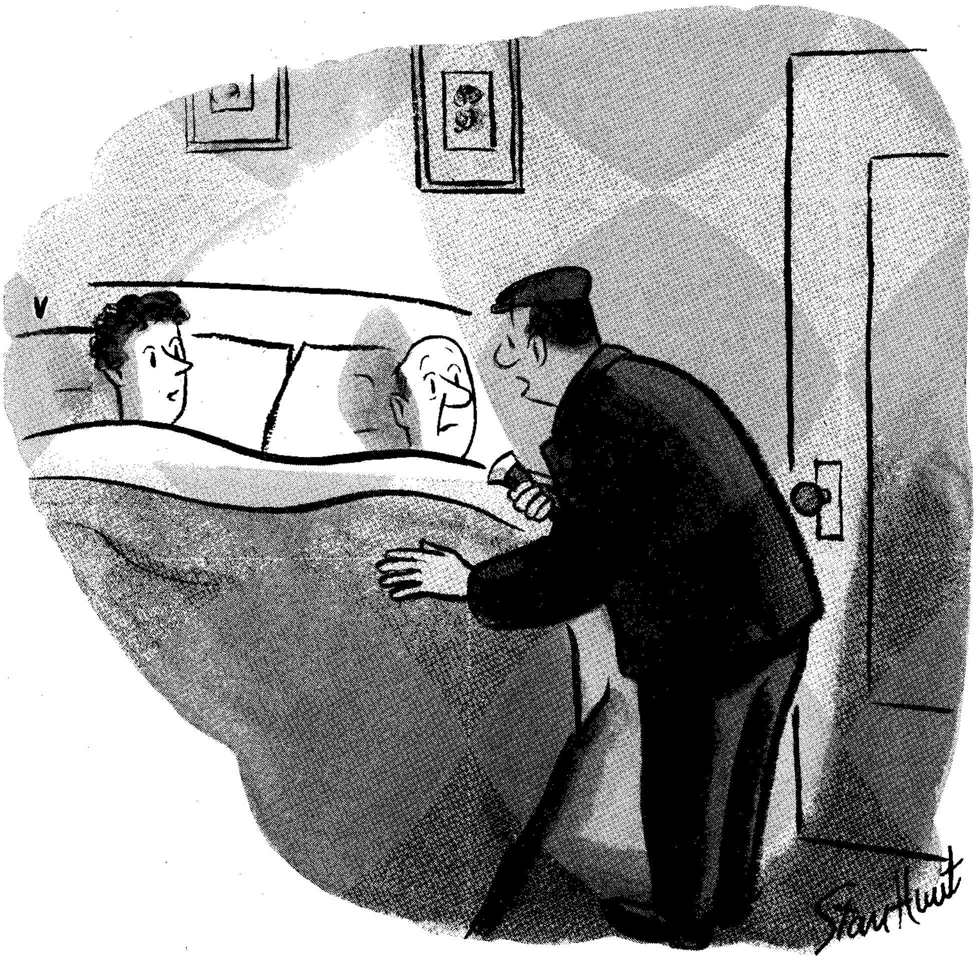
THE LADDIE'S NOT FOR BOILING

TOWARD the conclusion of "Mandingo," a novel of old times in Alabama (which, apparently, were pretty much like new times), a slave with better bloodlines than most of the residents of the area is put in a pot and boiled to death because he has had congress with the wife of his master. This scene, which was created by Kyle Onstott, author not only of "Mandingo" but also of "The Art of Breeding Better Dogs," has been eliminated in Jack Kirkland's adaptation of the Onstott masterwork, now on view at the Lyceum. But if Mr. Kirkland has been charitable in refusing to expose us to the simmering down of a fellow human being, he has not hesitated to follow the Onstott lead in presenting for our entertainment a full set of samples of incest, nymphomania, dipsomania, sadism, miscegenation, flagellation, homosexuality, and other deviations from the social norm. When he gets his characters into high gear, Mr. Kirkland establishes the fact that he, with the help of Onstott, can make other students of Southern decadence look like a passel of sissies.

The action of the play takes place in the environs of a town called Benson in the year 1832. On one of those old plantations, complete with mammy, that Al Jolson used to moan about, people of assorted complexions are paraded before us. Conspicuous among them is Old Marse Maxwell, who has got the rheumatiz so bad that he is trying to transfer it to a young colored boy by using the boy's belly as a hassock. Then, there is his gimp-legged son, fresh home with a wellborn bride, who, it develops, has been the mistress of her brother. There is also Old Mammy, who has shared Old Marse's bed; a lovely octoroon, who is the son's beloved; and a trio of Mandingos, mother, daughter, and son, who are being interbred to keep their strain free from any common taint. As things go along, we discover that Maxwell *père* don't plant taters and don't plant cotton. What he does is run a stud farm for producing slaves. He is doing quite a profitable business until Sonny comes home with his bride and starts complaining just because she has loved her brother not wisely but too well. Since the son won't share her quarters, the bride insists that the male Mandingo become her paramour. At this point, I think we'd better say the hell with the lunatic plot and get down to some remarks about the production.

As directed by Louis Macmillan, "Mandingo" is as agitated an affair as you've ever laid eyes on, and when, to wind things up, the male Mandingo is entered in a fight against a New Orleans battler, there ensues the damnedest rumpus I've ever seen on the stage. Among those trying to make sense of the drama are Franchot Tone, as Old Marse, whose Southern accent is laced with some Down East effects; Brooke Hayward, as Miss Nymphomania of Benson, 1832; Dennis Hopper, as the son; Georgia Burke, as Mammy; Rockne Tarkington, as the male Mandingo; and Duke Farley, as a slave dealer.

—JOHN McCARTEN



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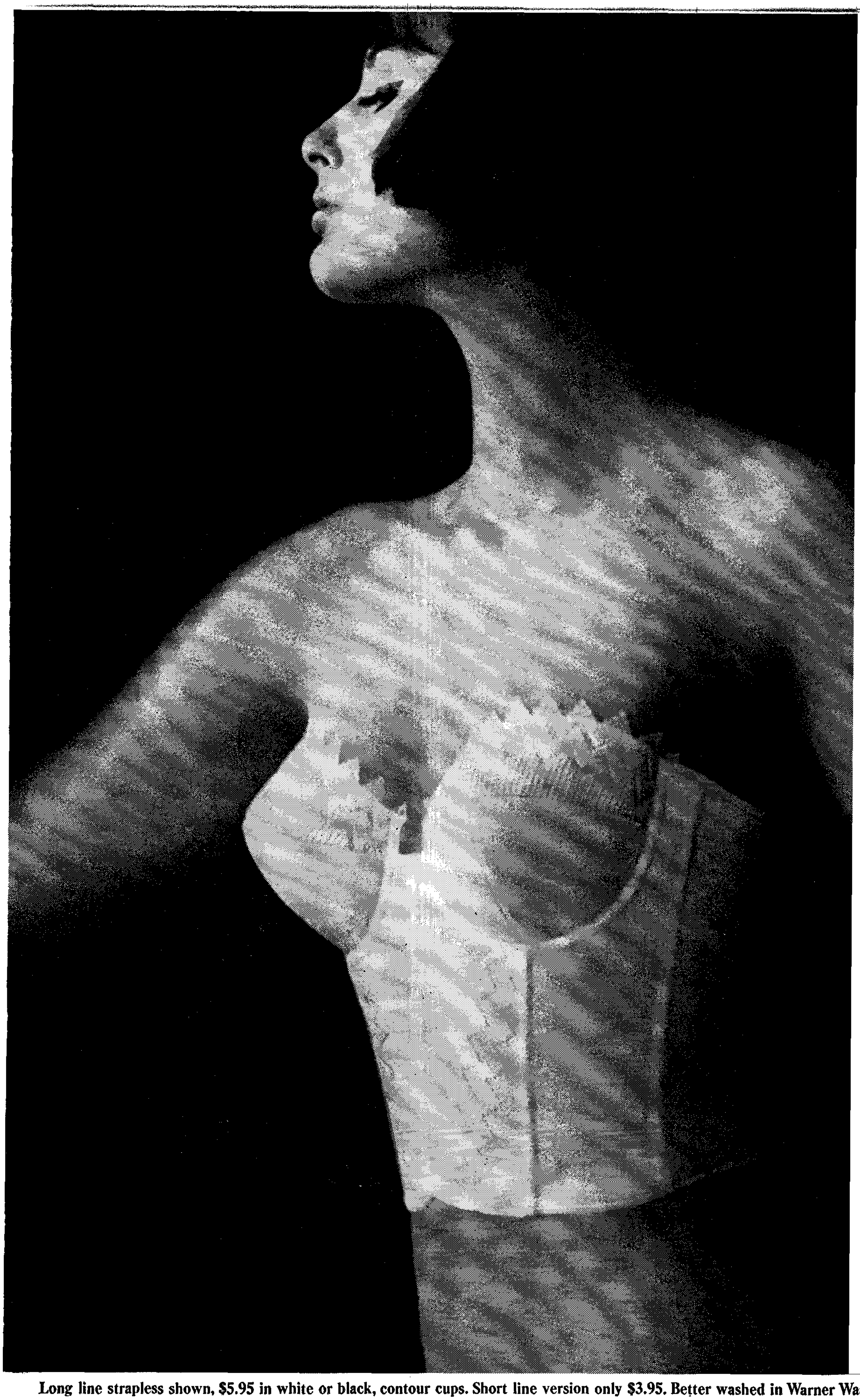

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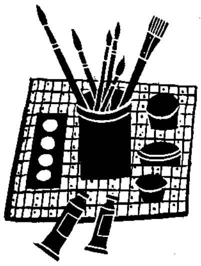
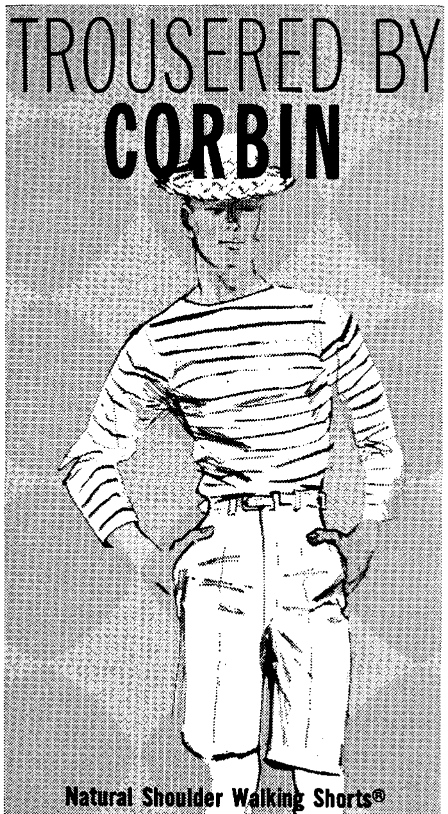
THE ART GALLERIES

Contemporaries



AFTER some two years of operation, the program of small travelling retrospective exhibitions of works by living American painters and sculptors, assembled by the American Federation of Arts under a Ford Foundation grant, is now nearing its end, unless it is fortunate enough to be given an extension. Eighteen artists have so far been surveyed, and the project has long since proved itself a truly invaluable scheme for getting really professionally organized exhibitions of contemporary art into regions that otherwise could not afford them. Like the new cars, the shows are compact (thirty-odd pieces is the average size) and low in cost (fifty dollars is the standard rental for schools, museums, and other qualified institutions), and if they are possibly a trifle too streamlined, they are on the whole efficiently designed to cover the ground assigned them. Till now, we had seen five of them hereabouts—four (on Lee Gatch, Milton Avery, Hugo Robus, and José de Creeft) at the Whitney, and one (on Jacob Lawrence) at the Brooklyn Museum. To these must now be added two more—both again at the Whitney (apparently the main distributor in the New York area)—in the form of a combined showing of constructions in welded metal by the Precisionist sculptor José de Rivera and paintings by the romantic semi-abstractionist Balcomb Greene. Despite the differences in style and in general point of view, and despite a few letdowns here and there, the two make a surprisingly good combination.

De Rivera, of course, has in recent years been specializing in what might be called single-line constructions, each made up of one continuous thin looping tube or rod of polished metal, and each so elegant and at the same time so apparently impromptu in its convolutions that it seems almost to have formed itself, just as a long-thonged whip, let's say, loops and spirals about itself as it is snapped out. I was hoping to find in the show some hint of how de Rivera had arrived at such a pure, precise, and yet seemingly effortless technique. I was a bit disappointed in this respect—largely, I think, because the exceptionally small size of the collection, together



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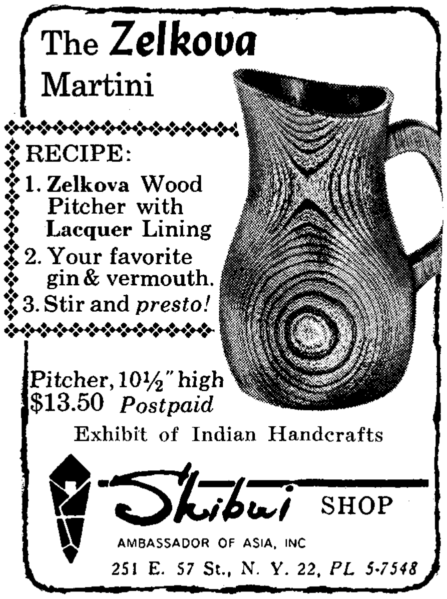

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with its fairly wide range chronologically, just about precludes any chance for that kind of detailed analysis. Still, one does get a few clues. Some twenty items are included, beginning with a group of three small sculptures done in 1930, when the artist was twenty-six years old (he was born in 1904, on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, and didn't take up art at all until 1928, when he was living in Chicago), and these, together with a couple of slightly later ones—most notably his "Flight" of 1938—give some hints of his beginnings. Indeed, one called "Owl" is, according to the catalogue introduction, the first sculpture he ever completed. Small, concise, and highly simplified (the whole chubby little figure seems machined from a solid cylinder of polished brass, with only three or four cutaway planes to delineate the features), it reveals him already working in the Cubist manner. "Bust," the second of the 1930 pieces, continues in the same tradition, with especial references to some of the early works of Archipenko, while the third—"Form Synthesis in Monel Metal," a study of a standing figure cut off just above the hips—is noteworthy for the way it manages to combine something of the suave elongations of Brancusi with at least a hint of the monumental severity of the Egyptians.

For all de Rivera's early bent toward the modernists, it was his discovery of the Egyptians, apparently, that originally attracted him to sculpture. It is interesting, too, to note that all his subjects were drawn from organic motifs at the start, and this continues through the "Flight" already mentioned. There are certain flaws in these beginning efforts. "Bust," for example, is a bit too sleekly *art nouveau* in manner, while the mingling of bird and airplane suggestions in "Flight" is a trifle heavy-handed, particularly in the treatment of the too long wings, and it is only in the smooth, subtly graduated flutings of the extended tail that one glimpses the absolute grace and authority of design that he was to achieve later on. As I said earlier, though, there are too many gaps in the mid-section of the collection to indicate how he reached such mastery.

The use of organic subject matter begins to disappear around the time of "Flight"—or, rather, its use is restricted to the inward-curving constructions in sheet metal, faintly flowerlike in feeling, that he was doing in the nineteen-forties, of which "Copper Construction," "Construction 'Blue and Black,'" and the sharper, spikier "Construction 17," in the current show, are typical. Otherwise, the rest of the collection is given

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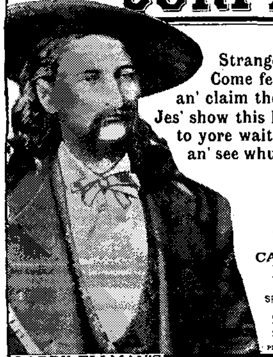

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over to what I've christened his single-line constructions, dated from the mid-nineteen-fifties to the present. There are more than a half dozen of these, a generous supply in view of the limited size of the show, and if they seem to have sprung full-formed into being, mysteriously out of context with the artist's earlier development, in a sense this reflects the innocent aptness of their design.

Some of the pieces move, turning slowly on one pinpoint of curved, gleaming surface; almost all are of stainless steel; and, basically, all are alike in formal pattern—loops and whorls of metal that look as unpremeditated in contour as if they had been flung in the air while molten and had frozen there. Yet I was struck by the diversity of mood they present. "Construction 66" has a lazy look about it, while "Construction 2" seems slightly menacing, with its rearing, snakelike entwinement; in "Construction 64," the most vivacious, an inner loop spins upward, gyroscope-like, inside an outer, enclosing form; and "Construction 5," my favorite of them all, seems positively to leap, like a dancer in midair.

I FOUND the Balcomb Greene section a trifle confusing, too, though not, in this case, for lack of material to go on. Here, no fewer than forty-four paintings and other works are on display, which makes it rather an outsize affair for the series, and the selection is well arranged for a consistent, consecutive coverage of the period surveyed. My difficulty lay in a basic inability to figure out just what direction the artist was going. The show starts with a series of small abstract collages, done in 1936-37, when Greene was barely in his thirties. (He was born the same year as de Rivera, 1904, in Niagara Falls.) These, it appears, were studies for paintings, but the paintings themselves were destroyed by a fire in the artist's studio, and the earliest canvases on exhibition—"The Ancient Form," "Composition" (No. 6 in the catalogue), "Monument to Light," and so on—were all done in the nineteen-forties. I must say I was attracted by these paintings. Severely, almost geometrically angular in style, and clean in color, they are crisp and authoritative in their design, and the few figurative references they contain are neatly related to their basically abstract approach. Thus, "The Ancient Form," gray in tonality, is apparently a celebration of the rectangle; "Composition," which is brighter in color, plays off pyramidal forms against rectangu-

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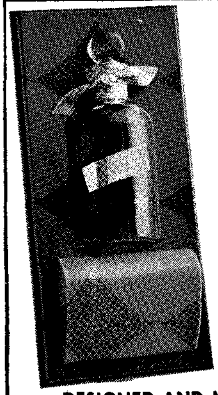

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lar forms and has a landscape spaciousness about it; and "Monument to Light," in which the dominant feature is a brilliantly yellow area proportioned like a tall, large-paned window, might be a studio interior.

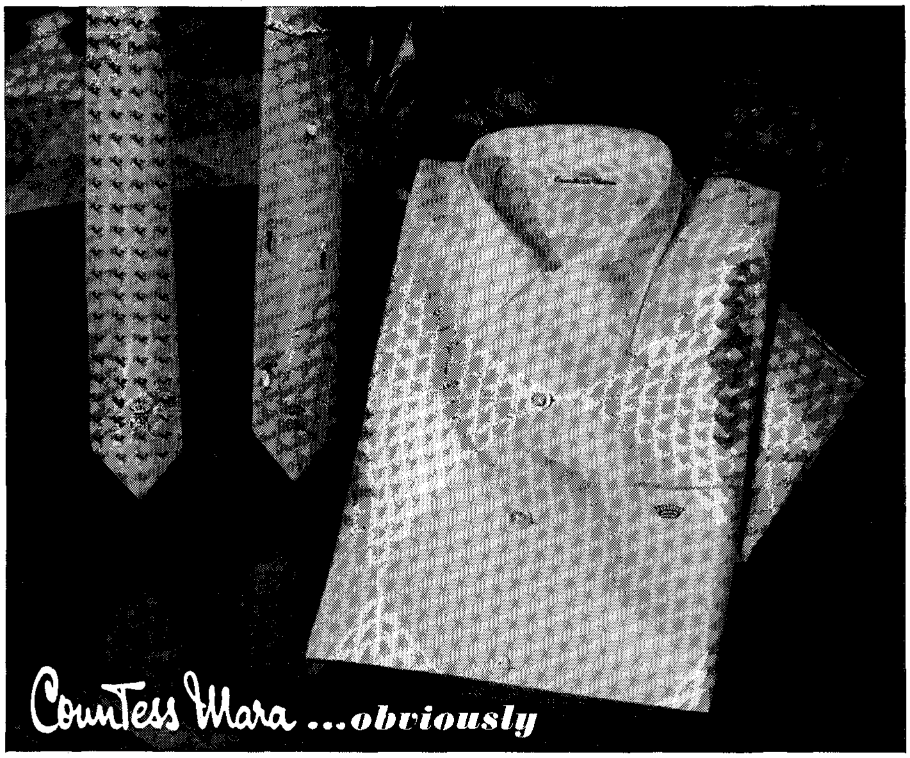
It would seem, though, that Greene became restless within the confines of this primarily geometric style, for these works are followed by a small group—"The Heirloom Man" and "Black Angels," for example—done only two or three years later, and though a few angular references can be found in some of these, the break with the past is, for the most part, complete, the attempt here being, so to speak, to fragment the image—shredding it, almost—in stray wisps and streamers of color. While all are done in oils, there are suggestions of collage, both in the "marbling" of some of the areas and in the uncompromisingly hard outlines throughout, and I found the work disjointed and oddly repellent texturally.

The main body of the show, however, is devoted to works of the past thirteen years or so, and these represent another complete change of direction. Outline vanishes, to be replaced by a curiously indistinct, tremulous treatment of the figure, which at times, indeed, is almost lost sight of, either in abrupt areas of shadow or, as if light-struck, in cloudy billowings of white. Color vanishes in favor of a gray monochrome, while the compositional approach has switched suddenly to an almost baroque exuberance. Clearly, in these Greene is obsessed with the effects of light and its refractions from the object, and there is no doubt that he has studied the problem deeply and honestly. What troubles me is the odd mixture of moods and methods embodied in the paintings. For all their romantic bravura, they are still fundamentally abstract in conception—in, for instance, the persistent subordination of subject to design—and the result, to me, is a curious hodgepodge; as, say, of Tiepolo overlaid with Abstract Expressionism. I liked only "Woman Dressing," which is tighter than most in structure; "Seated Figure," which has a kind of Roman stateliness about it; the compact "Woman and Man;" and the Homeresque study of surf and rock called "The Sea." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Cliff McCarthy, Santa Fe (N.M.) hotel magnate, is heading a syndicate to produce "Finnegans Wake," which has the same plot as "Ulysses."—*Hollywood Reporter.*

Boy meets girl?



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THE ABORIGINES

WHEN I landed at Dum-Dum Airdrome, in Calcutta, in the ochre dust of a spring evening, I was returning to Vincent and to home, though it was to a home I had never seen. This wasn't the first time that had happened, for we are a peripatetic couple. While I had been away, Vincent, who is an engineer, had got a temporary job in an iron mine near a village in the province of Orissa, about two hundred miles to the south. Vincent was at the airport to meet me, and the first thing he told me was that we would have to extricate from Calcutta's four million people not only ourselves but one other person—a cook. The week before, Vincent's old cook, Krishnan, who came from southern India and cooked very well, had run away with a woman from the aborigine village near the mine, and with Vincent's gold Omega watch and a bottle of whiskey. The police had come and shaken their heads and taken notes. Later, they had found the woman, but she did not know where Krishnan had gone; beyond being taken to a film and being given toddy to drink, she had not received anything for letting Krishnan use her body one night through. And she had been beaten by her own man later.

Vincent knew how to accomplish things in Calcutta, and the day after I arrived we got our new cook—Abbas, thin and sad-looking, with a ravaged face arranged in wild pleats around brilliant black eyes. His left hand was crippled with rheumatism. He looked hungry and tired, but that was merely the habit of a lifetime. We thought he was nice.

That evening, after Abbas had collected his earthly goods—a small bundle, and a blanket, which he wrapped around his shoulders, and an Army-issue khaki scarf, which he wound around his head—the three of us set out for Orissa. At the railway station, a clamor of porters surrounded us, wrestling for our luggage with quick but deliberately unforceful motions, in the solidarity of the poor. After a time, the chosen arranged themselves in Indian file (Indians seem to walk always separately, one after another, even when there is ample space, so that I forget that red Indians originated the word picture, and think of it as plain Indian), each with a suitcase balanced on a red scarf that he had arranged in a protective soft hoop around his skull. Vincent led, and Abbas and I followed, threading safari through the jungly tumult of moving bodies, through the iron gates and onto the platform, where the train waited, with its blind air-conditioned cars and its open third-class coaches asprawl with people.

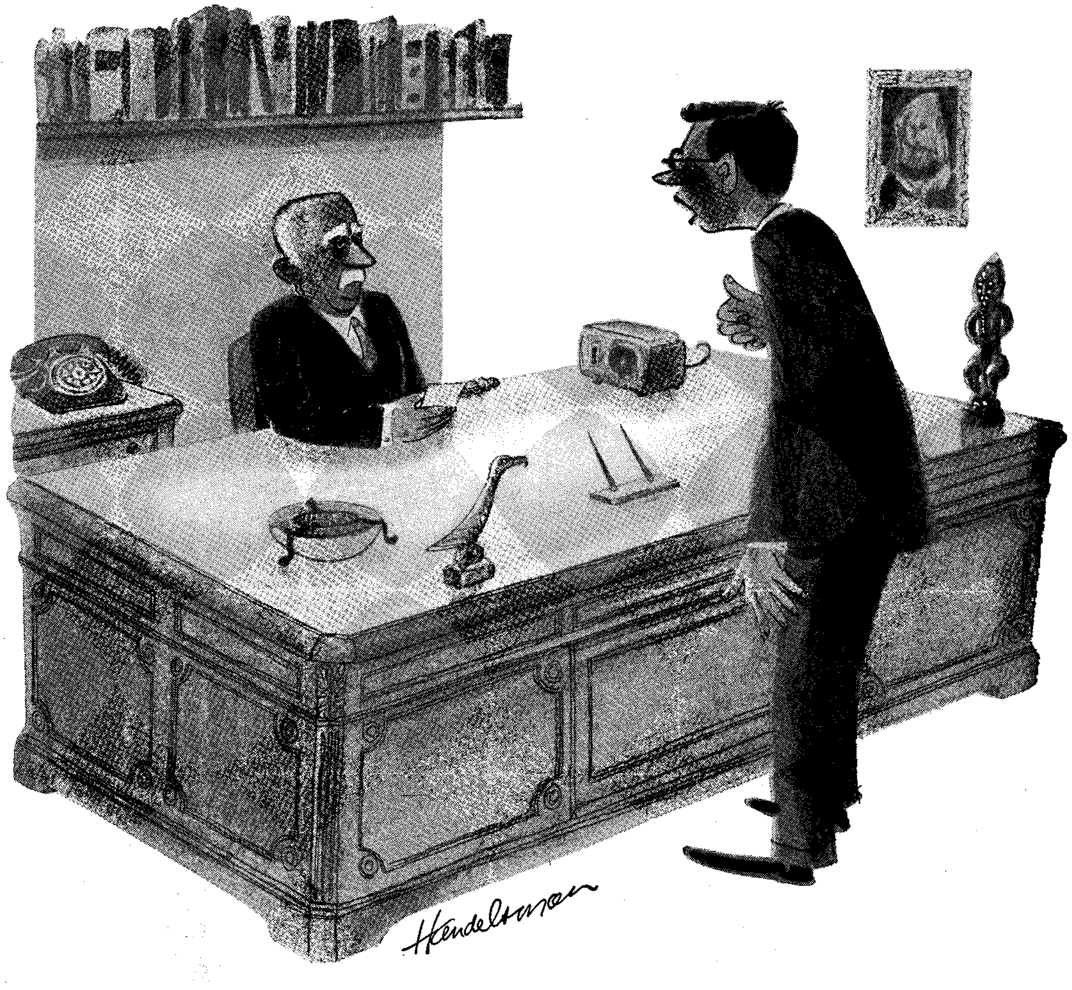
A train official came in diffidently for a small bribe. "We have kept the compartment, sar. I myself personally saw to it. I have eight children."

A wisp of crumpled rupees passed from Vincent's hand to his.

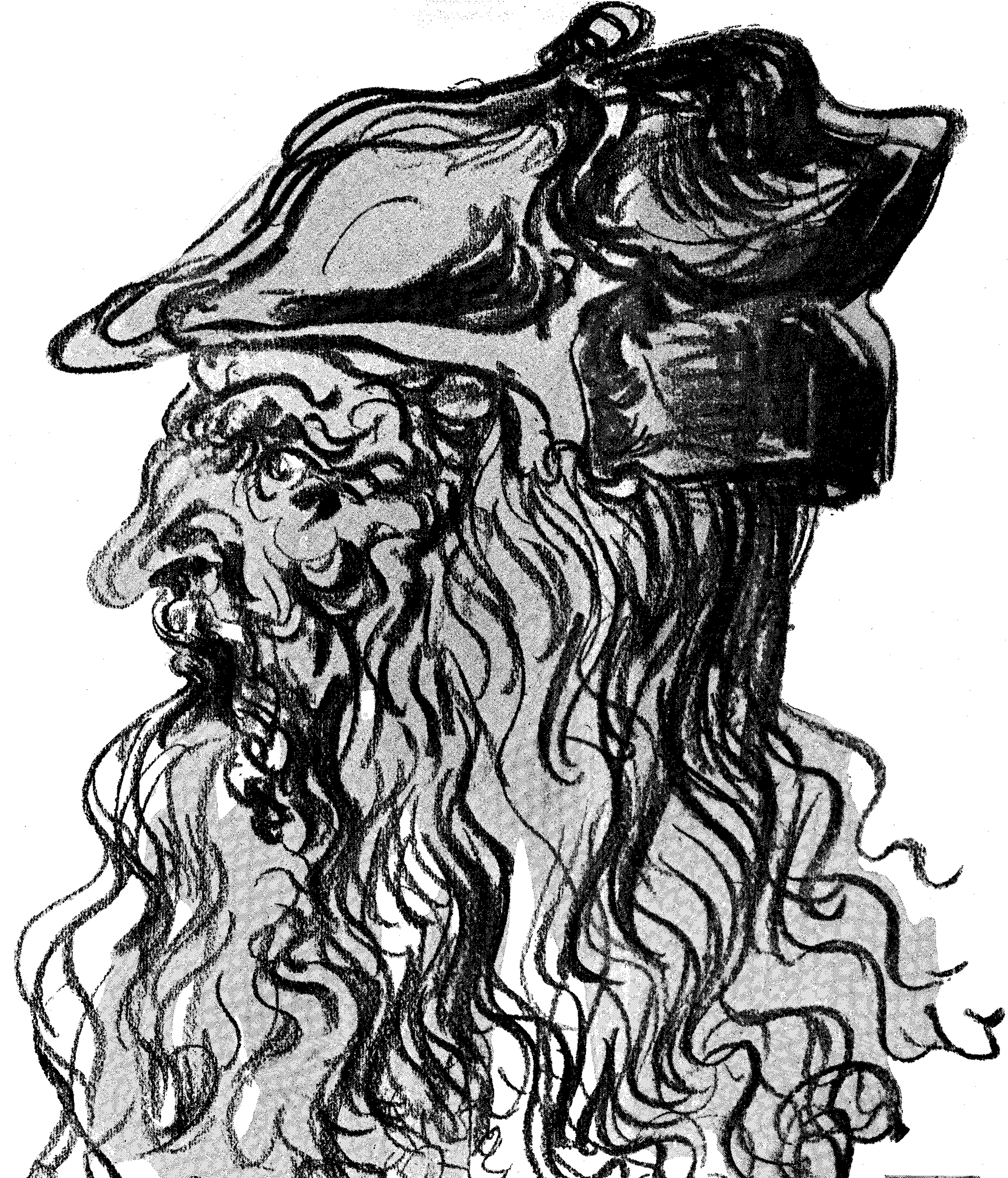
At six in the morning, the train stopped, and, bending out of the coach's sliding door, I saw Abbas, with his bundle, on the platform. This was Tatanagar, a steel town north of Pamposh, the village where we would stay, and the rest of the trip was to be made by jeep. Of course, the jeep was not ready; it was being repaired, so all that day, while Abbas and the luggage waited at the station, Vincent and I ambled about Tatanagar, with its bunched blast-furnace chimneys spouting nasturtium smoke. There was a place where ice cream could be had. It wore a proud sign across the door: "Foreign Liquor Is Sold Here Off and On." We got iced coffee with floating curds of milk that never dissolved. Later, we went to the market and bought bitter gourds and breadfruit, calabashes and jackfruit, bananas and new potatoes and cabbage, two kinds of spinach and some tomatoes and peas and papayas, tamarind and saffron, and brinjals and ladyfingers, tangerines and chili peppers, and small fresh limes. And finally we picked up the jeep and drove to the station.

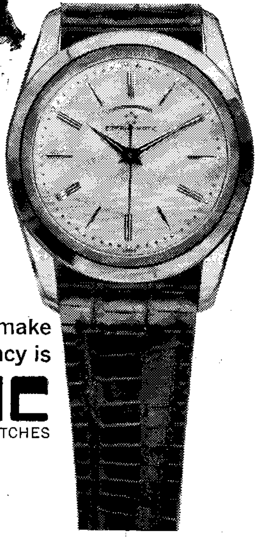
Abbas looked much better. He had had a bath and been shaved, for two annas, and he had prayed (being, like most cooks who work for foreigners, a Moslem), rolled his blanket, and acquired authority over our luggage, having spent all those hours in its company, so that it was he who now ordered the bearers to heave the suitcases onto the jeep, and he who peremptorily arranged them. Then he sat atop the most solid, holding on his knees the large basket of vegetables we had bought.

We fled through the dusk, the half-light tiring our eyes with deceptive am-



"Oh, but you can't fire me! You're my father image!"





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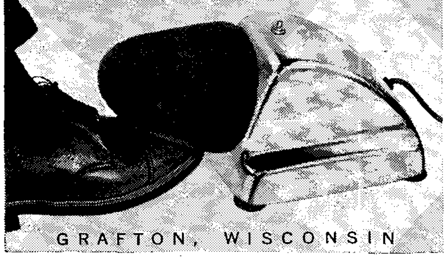

GRAFTON, WISCONSIN

ber shadows. Handfuls of people were returning to the villages strewn along the road, the women, with auburn clay jars upon their heads, scattered as sparrows and heedless of our jeep. Night came, and we stopped at a wayside Moslem inn with Rembrandt lighting effects and a strong smell of the local sour beer. After a meal, we took a rough dirt road with unavoidable potholes and a smell of dust, and at length reached a cluster of huts at the foot of the iron mountains.

"We're home," said Vincent.

Home was a variation of the Nissen hut, twenty feet by sixteen, with a rounded aluminum roof that expanded in the heat of the day and contracted at night, with borborygmic noises. To allow for these thermal motions, the roof was separated from the walls by wire netting, through which seeped incessantly a fine red dust—iron-oxide dust—settling upon and gritting its particles into everything at all hours of the day and night, but especially around noon, when the wind rushed down into the valley from the iron mountains around us, bringing on its billows a rustle of leaves like sudden autumn. The huts had been designed by an Englishman who had seen their counterparts in a sheltered valley somewhere in a lush tropical land. Partitions of concrete, five feet eight inches high, divided our shack into cubicles—a bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen, a living room. Complete unprivacy was the main feature of the habitation, but it was home, full of dust and happiness, and from the start Abbas was in masterly command of the kitchen, producing Indian food and, now and then, cheese on toast or *crème au caramel* for me. There was no pork and, of course, in the land of the sacred cow, no beef, so we ate goat most of the time, salted fish occasionally, and chicken when there was no goat or fish.

"Abbas is a nice chap," Vincent said one day. "I hope he doesn't make a pass at any of the aborigine women."

He warned Abbas, who blushed and grinned and said the equivalent of "I'm too old for that sort of thing."

"That's what Krishnan said, too," replied Vincent. "And if he hadn't run away, I guess he'd have had an arrow through him by now."

Besides Abbas, we had a water boy and a sweeper, both aborigines. They cleaned the hut with docile lack of conviction. The water boy was sturdy; the sweeper was thin, and coughed, and wrapped a thin pink blanket around himself in the sharp, cold mornings. There was little to do, but their service

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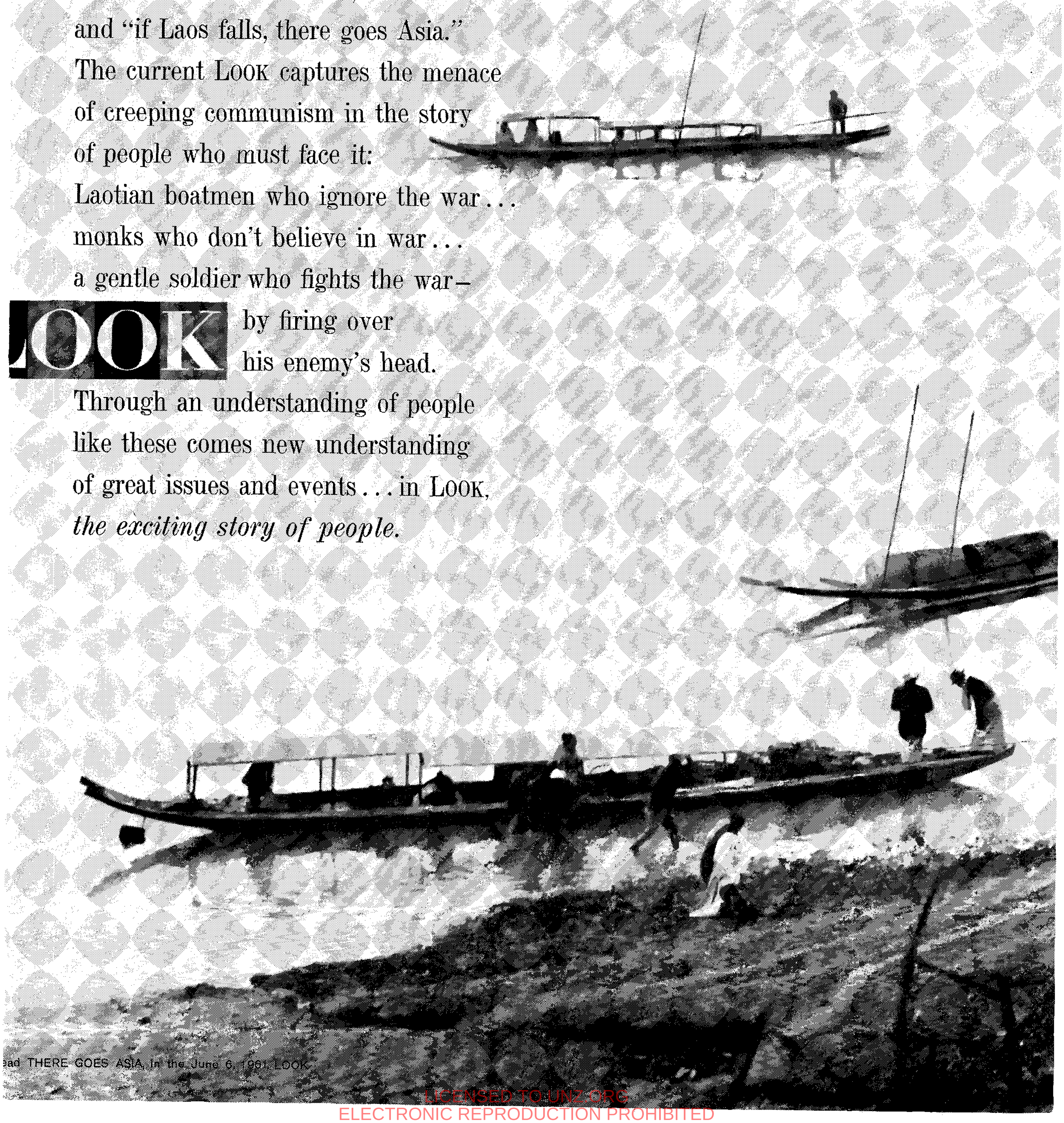

ead THERE GOES ASIA in the June 6, 1961 LOOK

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1957: Gallant Man
1959: Sword Dancer
See their pictures on page 18

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required them to be on hand to do whatever was needed. I was irritated by this wholesale waste of manpower and work hours—three able-bodied men hanging around a small hut all day merely to pour water for baths, clean the floor and the furniture, cook three meals, and empty the commodes—but that is the way things were done, and as a transient I didn't feel I could challenge the old order. Then, there was a dhobi, to wash the clothes, and a dog boy, who came in every evening to take our dog for a walk.

We had neighbors—a couple called the Farringtons and a couple called the Teviots, both English. They lived in huts like ours. The Teviots were genuine English from England. Mrs. Teviot, who read the *Observer* and the *Economist*, was obsessed by the red dust that fell, seeped, and even slid into her closed suitcases, and she boiled all the water for washing the dishes and pots and pans. The Teviots had built a special stove outside the kitchen that boiled water all day, and it smoked, and the smoke drifted, with the red dust, into our hut. In spite of the stove, the Teviots both got dysentery off and on, and that, to the rest of us, was proof they were genuine English. I myself had a bout and was ashamed of this weakness, but, being "local," I recovered after a couple of days; the Teviots kept taking antibiotics, and finally came down with a vitamin deficiency. Mrs. Teviot was very charming and sweet, and we got on quite well, talking about England.

The Farringtons were old India hands, and their conversation was mostly reminiscences of the old days. Mrs. Farrington was worried about her weight (she was stout, on thin legs), and occasionally she mentioned going home, though she said she was happy only in India. She had acquired a few British-Indian (or Brindian, as people say in India) ways of speech; she said about sherry that it was "too heaty" for her. Mrs. Teviot believed in carrying on with a smile, but Mrs. Farrington believed in blowing up when necessary. Still, Mrs. Farrington was very kind, and she bravely grew a garden in the midst of all the dust. She never had servant trouble, and her cook, Sethi, who wore gold rings in both his ears and had a beautiful mustache, was a marvellous cook, and always dressed in resplendent whites, with a gold-and-purple sash and headdress, as if he were the High Commissioner's butler.

ON the slope above us were the mines, and round about us were the servants' houses and the homes of

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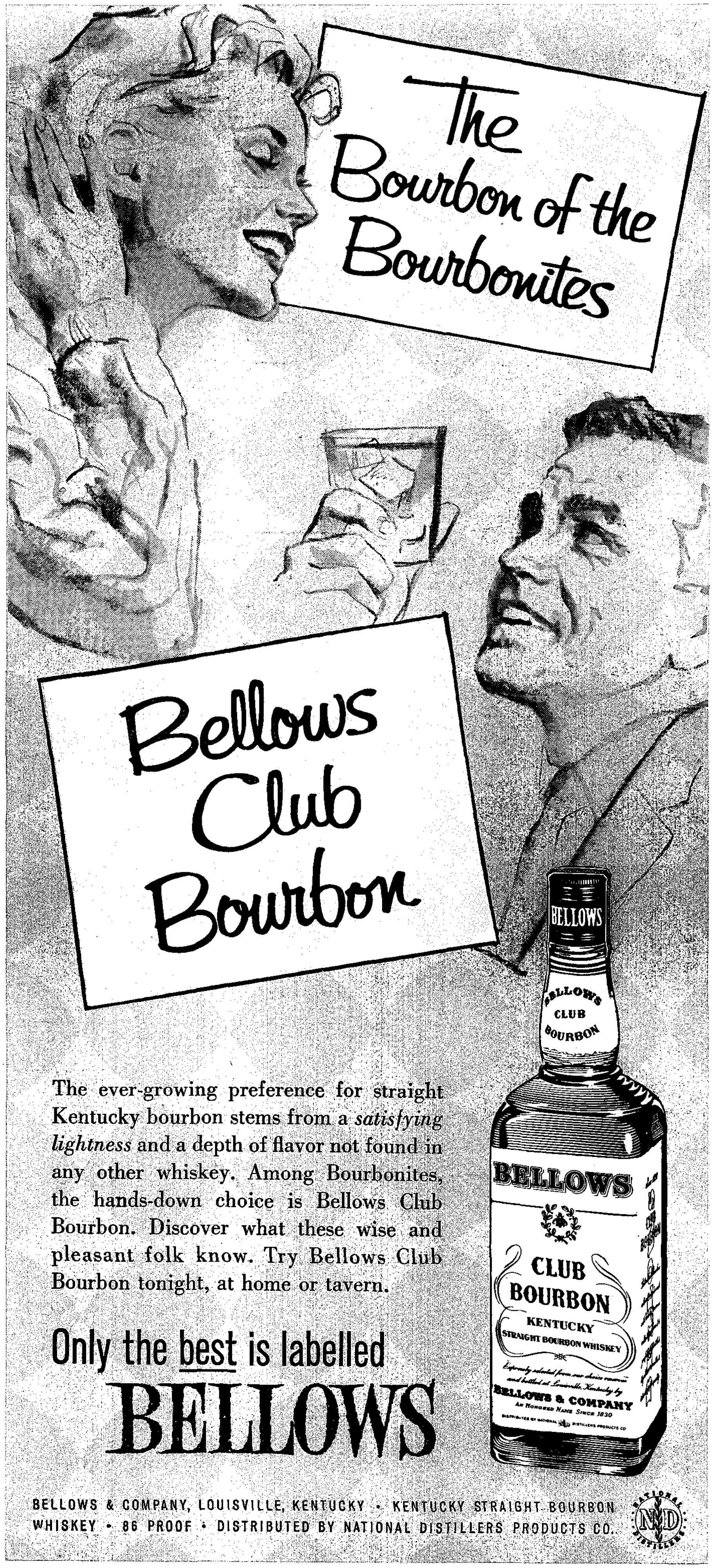
some Indian families, and half a mile below us was the aborigine village—thirty to forty huts of plastered mud and leafy branches thonged together with straw ropes. The aborigines are dark and quiet, with curly hair, and quiet eyes moving as do the eyes of deer. They belong to the Adivasi tribes, who live among the iron mountains of Orissa, but they go by many names, being also called Mahathos and Huths. The Adivasis are descendants of the people who lived in Orissa before the Aryan invasion from the north, over three thousand years ago, and their tribes have been gradually pushed into the least fertile places. Now they are nominally protected by the Indian government from the rapacity of the more sophisticated peoples around them. The valley fields are theirs, and they are not allowed to sell land without the permission of the government authorities, who side with the aborigines whenever it is possible. No outside unskilled labor may be introduced into these valleys; only the Adivasis are allowed to work here, so that they may not be displaced into worse poverty. But in spite of all this they are becoming steadily poorer, in the real sense of approaching total insecurity. For they are now employed to mine the iron ore in the opencast mines—owned by a private mining company and staffed at the top levels by English and Indian managers and engineers—and have given up tilling fields. The pay is extremely low—the equivalent of seventeen cents a day for a woman and twenty-four cents a day for a man—and as more and more land (not their own small fields but the unused mountains and valleys) is shorn of trees and turned into bare red earth by the mines, they are getting hemmed in and their fields are being smothered with red dust. They have to buy food, and although the price of food is going up all the time, their wages are the same as five years ago. And even with the government watching over them, there are many ways to cheat an aborigine, for there are still many things that he does not know. He is learning, not as slowly as some people imagine, but stumblingly, for, like all people, he is making his own mistakes.

The aborigine is darker than the Aryan Indian, of the north; he is more like the Tamil and Malayalee, of the south. His skin is reddish brown with a blue glint; as if the iron oxide of his land had been turned by alchemy into fine steel, his body glitters blue in the sun. Both the men and the women are stunted, possibly owing to malnutrition. The men, in loincloths and sometimes



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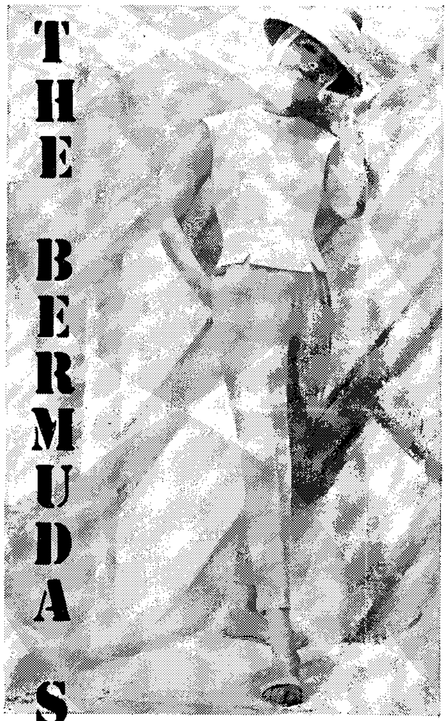

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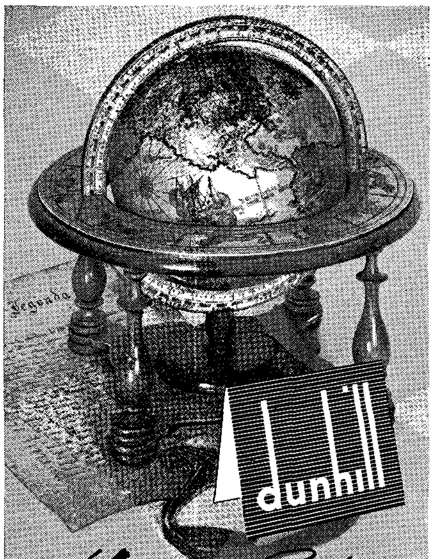
with blankets on their shoulders, go about carrying spears or bows and arrows in their hands. The women wear only a sari, with no choli to cover their breasts, and they twist the garment differently from the Indians elsewhere—tight around the waist, with the red border of the homespun right under the buttocks and a layer lower down, ending at the calf, and one fold brought forward over the breasts. The women's breasts are usually full and upstanding and singularly large for their small bones, perhaps because they are always carrying things on their heads—jars, bundles, kerosene tins full of water, large baskets. Their babies they carry riding on one hip. They are much freer than Indian women; they divorce and remarry easily, and they walk hand in hand with their lovers—something that is seen elsewhere in India only among the very sophisticated and the Western-educated, and even then is considered "fast." The aborigines are animists, though their old backlog of plant-and-animal worship has an overlay of Siva Hinduism. The men drink hard—they brew their own rice beer, a muddy white liquid—and both the men and the women dance. They have communal dances—a whole village, or even two or three villages, assembling in an open space to the sound of drums, and dancing for hours or days, until everybody is tired out.

EVERY morning, Vincent got into the jeep and went to the deep gashes of the iron mines, eight miles from where we stayed. Sometimes I went with him. The valley was very dusty; the new roads pounded out by bulldozers and the trenches of the railway lines gouged out of the red earth were shedding and spilling and smoking red iron dust over everything at the least lift of air. Many trees had been felled, and the ones remaining along the roads were brown red with mud and clotted dust raised by the passage of trucks and jeeps. The opencast mines were immense red gashes lying low among the hills, some of which were three thousand feet high, with bulldozer tracks coursing up their sides. It was a ravaged landscape, to be fled, and one could flee it by getting high enough above it among the remaining forests on top of the hills. But one day, fifty years from now, all the heights will have gone, leaving only immense areas of slag and dust, for the mountains are full of iron. Here and there were the patchwork fields and villages of the Adivasis, but since most of the able-bodied worked in the mines or on the railway, there were only old men



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and old women and young children about the huts.

At the mines, the men pickaxed the soil; the women filled baskets with the lumps of ore, walked over to large sieves standing here and there, sifted the rubble, filled the baskets again, and, in steady single file, with the full baskets upon their heads balanced by their swinging gait (the narrow or broad hips going up and down evenly), bore them to the cars of the small train that ran down the line. The women did most of the work—collecting, walking, and carrying. There were nearly twice as many women as men working in the mines; they put in the same hours as the men and expended more muscular energy, yet classically they got less pay. There was about them—men and women alike—gentleness and docility, patent in every movement, smile, and gesture. They caressed what they handled, brushed and swept with delicate tenderness, laid their feet dreamily on soil or grass.

Arjun Matho, the village headman, came to call at our shack one evening. He came softly—an ugly man with seamy features, eyes unevenly set and bloodshot from too much local beer, and the most hideous smile I've ever seen, black, crumbly, decayed teeth jutting toward us from a mouth whose thick lips could never meet. He wore a blanket on his shoulders, a pair of frayed khaki trousers, and laceless black Army boots, which he removed as he entered our house. He extended his right hand and arm in front of him as he came, as if cleaving the air for his body to follow. Thus he protected himself from the pollution of our shadows and our touch, made for himself a passageway of clean air through our room.

Vincent sprang up and tried to give him a seat, but Matho would not sit, though he accepted a full glass of Scotch whiskey without soda and tossed it down in one gulp. He had come to ask us to a dance. His village was giving a dance in honor of the Lord Siva. The invitations, typed on slips of paper by an obliging Indian clerk in the mine office, read:

> Arjun Matho and his Adivasi village require the honour of the presence of —— at their dance in honour of the Lord Siva at 7 P.M. on this tonight.

Later in the evening, we went down to the village with the Teviots.

"I do hope the Hawthorns have also been asked," Mr. Teviot said.

Mr. Hawthorn was the administrator of the local office of the mining company at Nalda, ten miles away. (The head office was in Calcutta.) I knew that

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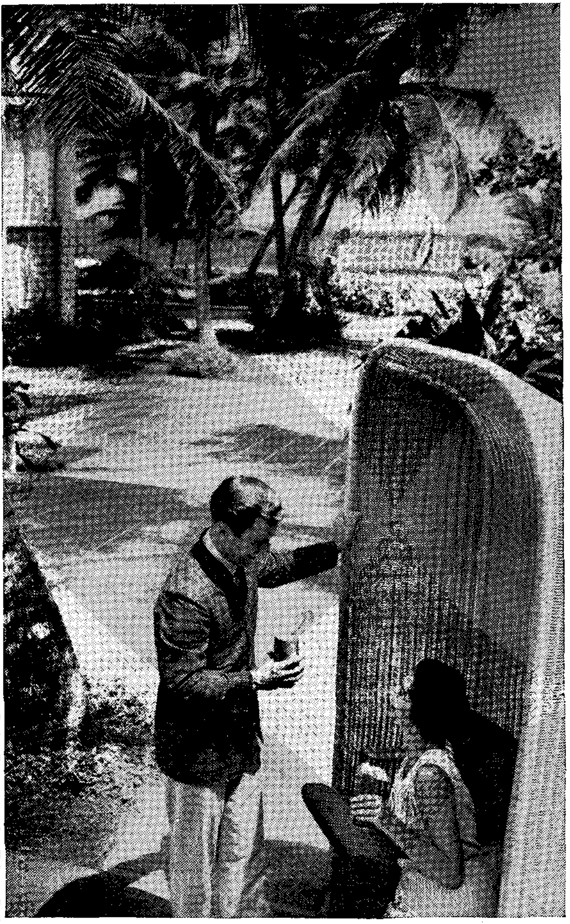

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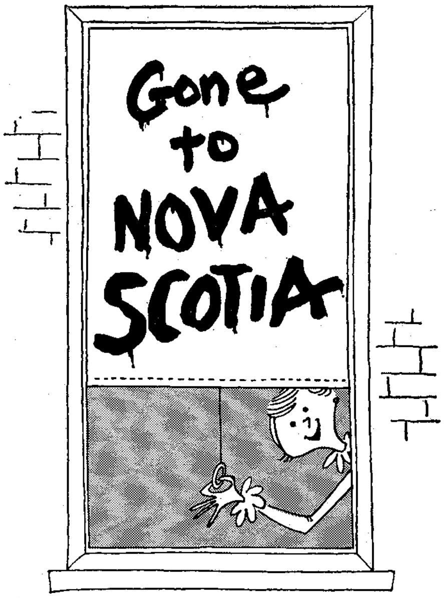

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there had been "some trouble" with the aborigines, and that Mr. Hawthorn was not popular at the moment. What the trouble was I would have to find out for myself. Vincent would not tell me. "If I tell you, you'll feel there's no investigating for you to do and you'll get bored," he said.

The Hawthorns were there, standing on the edge of the flat, dusty threshing ground. Two arc lights were suspended from an electric cable that had been hooked up for the occasion to one of the mining company's shacks; ordinarily, the aborigine villages had no electricity. Silver-gray powder rose under the desultory feet of groups of girls with their arms clasped around one another's waist; they were trying out their dancing feet with tentative hopping and gliding steps. In the night, the dust smelled strongly acid and made us cough.

Arjun Matho came to salute us, and led us to an enclosure made of boughs hewn smooth and straight, and containing a table on which bottles of beer and glasses stood. It was for us, the British and the Indian administrative staff of the mines.

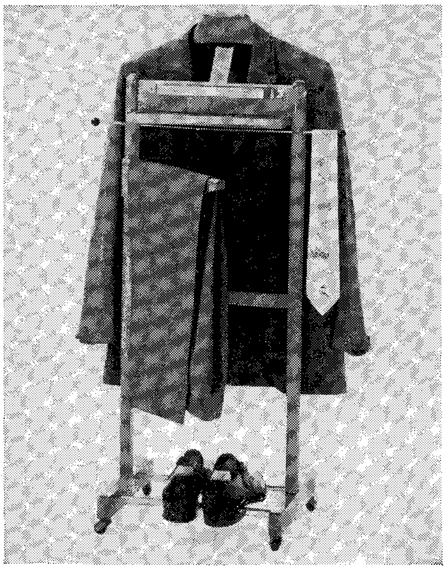
"For us, the untouchables," said Vincent gaily.

Matho gangled forward to Vincent to say that it was too early—the drummers were not yet ready to thump the drums. And it was so; the air was still inactive, the ferment of the dance absent.

"Come have a drink with us," said the Teviots, and we all—they, the Hawthorns, Vincent, and I—went back to their hut. Mrs. Teviot kept bunches of peacock feathers in pewter and silver vases, which gave the living room an odd Victorian look.

We sat around and had drinks—gin and fresh lemon—made by Mrs. Teviot and served in small pewter goblets by her bearer. Her cook was sick, not with dysentery but with tuberculosis. He hadn't felt well, and the doctor, suspecting appendicitis, had had him removed by jeep to the nearest hospital, ninety miles away; there it had turned out to be tuberculosis.

Soon the Teviots would have to go to Calcutta to find a cook, and Vincent told them how to go about it. I praised Abbas, thinking Mrs. Teviot might want a cook of his sort, but she was dubious. Upon questioning me, she found that the cooking I extolled was Indian, and she and Mr. Teviot liked curries done the English way. India is still full of Indian cooks brainwashed into cooking English curries; after that education, they don't know how to



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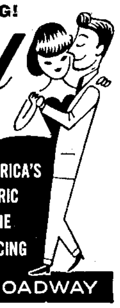

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cook the Indian way any more and no Indian will employ them. Abbas was the unspoiled kind, and his curries raised the hair on my head. Mrs. Teviot was therefore not convinced that Abbas was a good cook, or a clean one.

Mr. Hawthorn talked about the Adivasis, his point being that since they were "children of nature," they "ought to stick to their own traditional ways" and not "meddle" in things they did not understand, like business administration and trade unions, or do anything except carry the iron ore in baskets and be grateful for their daily wage.

I stared at him with as much self-control as I could muster while he unwound about the aborigines. I had heard this talk, with no variations, about the Chinese, the Japanese, the Malays, the Indians, the Siamese, and other Asians who have lately taken to new ways and made neither more nor less of a mess of them than the whites, who, according to Hawthorn, were naturally endowed with more steadiness, caution, and foresight, were capable of the scientific approach, and were less impulsive. "Less children of nature," I interpolated, at which he nodded, very pleased with my coöperativeness.

"Why," said Mr. Hawthorn, growing lyrical, "d'you know what happened only fifteen years ago? For a case of whiskey—twelve bottles, to be exact—our company was able to buy twenty-five square miles of ore-bearing country. Twenty-five square miles!" He beamed all over his face, his voice choking on a baritone tremolo of greed and awe. "Millions and millions of tons of iron ore for one case of whiskey. But now you have strikes and Communist ideas, and—would you believe it?—they assaulted my Indian manager, the women workers did, some years ago. Our lives were in danger. I'm not exaggerating." And then that chap Matho, the headman, had made such trouble about the shrine.

"The shrine?" I asked. "What shrine?"

Mrs. Hawthorn turned to her husband a face screwed up in warning. "Darling, argling-bargling again about Matho?" she said. "The poor man has had such a lesson with his construction debacle."

"Just what I was saying," Mr. Hawthorn replied. "I told Matho to stick to what he knew—a bit of farming, growing vegetables for us, and keeping poultry. *We* could use his eggs and milk and cabbages. We'd pay him well. But no. He's got to go and lose a packet on construction. Buildings for the workers! The chump didn't know the first

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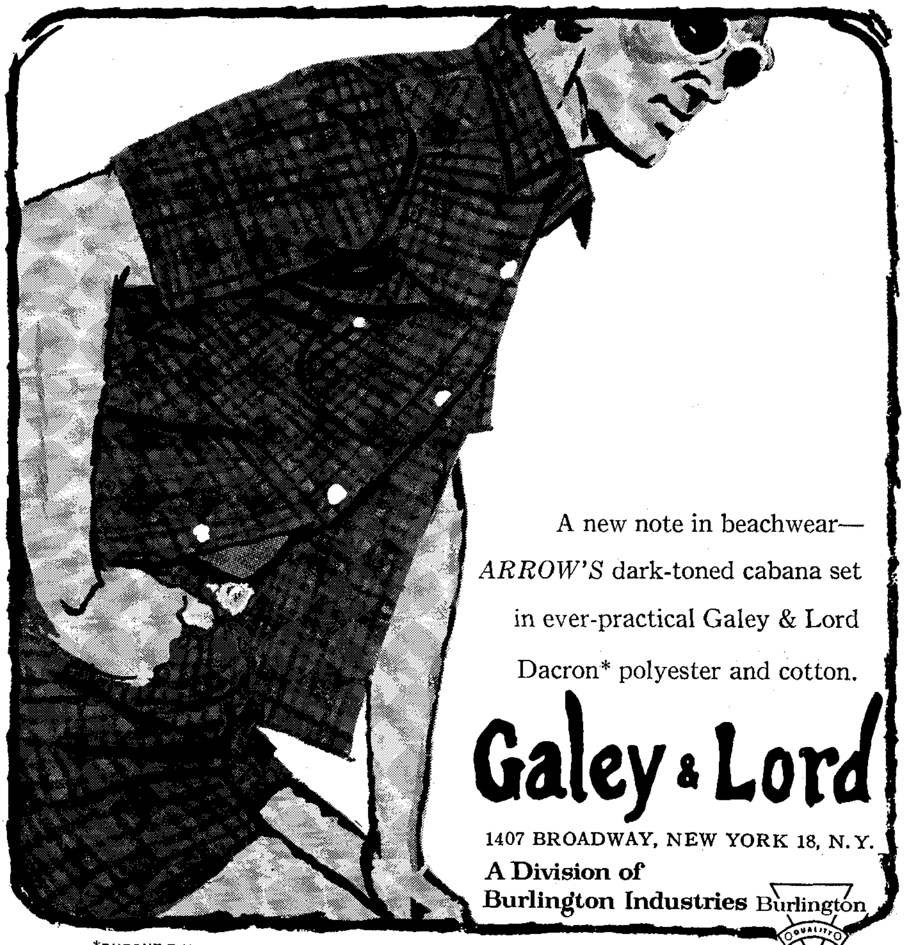
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thing about building. He went and lost a packet. They *will* go and try to ape their betters."

"What about this shrine?" I pursued, tactless and tenacious.

Mrs. Teviot and Mrs. Hawthorn spoke of cooks and laundry, and, outside, Mrs. Farrington's laughter boomed as the couple passed the Teviots' shack on their way to the village dancing ground.

"Well, m'dear," said Mr. Teviot. "It's time we went, isn't it? Mustn't be late, you know. They might not like it."

We walked down the slope again. On the flat ground, the drums were beginning to boom.

Vincent grinned at me and said, "You find out, Sherlock Holmes. I won't say a word." And he didn't.

The Siva festival was not a success. The village was tired and surly; there was something tense and bad-tempered in the air, in spite of Matho's good manners. There was too much dust on the threshing ground. The drummers banged on their drums—large drums tied to their bodies, and small, long-stemmed drums—but in a rough, angry way. And although the dance leaders, one at each end of a long row of dancers, had devised some intricate new steps, they tried them only half-heartedly, then gave up. The atmosphere was oppressive, like the dust that swirled round and reached us in the reserved enclosure, and after an hour or so we left, a little sick with sour, milky beer.

THE next morning, Mrs. Farrington dropped in, and I thought she might tell me why the Siva festival had been so unhappy.

"What about the shrine?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't like to talk about it," she said. "Didn't Vincent tell you? No, I guess he's too new. Between you and me and the gatepost, it's Hawthorn's fault. Now, don't go repeating it. I guess all the higher-ups in the Calcutta head office know about it, but they like to keep it quiet, though I'm not telling you anything new. You'll hear it from other people, though no one likes to discuss it." Mrs. Farrington paused and then added sagely, "It just comes from not knowing the customs of the country, however long you've been here. What my husband always says is 'Give the native his due, don't mess about with his gods, and he'll be all right.' "

"What happened?"

"Why, Hawthorn tried to blow up the shrine," Mrs. Farrington said. I must have looked blank, for she went on, as if she thought me rather obtuse, "The shrine is up by the waterfall, in the

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gorge. You see, they've got one of those things there—stalee . . . stala . . ."

"Stalactite?" I suggested.

"That's it," said Mrs. Farrington. "Anyway, one of those jutting rock things, and, of course, they say it's Siva. And then one day, up comes Hawthorn and decides that he wants to blast a new road right through the shrine, because he wants the road to go to the top of the range and on, and he wants the road to go right through where the shrine is now. Absolute foolishness, I call it. There are a dozen other places he could have blasted, and Pamposh Gorge is the only thing really worth looking at for miles around, with the waterfall coming over the rocks and down. It's really beautiful. You go right up among the rocks, up and up, and into the heart of the mountain, and there is the cave with the shrine, and there's a hole, a round hole right at the top of the cave, through which you can see the sky. And the water bubbles up out of the earth right under that hole. Oh, it's quite lovely. I like to go in the hot summer and sit in the water and keep cool. So, of course, Mr. Hawthorn decides to blow it all up. His idea was that we could get water by lorry from the nearest river, four miles away. And Matho said if they blew up the cave and the shrine, his village would kill the whole lot of us, and then the government stepped in and there was no blowing up, though the dynamite charges had already been laid. But the harm was done, I'm afraid, and Matho has been sticky about lots of things since, like the water supply. The water here actually comes from the shrine, and Matho says it all belongs to his village and we can't have any. I guess that's why they asked us to the festival and then it went so dismal—just because they wanted to let us see that they weren't happy about things. I guess Hawthorn just wanted to show them who is master round here, but he's hurt their feelings. It's what my husband always says—'Leave their gods alone . . .' "

After that, I had to see the waterfall, the shrine, the hole in the mountain through which sky could be seen. I went with Fatso, Vincent's silly curly bull terrier, who was indomitably addicted to charging bigger animals and biting the exhaust pipes of jeeps.

We proceeded up the mountainside, first following one of the bulldozed tracks contouring our camp and then, when it ended, walking along beside a narrow brook with slippery sides, where the iron earth became porous slime, dark green. The path wound upward, foot-stamped. It was very cool, and

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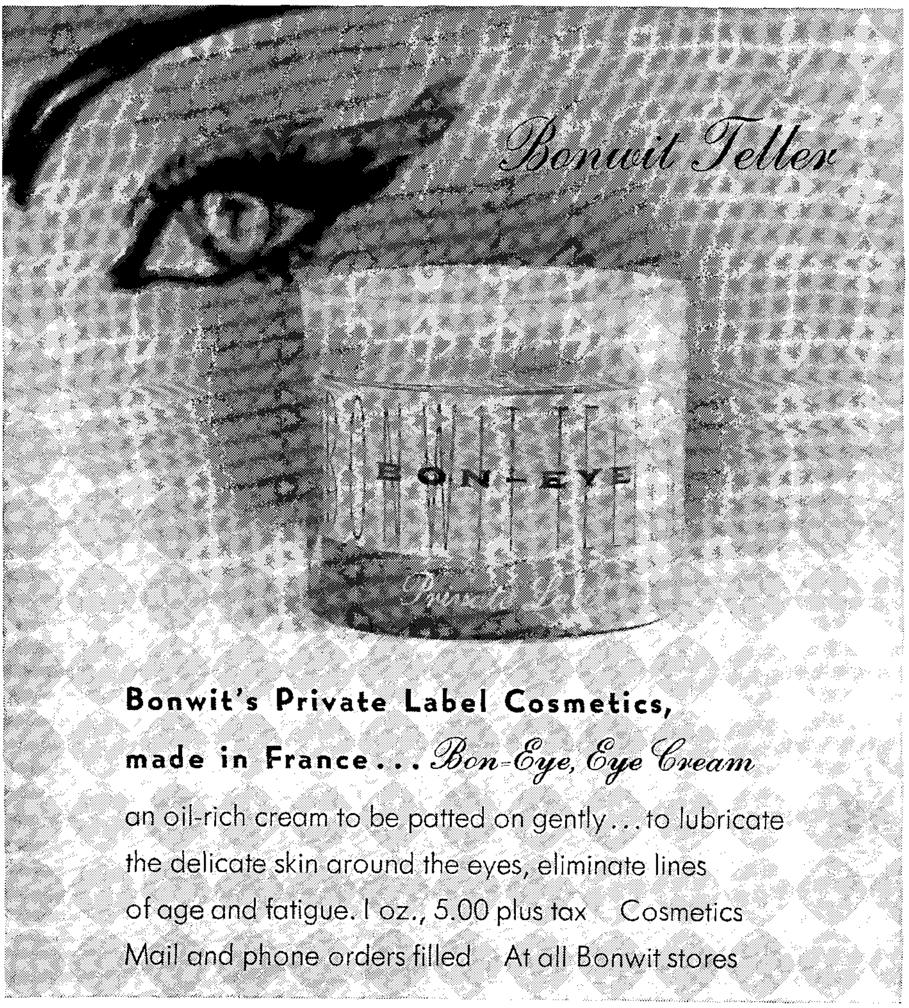

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the sound of the water was always there, a quiet murmur. There were many trees now, with small yellow buds; soon, when they blossomed, the bears that lived in thicker, untouched forest on the farther slopes would come over at night to pick and eat the flowers, which are sticky sweet with a dripping juice. Sometimes in the late afternoon, one heard a bear scream; it was the noise they made waking up for the night. They prowled not too far from the shacks, and everybody's dog howled, Fatso most of all.

We climbed the winding path, Fatso first, quivering with energy—the same eager force that threw him against cows, jeeps, and bulldozers, foes worth attacking. He spared the aborigines. We met some of them—women with large jars of water poised on their heads and other jars or babies resting on one hip, older children following behind, and men holding spears or bows and arrows. All of them had damp hair, from having washed in the brook. The water served for bathing and laundry; they collected drinking water high up, and descended to wash at a lower level. Matho's village depended on this one thread of water trickling from the mountain for all its needs and for the fields, and what would the aborigines do if it disappeared? Looking at the aborigines walking their washed brown bodies in quiet files down along the brook, the wet children with tin cans full of water in their hands, I wondered that they did not get more angry with us and what we were doing to them and to their land.

Now the slope was covered with great boulders, and the stream was thicker, leaping from the rocks. The only way to climb was up rickety wooden ladders placed against the rocks, the rungs insecurely tied with grass ropes. I left Fatso at the foot of the first ladder. He sat and howled. I climbed one ladder, and another; the rock began shelving overhead, and in a moment I was entering the mountain itself. The tumbling water had scooped out a series of shallow basins, one below another. Ahead of me, the rocks rounded like a dome, and I stepped into a very large cave. In the cave was a tight nest of boulders, out of which the water spurted from the inside of the mountain. Through a hole in the top of the cave I saw the sky. Around the rim of the hole, trees bent down, as if to peer at the spring bubbling out of the earth.

On one side, under an arching rock wall, I came upon a small platform curtained off by a palisade of green boughs. A red brocade banner was strung across the palisade, as if it were

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a ceremonial gate. Inside this palisade was the god: not a stalactite, which hangs downward, but a stalagmite—a conical projection of stone about half a yard high, protruding from the rock floor, hoary with lime and iron, surrounded by candles and flower petals. Siva, of course, in his favorite shape, the linga. Two aborigines, wearing chaplets of flowers, sat tailor-fashion beside the stone. I knew they would not like me to come near, so I went down.

ANOTHER fortnight or so and we would leave, Vincent's job ended, so we drove about a lot, though the dust was terrible.

One Wednesday—market day—we went to Nalda in the jeep, to get a load of fresh vegetables. With us went Abbas, and the water boy and his fiancée, an aborigine girl of about fourteen with dimples, who wore a small gilded bangle in one nostril. The three of them sat in back and we sat in front.

In Nalda, the market was full of staff people from the mines buying green coconuts, vegetables, and goat meat. Some of the aborigines were selling diminutive chickens and tiny eggs. Here and there, fat-buttocked and barrel-chested, faces painted and thickly powdered, eyebrows made up and mouths rouged, plump fingers encased in rings, wearing turbans of fine silk gauze with the ends trailing and tight little embroidered jackets and enormous pantaloons, wandered the Pathan moneylenders—mostly homosexual and all predatory—carrying briefcases of black or brown leather under one arm. I had seen them, colorful and bulky, sinister on their motorcycles, in Tatanagar the day we spent there waiting for the jeep; now they were here, too, getting a hold on the aborigines, lending money to them at twenty-five-per-cent interest a month and squeezing it back from them for years, often for the rest of their lives.

Vincent and Abbas walked among the stalls, buying chilies and jackfruit and tomatoes and chickens. Here, as in some other parts of India, it was usually the men who bought the food, and usually women who sold it. A butcher came up to tell Vincent that Krishnan had collected some ten pounds of goat meat for himself and never paid. "I didn't eat that meat," said Vincent, and they both laughed and agreed to forget it.

When Vincent came back to the jeep, a smiling, dark-faced Indian with a small black mustache, wearing a white shirt and khaki trousers and white rubbers, walked over, put a hand on Vin-

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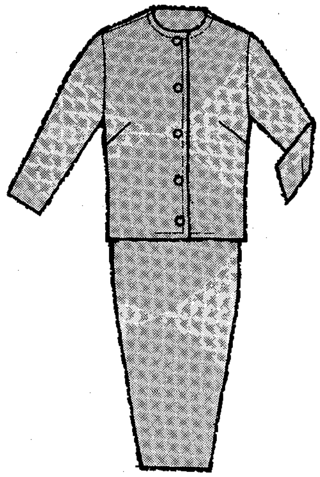

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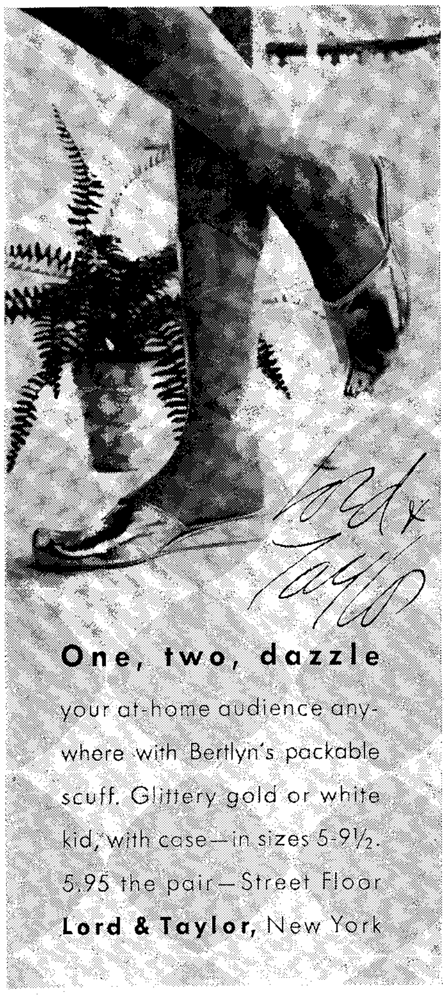

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cent's shoulder in the assured way of a friend, and said, "No news yet of your cook Krishnan?" It was the district magistrate of Nalda. He and Vincent had struck up an acquaintance over Krishnan's case.

He asked us to have coffee with him at his house in half an hour, smiling with very white teeth under the black mustache, and we accepted. Our water boy had disappeared, perhaps to get drunk, perhaps to borrow money for his impending wedding. He was a widower of nineteen, his first wife having died three months previously in childbirth. We set off without him, and Vincent parked the jeep in the shadow of a mud wall. The fiancée of the water boy waited in the jeep, sitting straight and mothering some coconuts, and Abbas chivalrously sauntered away, for even though the girl's fiancé had left her alone, to remain with her would have been highly indecorous and possibly dangerous for him. Thus reassured that the proprieties would be observed, Vincent and I strolled across a couple of fields toward the house of the district magistrate, whose name was Deo.

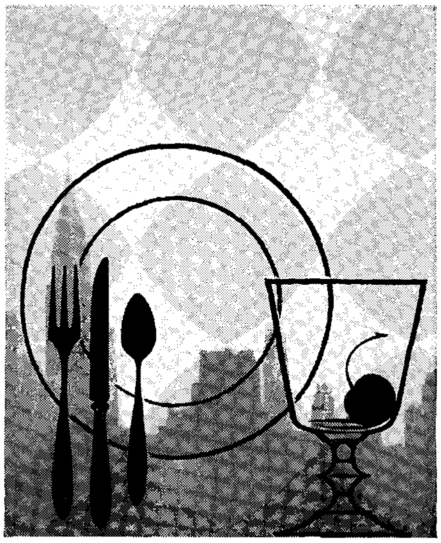
The house had the usual thick concrete walls, with a tiled roof and a broad veranda; at the few, deep windows and at the door flapped the usual curtains of plum-colored cloth. Seated around a table on the veranda were four men—Deo, the magistrate; the Nalda chief of police, with his tunic unbuttoned, and his cap on a chair nearby; and two Indians in white shirts and long pants, who, I learned, were the manager and the sub-manager of the mining company's Nalda branch, working under Hawthorn.

"You are welcome," said the magistrate, smiling again. He was very relaxed. He had a manuscript on the table in front of him, and he told us, "I have written down some of my ideas about harmony between man and man."

"We were talking about *justice*," said the Indian manager. He was corpulent, and kept his arms away from his body, sitting semi-regally, with his hands on the arms of his chair. His stomach bulged, and his feet, in new brown leather shoes, hung slightly above the floor; he would have looked much better in loose Indian clothes, with his feet tucked under him.

"We were," Deo said easily. "But I do not like the word 'justice.' It is a harsh word. I like the term 'natural retribution.' It is what I write about."

He handed me the manuscript. There was a lot of it, and it was written in Indian English, with vague and wayward spelling, and such phrases as "Now the



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nations roar in blind anger like bullocks left unfed and tied to their cartridges" and "Ah, how pitiable rendering the human attachments to Anger and to Gain!" It was long and discursive, and had an Indian quality that was all about us on the veranda: an almost sensuous consciousness of the motion of time, with no particular urge to do anything about it; a resignation and an acquiescence that freed one from worry, since worry did not help either the passage of time or the drinking of one's coffee, nor did it relieve the heat pressing down, or accomplish anything else, for that matter. It is a peculiarly Indian feeling, experienced only when one is with Indians in their full Indianness, which is when they are relaxed and talking philosophy; they love talking philosophy, which for them is a mixture of mysticism, transcendentalism, fatalism, and elementary science, the wonders of electricity being easily comparable to the wonders of God.

The magistrate did not hurry me in my reading; he went on with his argument with the manager and the sub-manager. "You do not mean rights," Deo was saying. "You mean mutual respect of another human consciousness; you mean the harmonious knowledge of divine in human."

"We *do* mean rights," snapped the sub-manager, who was thinner than the manager and wore *chappals*—Indian slippers with crossed thongs. "Remember, sar, that both the manager and I were manhandled and mauled."

"You mean womanhandled," said the chief of police, bursting into laughter.

The manager made a polite, subservient smile with his mouth; it did not reach his eyes. His nose quivered a little with suppressed irritation. "The company," he said, "must maintain the correct relationship between the management and the workers."

"What is correct relations?" asked Deo gently, swinging his white rubbers on his toes.

"That, Mr. Magistrate, is not for us to say. It is for representatives of justice like your good self to decide," said the manager, with the air of achieving a grand slam at bridge.

Deo moved his head from side to side, in the majestic and tolerant way of an elephant, and the chief of police rustled an enormous pile of files—sheaves and sheaves of foolscap encased in very English-looking tan file covers.

"What I am saying, what I say," Deo began, and the manager crossed his hands over his paunch in an exaggeratedly respectful manner to listen care-

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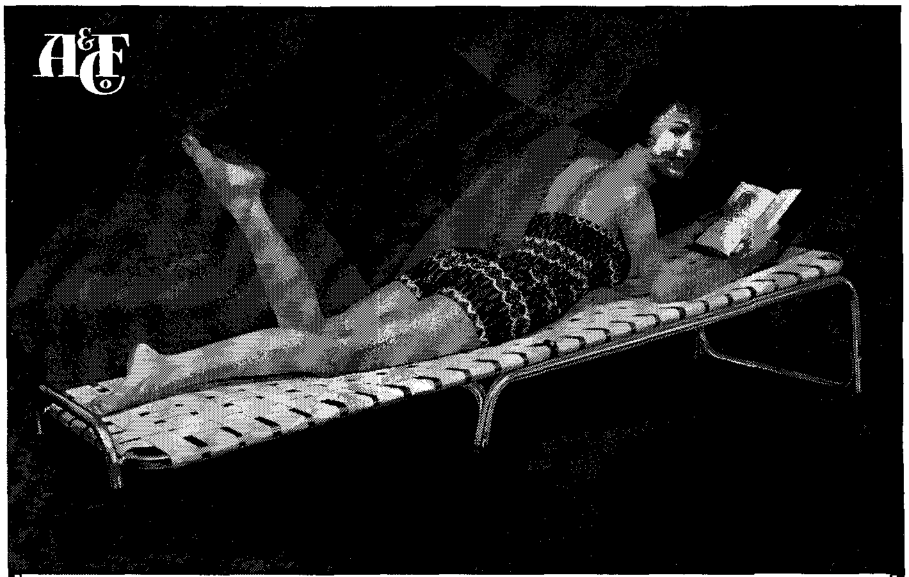

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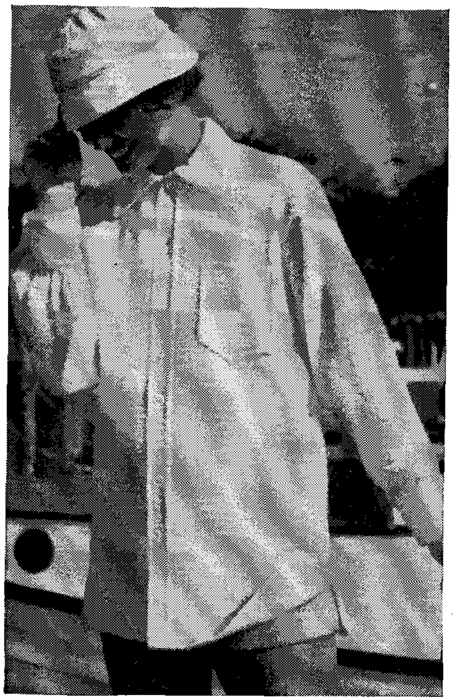

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fully, with just that overemphasis that shows a fundamental disagreement with what is about to be said, "what I say is that humans should not always want their rights but should preserve the ideals of a natural retribution."

"And what is natural retribution?" asked the sub-manager.

"Harmony in nature," said Deo.

"Sar, with respect," said the sub-manager, encouraged by a snort from the manager, "I do not think it was harmonious to tie us up, or make us carry the babies and the baskets, as they did."

"What's this?" I said. "What is this?"

"It is the trial," said the chief of police, shifting his files about. "The trial of the workers of the iron mine."

"It is a long trial," said the manager. "Four years this has been going on. I have been coming here twice or three times a month for four years."

"So have the workers," said the chief of police. "For you it is just a holiday, coming here in your car. They have to come, too; that is expense for them."

"Some of them have had babies four times since the trial began," said Deo.

"How many are there?" I asked.

"One hundred accused," said the chief of police, looking at his list, "of whom one hundred are women."

"*All* women," the manager said to me. "They are much worse than men. It was the women who went on strike four years ago. One hundred of them. It was terrible. They made us do *puja* to them—fold our hands and bow as to the gods—and carry the baskets on our heads and the babies on our arms."

"Because that's how *they* were carrying," said the chief of police. "You made them carry the iron ore like that. They had to carry their babies while working. Remember that."

"So that was what Hawthorn was talking about!" I cried.

Deo smiled at me.

"We didn't have nurseries at the time," said the sub-manager defensively, "but it wasn't our fault. It was Head Office. 'Don't pamper the workers,' they said."

"Natural retribution is strong in the heart of a woman," said Deo.

"Is that what happened—the women had to carry the ore *and* their babies?" I asked. "That's terrible."

"They have nurseries now," said the sub-manager.

"Nurseries!" the chief of police snorted. "There is a place under some trees, yes, where the children are put, yes, to wait while their mothers work. They sit in the dust, and an old woman

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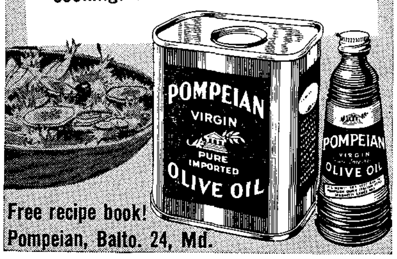

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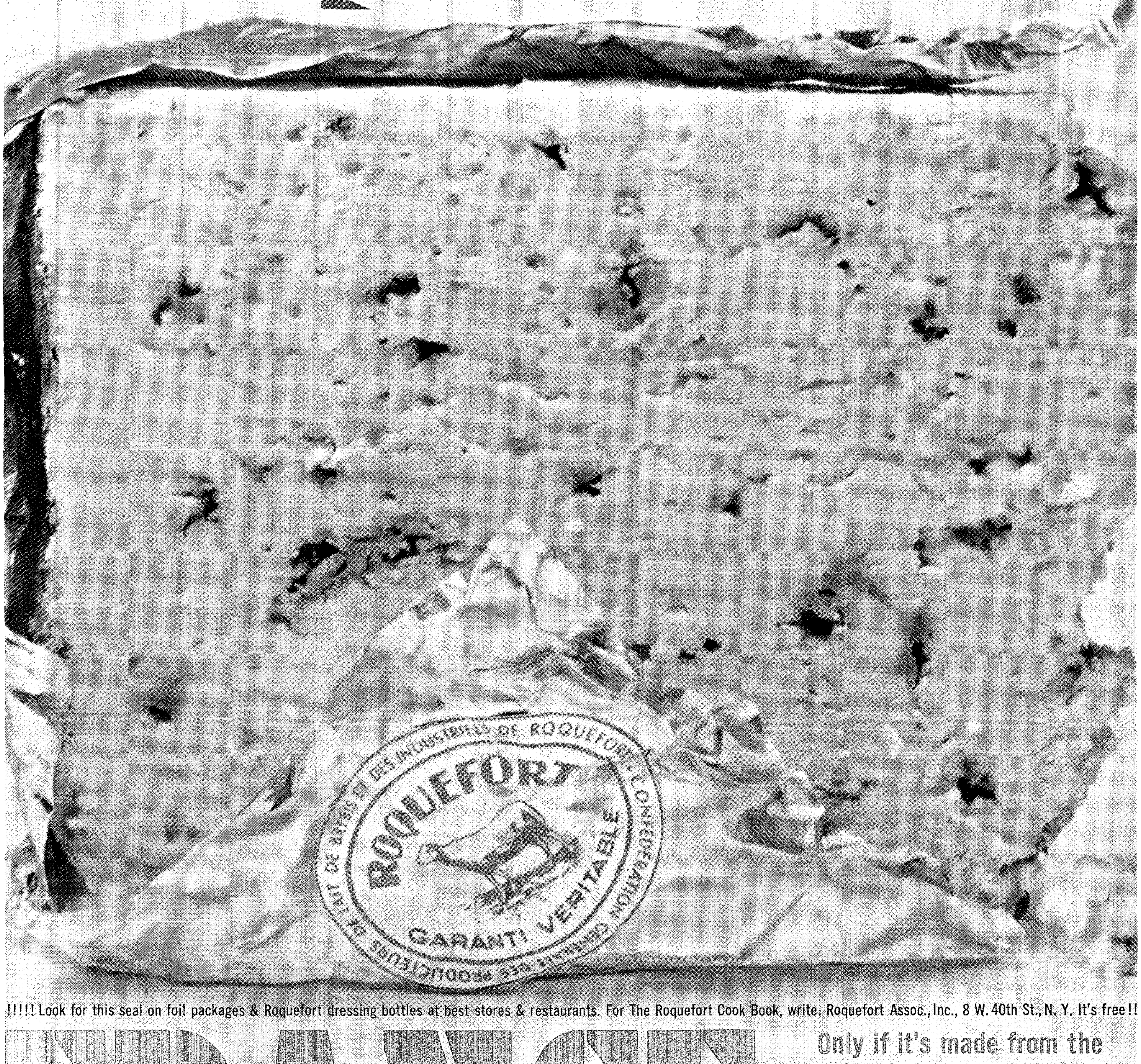
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sits with them. You call that a nursery?"

"Sar," said the manager to Deo, in an exasperated tone, "it is you who are judging the case, sar, according to law. There was attempt upon my person, sar; there was violence and personal violence and harm done, yes, and restraint by force upon me and my staff."

"We were shut up by the women for six hours in the office quarters," said the sub-manager to me.

"I wish I'd been there," I said.

The chief of police laughed. The manager and the sub-manager smiled dimly.

"Madam," said the sub-manager, "believe me, we, too, have sympathy for the workers, as you have—abundant sympathy. But that is not enough. The law must be observed."

"The strikers put themselves in the wrong," said the manager. "They laid violent hands upon us."

"You do not pay them enough," said Deo. "And you do not give them nurseries, or proper huts, or water. So all the villages are angry."

"I wonder if they are coming," said the chief of police. "It is long past the hour."

"If they do not come, we shall adjourn till next month," said Deo.

"Another adjournment," said the manager. "Sar, it is four years."

"There are many of them," said the chief of police, "and depositions have to be taken individually. It is the law."

At that moment, at the entrance to the garden, a group of women filed into sight. They were clad in cotton saris, their hair was carefully oiled, and they were carrying black umbrellas open against the sun, now very hot. Many had babies on one hip and were leading other children by the hand. The women walked across the garden, settled in the shade on the stone edge of the veranda—which came to about the right height for sitting—hitched up their saris, folded their umbrellas, eased their children, and turned their heads and stared at us, with neither resentment nor curiosity but in a tranquil, at-home fashion.

"Twenty-two, three, four, five, six, seven. Twenty-seven," said the chief of police. "I doubt the others will come."

The magistrate called out to the women, obviously asking a question. This made them look at each other, moving their heads in a vague, calm, reflective way. Two of the women extracted bottles of sugared water from their bags and gave them to the older

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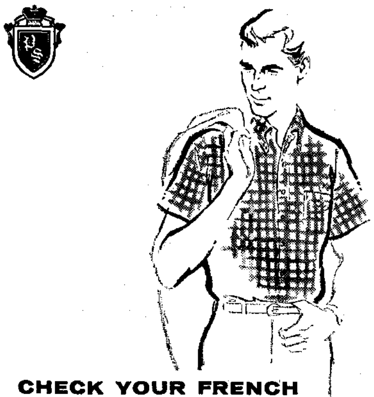

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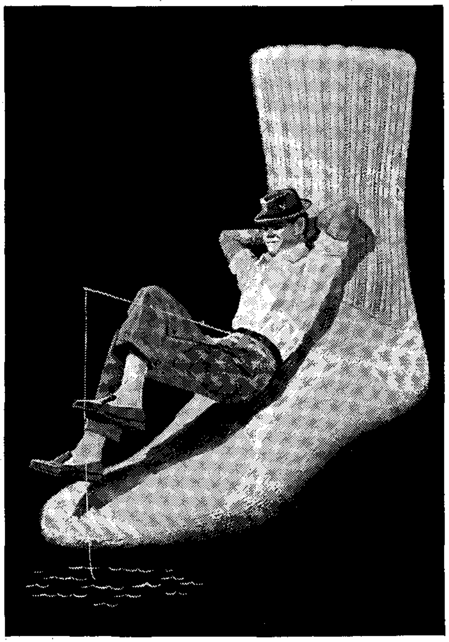

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children to drink. After a few minutes, one of the women answered—a tiny creature with smooth gray hair and sparkling, mischievous eyes. She was so short that the handle of her umbrella came up to her shoulder. Yet anyone could see she was a leader.

"What a sweet face that little old woman has!" I said to the manager in the long silence after she had replied.

"That, Madam," spluttered the manager, with the first uncontrolled anger he had shown, "that dear, sweet old lady possesses the *filthiest* language you have *never* heard, begging your pardon. I shiver when she opens her mouth," he added, subsiding into dignified sullenness once more.

"I think that there is something wrong that there should not be harmony between you and your workers," Deo said. "Perhaps you would like to give up the whole thing, yes? Forgive and forget?"

The manager raised despairing hands to the veranda ceiling. "How can?" he asked of it. "How can? Head Office will never agree. They want to see this thing through."

Deo and the chief of police looked at each other.

"Trial adjourned till next month, market day," said Deo. "Most of the accused have not turned up. Here are only twenty-seven out of a hundred."

As we left, I waved to the women, but they did not wave back.

AND now Vincent and I were very near departure. Matho wanted to give us a feast, and we wanted to give him one, and our water boy was getting married.

One evening, Matho appeared with the father of the bride, both barefoot, treading the evening dark and grinning with atrocious teeth, both with right hands extended. We put twenty rupees in each one. Weddings are costly, and doubtless the bride's father had already pledged himself to long years of payments to a gross, gaudy moneylender.

On the nuptial night, we strolled down to the aborigine village. In front of the bride's family hut, three drummers banged away, refreshing themselves with frequent draughts of the local brew. The chief drummer was a wag; he somersaulted over his enormous drum, stood on his head and banged on the drum, and arched his back until his head touched his heels and banged on the drum.

We sat on a string bed, of the kind used by Indians. That was the only bed in the whole village, and was used

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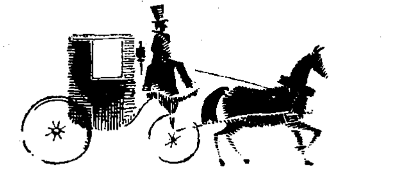

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as a seat of honor; the villagers slept on leaves on the ground.

The bride came out to thank us. For the last three days, she had been in retirement, away from the groom; before that, of course, they could be seen walking hand in hand everywhere. Aborigine marriages are love matches, and the girl chooses the boy. The Indian staff of the iron mine considered this immoral and said the aborigines were primitive.

The bride was enveloped in a purple sari secured by a large silver brooch in the shape of a fish. Why a fish? Matho explained that it was always thus for a bride, and he added that it was sure to be a good wedding, for the groom was a widower, the girl liked him, she was sixteen years old, she was healthy, and she had been married once before for a very short time and then divorced; there would be no sex trouble, both having had some experience.

There was some courteous arguing about the bride's age. I said I thought she was fourteen, but nobody really knew, because aborigines are not sure how old they are and it does not matter to them.

By three in the morning, the drummers were banging away louder than ever. The groom, surrounded by friends carrying torches, appeared and was immediately pushed into the hut. The couple stood in the doorway, giggling, holding hands, covered with garlands of marigolds. Someone knocked their heads together—a sign they were married. We went home, dead tired, our ears buzzing with the drums.

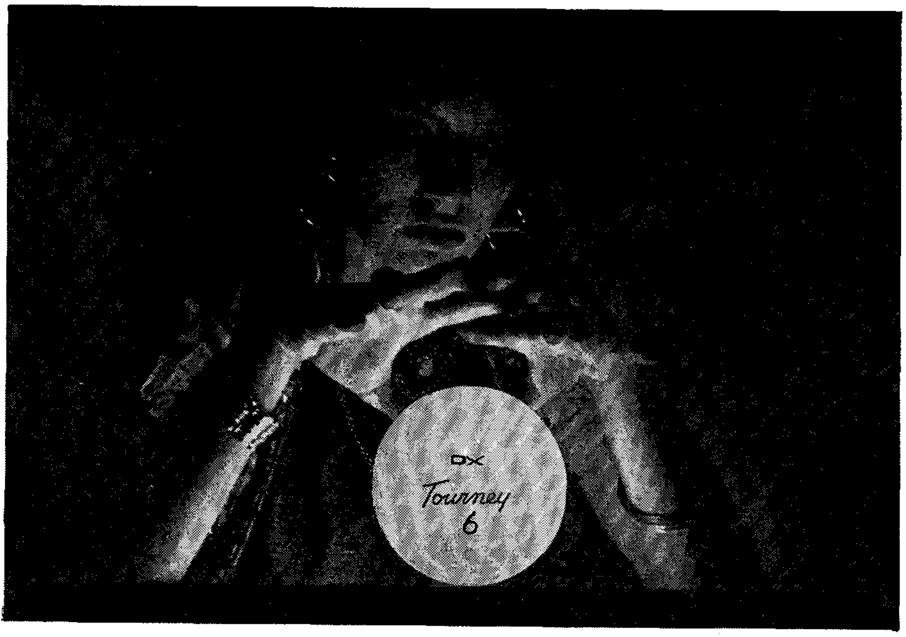
The next evening, we gave a party, and the whole village came, including the newly married couple; the aborigines came swinging to the beat of drums, arms linked, already dancing as they advanced toward us in a long chorus-girl row.

"It's going to be a good party," said Vincent.

Of course, the Hawthorns, the Farringtons, and the Teviots came, too; a party always included everyone. Abbas and Sethi had made mounds of things to eat—little dumplings stuffed with spinach and fried coconut, curried meat balls, bits of pineapple and onion and cheese.

We sat outside the huts to watch the dancing. Two big wood fires gave light. Soon more people came, including Deo and the chief of police. All ate and drank, and watched the village dance.

The village was in great spirits, and the long row of men, women, and children, clasping each other's waist, followed the leading dancer's pattern of steps with happy exactitude. The leader



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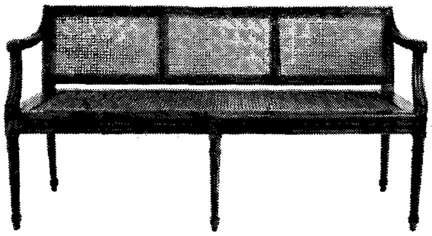

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was a young boy with an unsmiling face, which he kept slightly bowed to the right, as if listening. His right arm was free, and swung to the rhythm of his dancing; with his left, he encircled the waist of the next dancer, a diminutive woman with gray hair. She had one arm around him and the other around the next dancer, and so on and on—men, women, girls, boys holding each other and swinging, bent slightly to the right, following the steps of the first dancer. Down the line rippled the movement of the dance, straggling a bit toward the middle, where the children congregated, firming up toward the end, where a tall woman stamped round and round, rotating like the axle of a wheel as the line described a wide circle about her. The steps kept on changing—first up and forward with the right foot, then one-two and skip with the left, then back to the right foot nimbly. Suddenly there would be laughter as, down the line, helter-skelter, quickly, the dancers would stumble, their feet tangling, and then swiftly catch the new pattern that the leading dancer had just made up; by the time they had caught on, the leading dancer would have invented some new combination of steps, and the line would laugh and follow.

Bang, bang went the drums, the dancing line went round, the leading dancer revolving in his wide circle while the end dancer stayed put. In the fire glow, as the leading dancer passed me, I caught sight of the face of the second dancer, the little gray-haired woman, and recognized her.

"Ah," said the voice of Deo at my side, "it is the lady chief of the strikers." He smiled at her as she passed, getting grins and laughter and cheerful jeers back when the women turned their faces and recognized him as the magistrate who was trying them.

A group of young girls broke from the row and came toward us. They clasped us both in their arms, Deo and me; their bodies smelled of coconut oil. We were dragged into the dance, our arms around the waists of others, their arms around our waists, and we all leaped and skipped, one step to the right, one to the side, two swift steps back, a swivel sidewise and forward to the left, and again one step to the right.

More women broke ranks. Hawthorn was seized by two sturdy matrons with swinging breasts. His wife was gaily being a good sport, and entered into the spirit of the thing with tremendous zest, shouting, "Isn't this fun!" Mrs. Farrington proved an admirable dancer, and Mrs. Teviot, a little

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reluctant at first, was soon laughing and stumbling with abandon. The little gray-haired woman would not leave anybody alone. She stood and pointed a finger and groups of girls rushed upon our guests and dragged them into the dancing lines; some extricated themselves but were dragged back. Abbas and Sethi, seemingly exempt, stood grinning at us. Suddenly the little woman pounced upon Abbas. He put up his hands in defense; she tore at his shirt; terror came upon his face; he beat against her arms; she pulled harder. He appeared to give in, then suddenly wrenched himself free and fled. She pursued. They circled a tree; then Abbas ran behind the huts, and she after him. They were gone from sight. The aborigines laughed so hard they stopped dancing; some groaned with hands on bellies, and one or two women sat down in the dust to laugh better.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" Mrs. Teviot said to me hours later. "Wasn't it *too* beautiful?"

We'd been dancing and dancing; we were exhausted, all of us, panting, covered with dust and sweat and smelling of the coconut oil that had transferred itself to our skins from the skins of the aborigines. Now we waved goodbye to the village as it danced itself slowly away. The people would dance all the way back, and the drums would go on and on, on and on, the sound slowly dwindling until they reached the village, where they would go on dancing until they dropped. No work would be done the next day.

"It was *heavenly*, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Teviot.

Mrs. Farrington and Mrs. Hawthorn and some of the men joined us. We stood laughing and wiping sweat and dust off our faces, all malice gone. For a little while, we could almost believe that only this exultant, sweaty contentment was real. The rest almost did not exist—the undercurrents, the backbiting, the threat to blow up a god, the sure destruction of the pattern of the aborigines' lives, the pushing of these villagers into becoming mineworkers on a wage, the razing of their trees, and the eating up of their mountains with bulldozers and trucks and shovels for the iron within. Those shaggy, bear-haunted mountains would one day be only vast sores under the sky. But at that moment, having danced together, we had nearly forgotten this. We said we hoped that they would go on dancing, that they wouldn't lose this kind of thing—but we knew they would. In the end, they would gain other things; they would become like us. But they

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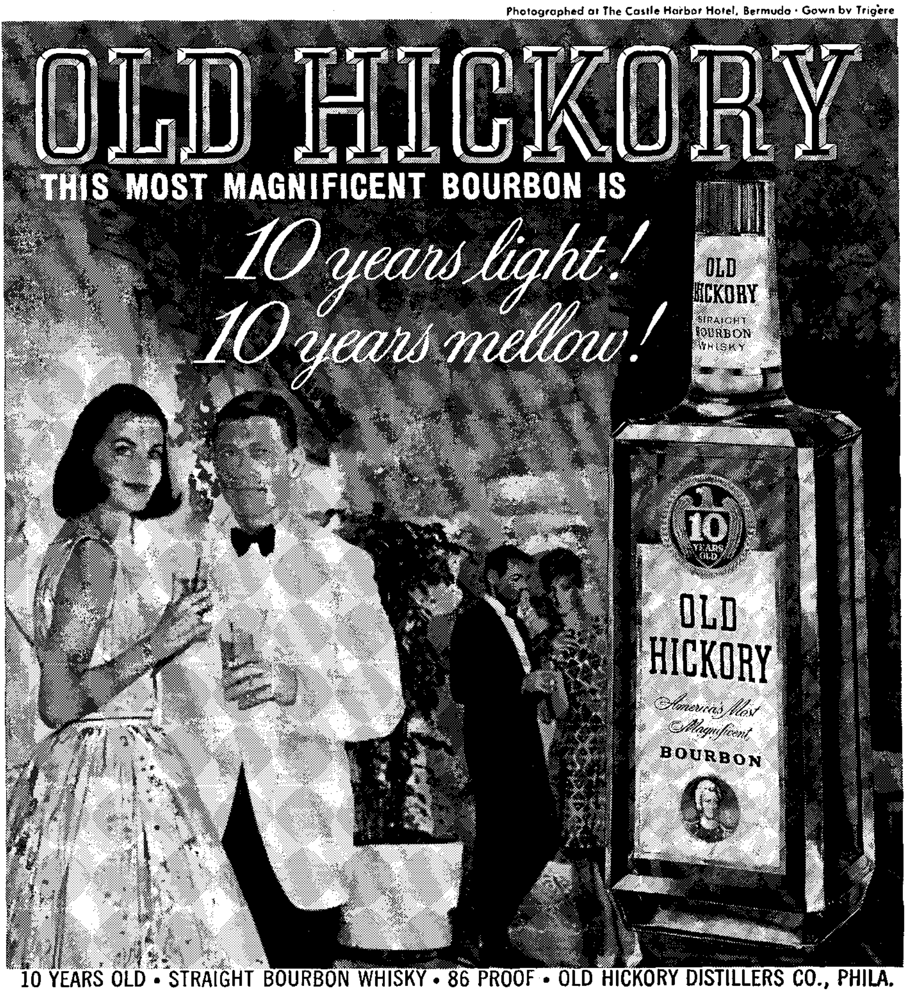
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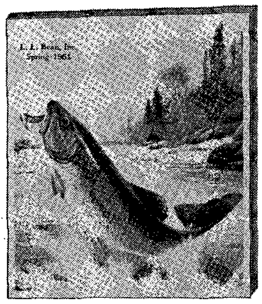

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would not dance any more—not like this—and we, who had made them change, would not be dragged into long, swinging rows to dance to the rhythms of a young boy.

THE next morning, Abbas was gone. All day we waited for him; he did not turn up. We did the packing by ourselves, cursing him. Vincent jeeped to Nalda to look for him, but no one knew anything.

"Maybe he's got an arrow through him. Maybe the damn fool had too much money on him and got murdered for it," Vincent said when he came back.

In the night, Deo and the chief of police arrived.

"Your cook is accused of kidnapping an aborigine woman," Deo said to Vincent. "Matho has just reported the case. Do you know where he is?"

"She probably kidnapped him."

"Possible. Probable," said Deo, and the chief of police slapped his thigh and roared. "I will tell you," Deo said. "The woman is the little gray-haired one who ran after him to catch him at the dance—the leader of the strikers." He nodded, moving his head reflectively from side to side. "It is quite convenient," he said cheerfully, "because now the trial cannot proceed. She was the chief of the union of women workers—their spokeswoman."

"She had a very big filthy vocabulary," said the chief of police with relish. "But the trial is now postponed indefinitely."

"Until she is found," corrected Deo.

"That is, if you wish to find her," said the chief of police, roaring again.

"Perhaps you want to find your cook?" Deo said to Vincent. "He did not take anything with him—not like the other one? He is not the thief to be pursued, no?"

"No," Vincent said.

And so the matter was dropped, and the trial, and everyone was happy. Perhaps one day the matter of the shrine would also be forgiven.—HAN SUYIN

•

I'm no perfectionist. I believe that speech can be too precise. It gives me pleasure to split infinities and to send a sentence with a preposition.—*Eleanor Arnett Nash in the Baltimore Sun.*

You sent that one, all right.

•

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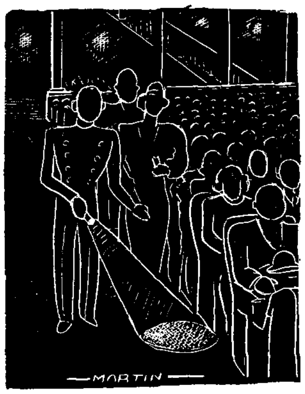
IN "On the Double," Danny Kaye plays a G.I. in Britain who is forced by circumstances only slightly beyond his control to masquerade as a British general who, British Intelligence has reason to believe, will shortly be picked off by a Nazi spy ring inside his own regiment. Mr. Kaye also, of course, briefly plays the general the G.I. has to masquerade as. The general is a nasty fellow in every possible way. The G.I. is a timid hypochondriac from Brooklyn with a tendency to exercise what Wilfrid Hyde White, as an intelligence officer, calls his "amazing talent for mimicry." If he had not been caught doing a quick imitation of the general for purposes of his own, he would not have been forced to do a permanent one or else face a court-martial for impersonating an officer. The frantic fellow lands in one tight spot after another, and although the Nazis don't kill him, they do capture him and drag him off to Berlin.



This setup gives Mr. Kaye ample opportunity to flash his repertoire. The movie amounts to a collection of all the things he does best, which makes it a kind of handbook in the craftsmanship of entertainment. He switches from one dialect to another (and surely he is the soundest dialectician alive). He nimbly fakes a Highland fling and a Scotch regimental toast to go with it. He sings "Cocktails for Zwei" in the manner of "Lili Marlene," and a sentimental ballad in his own earliest, direct manner. He is almost knocked out by a sinus attack that is brought on by the fumes of a cigar. Standing in front of a war map, pointer in hand, he delivers a military briefing in British double-talk on Allied invasion plans. Hitching a ride to England aboard a German bomber, he sits with an oxygen mask over his face ("*Ich muss haben*") and sucks hot coffee through the tube. As a comedian, he is on territory he's familiar with much of the time, which may account for the fact that he appears more lighthearted than he usually does, and that he is frequently funny as well as admirable. Besides Mr. Hyde White, the supporting cast includes Margaret Rutherford, Jesse White, Terrence de Marney, and Rex Evans. I enjoyed all of them. The script, by Jack Rose and Melville Shavelson, is expertly tailored to the star.

FOR all that "Violent Summer," an Italian movie, is about the unhappy love affair of a woman of thirty and a boy who is considerably younger, and that it takes place during the violent times of the Fascists' defeat, the impression it makes—or made on me, anyway—is of lightness and charm. The setting is Riccione, a resort on the Adriatic with a wide expanse of beach and a lot of lovely houses surrounded by lawns and trees. The weather, except for one brief shower, is fine. The young people on the beach and the tennis courts are the sons and daughters of the well-heeled, well-connected owners of the villas. None of the boys are in the Army, except for one fellow with a bandaged foot, who appears at a party, is laughingly referred to as Twinkletoes by his companions, and shortly afterward drops out of sight. The woman of the story is the widow of an aristocratic war hero; the boy—one of the crowd of young people—is the son of the local Fascist boss. (I use the designations "woman" and "boy" obediently, though the difference in age between Eleonora Rossi Drago and Jean Louis Trintignant, who play the two leading roles, didn't seem all that marked.) They meet when a plane flying low and fast over the beach scares the bathers and sunbathers and sends them scampering for shelter. The war keeps intruding, but most of the characters concerned manage to bypass it. News of Mussolini's arrest comes over the radio, so they switch to the music on a Swiss station. The performance of a travelling circus is stopped by air-raid sirens, so they go to somebody's house and dance to a droopy American recording of "Temptation." Finally, the boy finds he can no longer evade military service. He is persuaded by the woman to make one last try, though, and they get aboard a train. It is bombed and strafed, and many of the passengers are killed or badly hurt. The woman and the boy are not, but the affair is over.

Probably Valerio Zurlini, who di-

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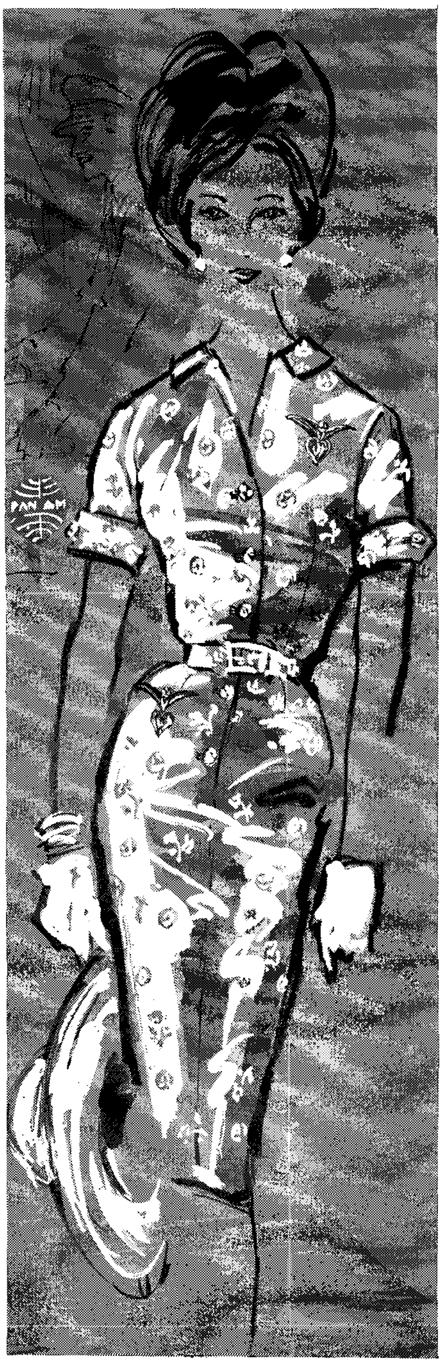

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rected the picture and was among the writers of its script, had some sort of ah-carefree-youth-little-do-you-realize morality in mind, but the actors and actresses who play the carefree youth are so delightful and attractive (in their 1959 sports clothes) that it is hard to take the theme very seriously. Also, there is little indication that the affair, intense as it is, would have come to much, war or no war. Miss Drago, who looks rather like Ingrid Bergman, and Mr. Trintignant are very good indeed. So are the other members of the company, whose names are Jacqueline Sassard, Lilla Brignone, Federica Ranchi, Raf Mattioli, Cathia Caro, Giampiero Littera, Bruno Carotenuto, Enrico Maria Salerno, and Xenia Valderi. —Edith Oliver

•

No companies have greatness thrust on them, but some roll up to it on a smooth turnpike, with stops only at the Security Analysts' taverns to refresh themselves with praise for selecting the Golden Highway without a road map. There are other roads which lead but to endless quagmires, and unmarked detours which may be all but impassable. So it is that some firms marked for greatness will at times find themselves, like Christian, writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair, before they cross the Black River and approach the Shining Gate. They are fortunate nonetheless, for the fight has given them fiber. We believe that DAYSTROM and CHEMETRON have just about crossed the Black River.—*Bulletin from Auchincloss, Parker & Redpath, stockbrokers.*

From the looks of them, they stayed too long in that tavern.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Seasickness among goldfish and travel sickness among birds were mentioned in a case at Wimbledon yesterday when Mrs. Alice Power, of South Road, Wimbledon, appealed against the refusal of the Wimbledon Borough Council to grant her a licence to open a pet shop at the Arcade, Wimbledon Broadway.

For the council it was stated that the chief objection was that the shop was inaccessible during the night when anything could happen, especially fire. Mr. J. T. Norman, for Mrs. Power, said she wanted to deal only in goldfish and birds and would give an undertaking to take all the fish and birds to another shop three miles away every night.

Senior Inspector Walter Wolfingham, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said: "It is the beginning of cruelty. Goldfish shaken about in tanks or jars of choppy water can become seasick and it has a very upsetting effect upon them. Birds are susceptible and can easily get travel sickness."

The appeal was dismissed.

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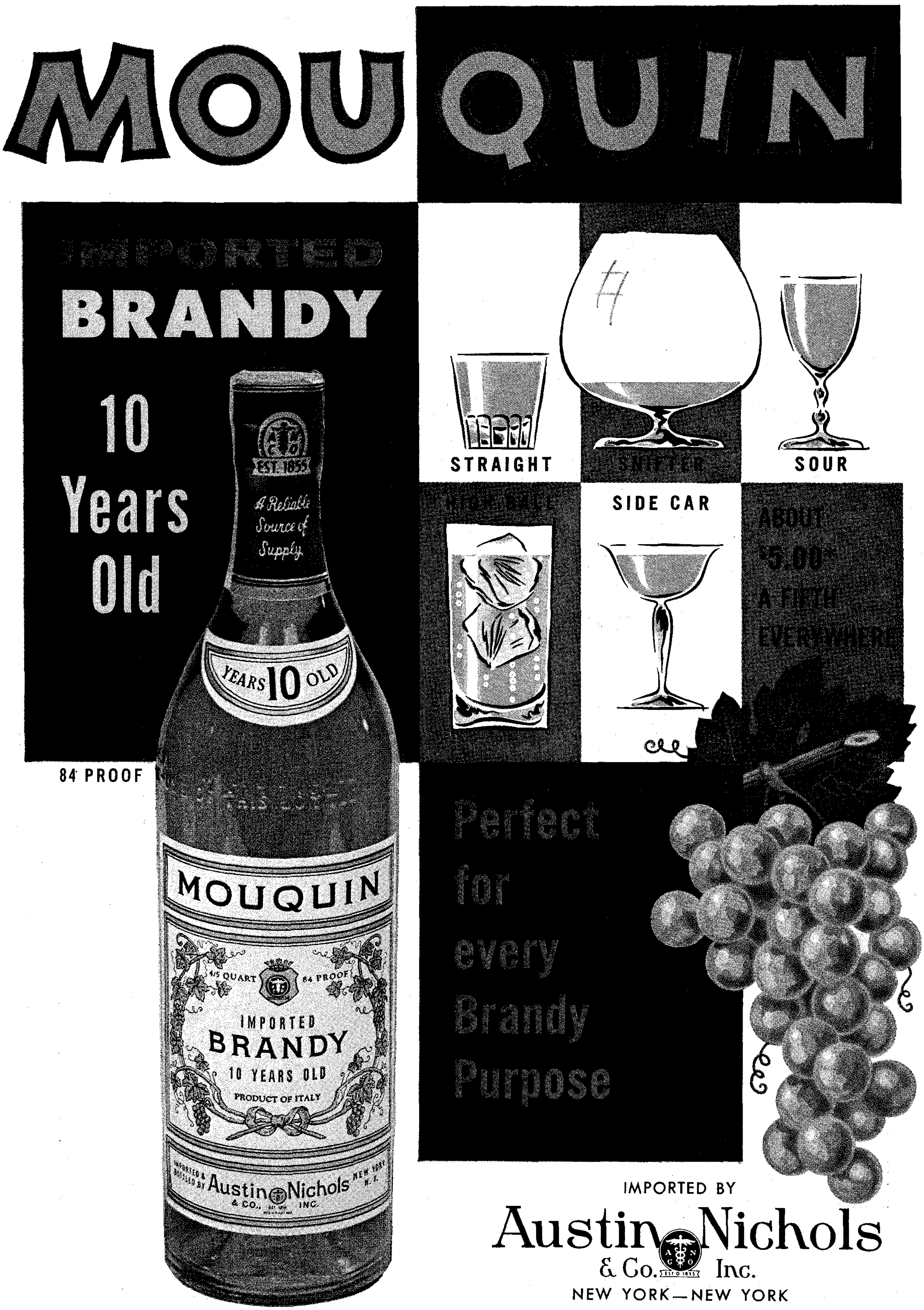
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

May 24

"A CONFRONTATION of adversaries," Mr. Kennedy said a little more than a year before his election, "gives each a picture of the other." This flawless logic was advanced at the University of Rochester on October 1, 1959, while the then Senator was offering a series of reflections on the recent meetings of the then President with Nikita Khrushchev at Camp David. Apropos of nothing that was known to have happened at Camp David, Mr. Kennedy was reminded of one of his innumerable anecdotes from Massachusetts history: "After Samuel Adams, following the Boston Massacre, had confronted the British Colonial Governor with a warning of revolution, he wrote in his diary, 'It was then I fancied that I saw his knees tremble.' " At Camp David, Mr. Eisenhower had faced Mr. Khrushchev with no warning of revolution, and Mr. Kennedy noted that the Chairman of the Council of Ministers "did not tremble." Quite the contrary. Mr. Kennedy went on to say that "after seeing Mr. Khrushchev's hard, tough manner and confidence on a supposed good-will mission, we should recall Winston Churchill's question: 'If this is what they do in the green wood, what will they do in the dry?' " Still, the future President said that he was reluctant to "minimize the value of the talks at Camp David," adding, "Communication is important. Understanding is important. Making clear our peaceful but determined intentions is important. . . . It is far better that we meet at the summit than at the brink." He might have quoted Winston Churchill once more: "Jaw-jaw is better than war-war."

Mr. Kennedy, like most of his countrymen, became a harsher critic of summitry after the humiliation at Paris a year ago. During the campaign, and in his early days in office, he rejected it as a means of diplomacy for his administration—at least for those early days. He wished, as he said in his first Presidential news conference, to return to "more traditional exchanges," and he appointed as Secretary of State a critic of recent American policy who was noted for his view that "summit diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which the prudent physician prescribes a habit-forming drug—a technique to be employed rarely and under the most exceptional circumstances, with rigorous safeguards against its becoming a dangerous or debilitating habit." Before Mr. Rusk assumed his present office, he opposed not only the confrontation of adversaries at the summit but the confrontation of friends and allies. "Were not some of us just a bit embarrassed," he said, "when Mr. Macmillan announced a general election almost before the vapor trails of the President's jet had dissolved into British skies? Is the President of the United States to be caught up personally in the difficult task of satisfying General de Gaulle's appetite for grandeur? Can we not anticipate cables from still other quarters reading, 'My government will fall unless you come to see us'?" On the specific matter of meeting Mr. Khrushchev at a time such as this, the President himself said shortly before his nomination, "As long as Mr. Khrushchev is convinced that the balance of world power is shifting his way, no amount of either smiles or toughness . . . can compel him to enter fruitful negotiations."

The President next week will confront General de Gaulle, Mr. Khrushchev, and Mr. Macmillan, in that order. The Secretary of State will be along, wishing, perhaps, that he had done less writing or, more likely, that he had written a good deal more persuasively. Administration spokesmen insist that the President will do no negotiating—not even with General de Gaulle. But in his Vienna meeting with Mr. Khrushchev he will be attempting, presumably by a combination of civility and firmness, to induce the Soviet leader to enter into negotiations at some later date, and he will also be attempting, according to his spokesmen, to get some sort of agreement *en principe* as to the future shape and limits of the Cold War. ("Don't ask me to agree in principle," General Marshall once said, "because that just means we haven't agreed yet.") About this enterprise the President's associates have varied and conflicting views, none of which can be described as sanguine. There are some who believe that the consequences are far more likely to be bad than to be either good or indifferent. Those who disagree are a long way from believing that there will be any certifiably good consequences. The defense most commonly offered for the Vienna confrontation is one that is pretty much along the lines of the President's 1959 speech at the University of Rochester: The adversaries will

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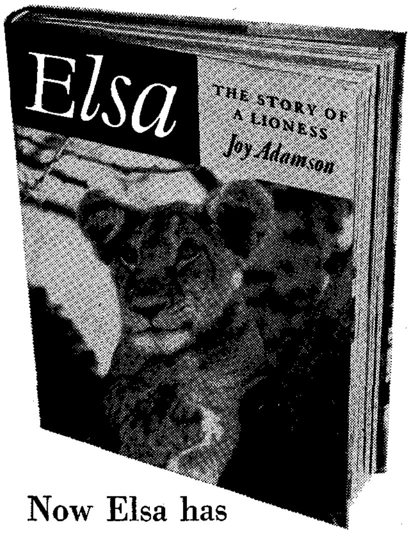
take one another's measure; they will communicate; they will jaw-jaw. The President will have his chance to "make clear our peaceful but determined intentions." When it is objected that there are other means of communication, and that there might be better times for using this one, the White House people, a devoted but not particularly reverent lot, are likely to come up with a Royal Cousins theory of the Vienna confrontation. Men of power are curious about one another. They are rarely satisfied to be pen pals. Moreover, they are curious about themselves, about the impact of their own personalities, and this curiosity can be satisfied in only one way. This is not to say that anyone in the administration believes that the President, in arranging a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev in June of 1961, is yielding to an unworthy or frivolous instinct. Like the Queen of Sheba when she called upon King Solomon at history's first recorded summit meeting, and the only one that turned out blissfully, he has some hard questions to put to Mr. Khrushchev. Furthermore, no one here—or no one here who is talking—is certain of how much pressure for this meeting came from the Kremlin. With things as they are in the world today, the head man in either the United States or the Soviet Union can force a summit meeting by letting it be known that he contemplates some action that might lead directly to the confrontations of ultimate power both of them dread. As far as is known at present, Mr. Khrushchev has issued no ultimatum, and the general belief is that the President is going to Vienna under no threat of any sort and for reasons that to him are good and sufficient. For some years now, of course, there has been a steady insistence on the part of the Kremlin that tensions between nations should be dealt with by the men of the greatest power within the nations; Mr. Khrushchev proposed a meeting with Mr. Kennedy before Mr. Kennedy's investiture on January 20th, and because of this the White House is able to say that the President is merely responding, at a rather earlier date than had been anticipated, to a suggestion made by the senior summitteer. While it is commonly assumed that Mr. Kennedy had at least as much freedom of choice in making his plans for Vienna as he had in making his plans for Paris, there remains the possibility that he perceives some urgency not perceived even by those very close to him in the White House.

He has, to be sure, perceived for some time a particular urgency about the



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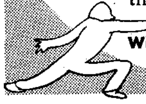

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None of these 24 pieces has ever been published in any book. Some, but by no means all, have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

negotiation of a ban on nuclear testing. He has favored such an agreement more consistently and more keenly than anyone else in his administration, with the possible exceptions of Adlai Stevenson and Dr. Jerome Wiesner, the President's science adviser, and he has had his negotiating team in Geneva go farther toward meeting Soviet conditions than many of those around him have thought prudent. Mr. Khrushchev has come close to wrecking the negotiations by applying to the inspection procedure the tripartitism he proposed last year as a basis for reorganizing the United Nations Secretariat—a system that would enable the Soviet Union to decide whether suspected Soviet violations of any agreement should be investigated. Such a system has seemed wholly unacceptable to American and British negotiators, and the Soviet insistence upon it has led to a mounting clamor in Congress and elsewhere in the government for the early resumption of American testing. This in itself could be regarded as a kind of internal pressure for a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev, but it would be the sort of pressure that, one might suppose, would be resisted by a President who held fast to the conviction that nothing can compel Mr. Khrushchev to "enter fruitful negotiations" as long as he is confident that things are going his way, which he certainly has every reason to be at this point in time.

White House spokesmen attribute two more or less specific aims to the President as he prepares for the Vienna confrontation. The first is to impress upon Mr. Khrushchev the genuineness of the Kennedy administration's desire for a start toward disarmament by means of a nuclear-test ban and to see for himself, if this is in any way possible, whether Mr. Khrushchev shares this desire. The second aim is to get across to Mr. Khrushchev the fact that there are limits to American patience, or, as it has been put here a number of times in the past couple of weeks, "The President will tell Khrushchev not to crowd him too much." Taken by itself, the first aim gives no one pause. It is considered unlikely that Mr. Khrushchev lacks an appreciation of Mr. Kennedy's seriousness about a test ban or that he will be deeply moved by any restatement, but surely no harm can come from one more vigorous plea, and it is at least conceivable that a widely publicized show of American reasonableness at Vienna will make it seem advantageous to the Rus-

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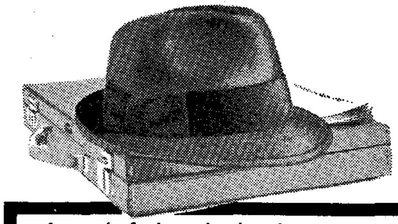

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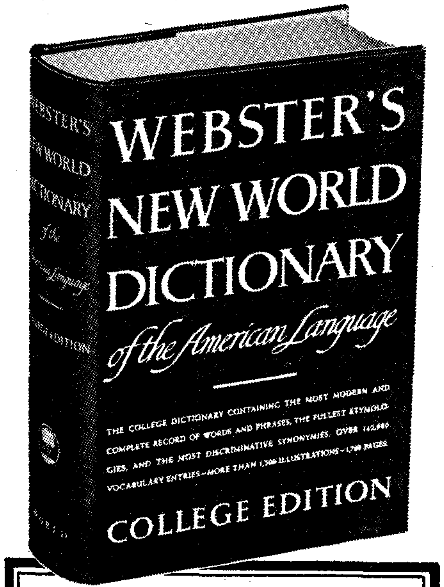

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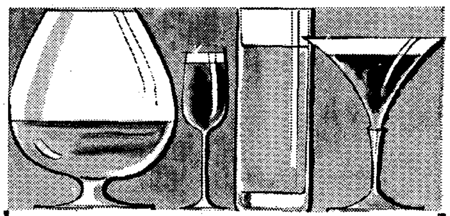
sians to appear no less reasonable. If, however, the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, which up to now has worked out in advance the line taken by every Soviet negotiator in summit and sub-summit conferences, has determined that Vienna is to be the scene of a bullying and blustering performance like the one that Mr. Khrushchev staged in Paris a year ago, then Mr. Khrushchev may be moved to dash all hopes for an early agreement on testing. What causes the most anxiety here, though, is the President's apparent determination to explain to Mr. Khrushchev that American patience has worn very thin. This, it is believed by many people within the administration as well as by many people outside it, could lead to more pushing around rather than less. In diplomacy, and especially in the Macy's-window diplomacy of a summit meeting, there is hardly any distinction between a warning and a threat. A threat is a challenge, and a challenge begs acceptance, particularly from statesmen who are looked upon by certain powerful constituents as lily-livered. The Chinese Communists and, there is reason to believe, a number of Russian Communists contend that Mr. Khrushchev has already gone too far in trafficking with the West. Mr. Khrushchev may be making the trip to Vienna for a variety of reasons, some of which may be very similar to Mr. Kennedy's, and to serve several Communist factions, among them some that may be urging that he explore the possibilities of conciliation more thoroughly than he has. To the best of anyone's knowledge right now, he is, by Communist standards, a moderate, if not an appeaser. In any case, the most powerful criticism of him within his own bloc comes from Communist counterparts of our own Barry Goldwater—men who feel that he has not been doing nearly enough to speed ultimate triumph and that he has consistently mistaken the big talk of his antagonists for big power; there is a certain pressure on him to put a match to the paper tiger. Even here in Washington, it is conceded that recent events—in Cuba, in Laos, in Alabama, in outer space—have lent a measure of credibility to this view.

If one summitteer warns another that there are limits to what he will take, it is only fair for the second to ask the first exactly what those limits are and exactly what will happen if he ignores them. These are hard questions. If Mr. Kennedy were prepared to reply with hard-and-fast answers, an accommoda-



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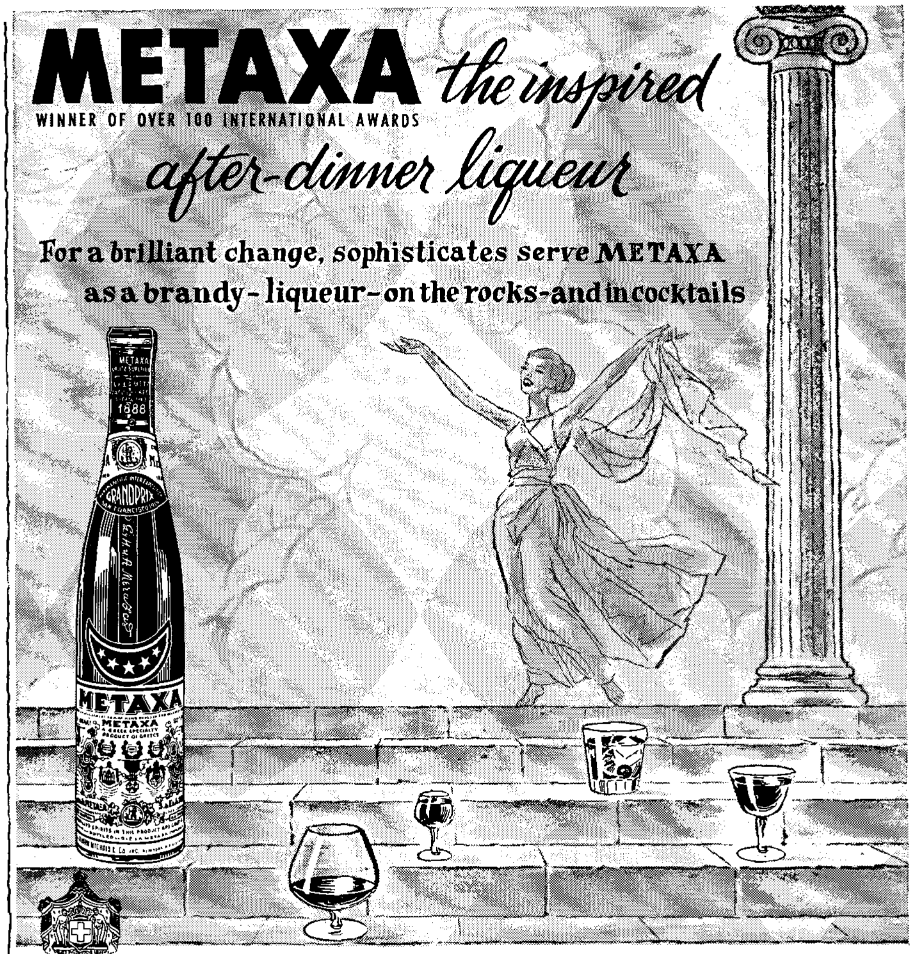
tion might be reached in fairly short order. Failing that, declarations of war could be made by the summitteers on their way out of town. Mr. Kennedy's decision to go to Vienna is proof in itself that he does not have any hard-and-fast answers he is willing to communicate to Mr. Khrushchev. It can be assumed that he devoutly hopes never to find himself in a position in which he will be compelled to give such answers. If he had firmly and finally settled the question of limits in his own mind, he would not be likely to attend a meeting publicly justified on the ground that it will "afford a timely and convenient opportunity for the first personal contact between them [the summitteers] and a general exchange of views on the major issues which affect the relationships between the two countries." Ultimatums travel best by cable. If the leader of a sovereign power has nothing to say except that he will tolerate this provocation but not that one, that he will start shooting in this event but will hold his fire in that event, then two days of talks are ridiculous. There is no occasion for "a general exchange of views;" there is no sense in preparing the way for negotiations, since nothing is negotiable.

At the same time, if the President is to make clear "our peaceful but determined intentions," he cannot avoid a certain amount of amplification, even though he resolutely refuses to be pinned down on the precise response he would make to a precise provocation. In a general way, for example, he might choose to notify Mr. Khrushchev of our continuing adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. If he were to do this, Mr. Khrushchev might express an interest in learning the nature of our adherence. He would hardly, one may be certain, be so indelicate as to ask point-blank whether the President would regard the dispatch of some Czechoslovakian machine guns and trench mortars to South American guerrillas as a gross enough violation to bring American forces into action. But the question is one he would like to have answered, and getting an answer, if only by trying to read between the President's lines, will surely be one of his aims at Vienna. And no powers of clairvoyance are required to assert as fact the interest of the Chairman of the Council of Ministers in the attitude of the President of the United States toward a Soviet treaty with the East Germans. What would the United States do if a treaty were consummated this year? Should such a question be put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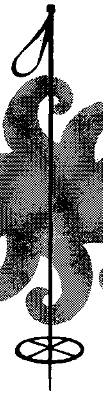

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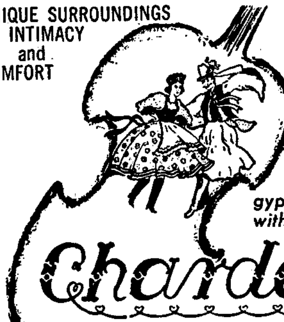

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to the President, he would almost certainly say that the United States could not possibly state its position unless it knew the terms of the treaty. There would, of course, be much rhetoric about our obligations to Berlin, about our legal right to maintain a garrison there, about our solidarity with the brave people of that beleaguered city. Still, there are treaties and treaties, and it is not, at the moment, a settled doctrine of American policy that the missiles would fly before the ink was dry on *any* treaty between Moscow and East Berlin. Sitting in the Kremlin today, Mr. Khrushchev knows this. Sitting in the White House, Mr. Kennedy knows it, too. But Mr. Khrushchev does not know what sort of treaty would be safe and what sort of treaty would be dangerous. And Mr. Kennedy does not want him to have that knowledge. Mr. Khrushchev has a right to seek knowledge next week, and if he does so, Mr. Kennedy will have an obligation to provide it. The great worry here is that Mr. Kennedy will be compelled to define an area in which Mr. Khrushchev may, in the next phase of the Cold War, feel free to maneuver. The President will not draw lines upon a map and say "thus far and no farther," but he can scarcely avoid some definition of the unacceptable. This may be a way of preventing ultimate disaster. It may also be a way of encouraging Mr. Khrushchev to go farther than he has yet gone and to stop just short of big trouble.

The risks of Cold War summitry are about as great for the Russians as for us, and they are of very much the same order. Mr. Khrushchev no less than President Kennedy, and perhaps even more, is expected to return with a prize of some sort—an accommodation or a victory or, best of all, an accommodation that is also a victory. The uncommitted nations, and large blocs within the committed ones as well, want sweet reasonableness and forbearance on both sides; the greater part of the world regards the Cold War as an increasingly irrelevant and increasingly dangerous conflict, so whenever one man comes to seem more responsible than the other for exploiting tensions, he has suffered at least a partial defeat. And if a warning is a threat and a threat is a challenge, this is a truth that must be borne in mind as much by a Bolshevik who feels that things have been going his way as by a Democrat who knows that things have been going against him. Mr. Khrushchev, in his turn, will wish to tell Mr. Kennedy not

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to crowd *him* too much, and, again in his turn, will be called upon to tell how much is too much. From whatever response is made, the President may get some notion of how far this country can go. At the present time, the United States government is thinking of going a good deal farther than it has ever gone before. The unhappy events in Laos, South Vietnam, and Cuba have led a number of military and political experts to conclude that in countries such as these we cannot hope to defend liberty and independence unless we become as deeply involved in guerrilla warfare as the Russians and Chinese. The argument is that as long as it takes ten or fifteen regular soldiers to tie down one guerrilla, whose maintenance costs are only about twenty per cent of the costs of a regular, we cannot hope even to contain the Communists with conventional military assistance. If, however, we cast aside our inhibitions about this sort of thing and encourage guerrilla warfare against the Communist powers that have regular armies, we can perhaps make the ratio work in our favor. Mr. Khrushchev has undoubtedly been briefed on the kind of thinking that is being done at the Army Special Warfare Center, at Fort Bragg (and that is often helpfully described in the *Special Warfare Newsletter*), and although the chances are good that few of the schemes being studied there will ever become operational, these are chances on which prudent Communists may be reluctant to count. Covert operations are unlikely to be the subject of much discussion between the two heads of government, but Mr. Kennedy should be able to find a way of suggesting what Mr. Khrushchev already knows—that they offer a way for the United States to push the Communists around a bit.

BEFORE every summit meeting, there are to be heard here expressions of anxiety similar to those heard in the past couple of weeks. They are based upon genuine and continuing dangers inherent in the relationship of the adversary powers and in summitry as an institution. In the history of Cold War summitry up to now, however, the really dangerous possibilities have failed to materialize. The Geneva Conference of 1955 accomplished very little, but it is difficult to argue that it did much harm. What is generally said is that it led the United States to relax its vigilance. The United States did exactly that, though the relaxation had actually begun before Geneva. Soon after the

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conference, John Foster Dulles told President Eisenhower that Geneva called for increased defense expenditures; George Humphrey told Mr. Eisenhower that we didn't have the money; Mr. Humphrey carried the day. Nothing particularly good or bad can be attributed to the Camp David talks in 1959. They were farcical, in their way, but no historian has been able to trace to the farce a single unfavorable development. The summit that collapsed in Paris last year was a humiliation, but mainly because of what had gone before it. The United States unquestionably lost prestige by its handling of the U-2 episode, but, in point of fact, it regained some of it when Mr. Khrushchev's outrageous behavior took the heat off the President and Secretary Herter. As for the impact on events of both Camp David and Paris, they might just as well never have taken place. Despite the expressions of anxiety here, there is a widespread feeling that Vienna will have approximately the same impact.

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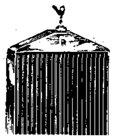

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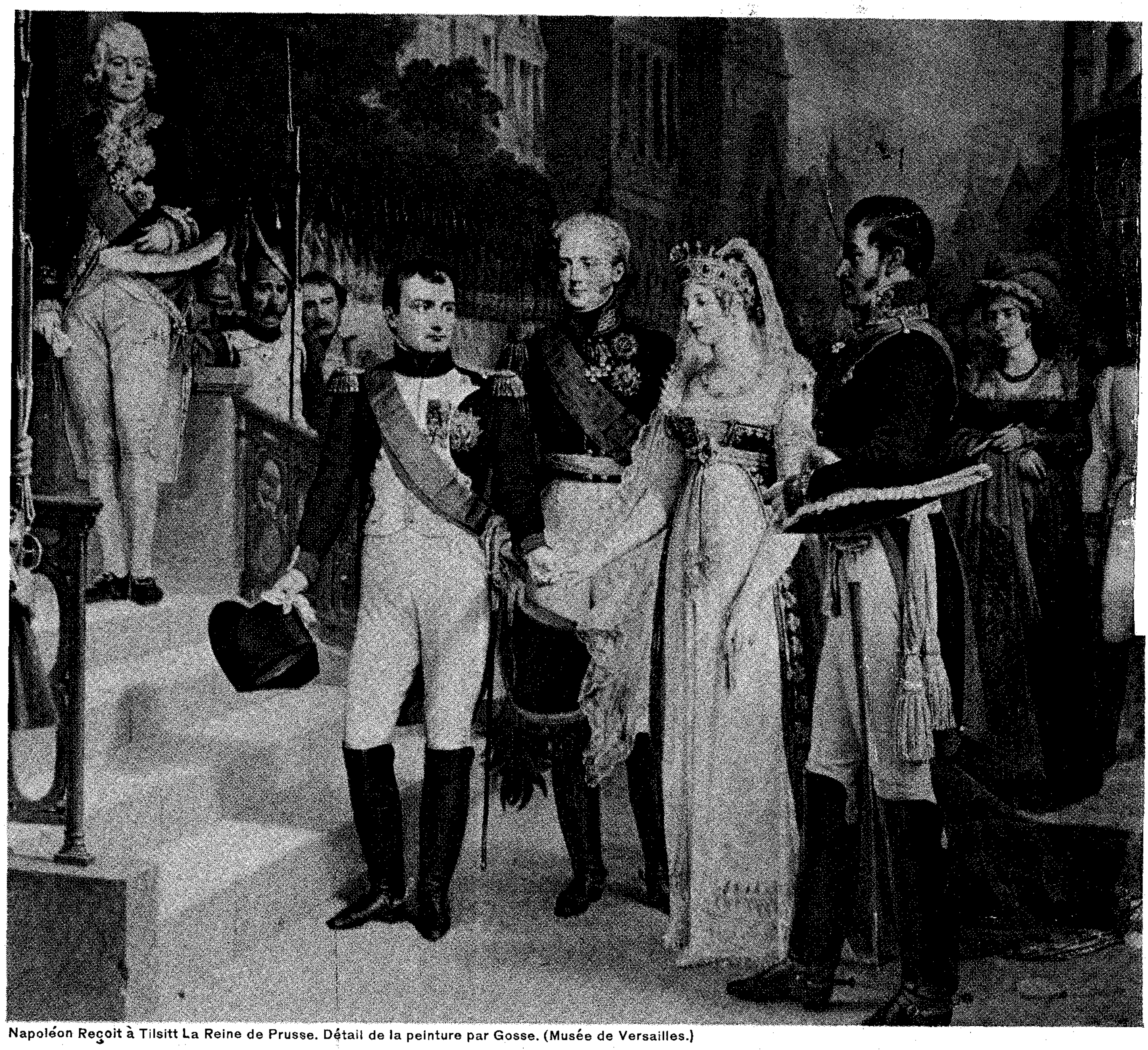

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V.S.O.P
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